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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S OPPORTUNITIES.

According to all trustworthy accounts the recent Presidential election in the United States was the dullest that has been witnessed for some decades. All the recognized mechanical incentives to popular enthusiasm were employed; but the public declined to "enthuse," despite the parades, the fireworks, the advertisements, the professional oratory, and the desperate efforts of the journalists to work their readers into the customary quadrennial paroxysm. Outside the Southern States the great majority of respectable Americans had made up their minds that Mr. Roosevelt was going to be elected, and the minority were not seriously disturbed at the prospect. As a show, the campaign, on either side, was a failure; it filled the newspapers, but the people turned aside from the close-printed columns, and were more interested in the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the singular conjunction of the Church and the World, as illustrated by the hobnobbing of his Grace with Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Yet this "apathy," as

we call it in our politics, disappeared at the polling-booths. The electors did not fail to exercise their suffrage, and they gave a record vote. The majority for President Roosevelt is the largest in the history of the Union; no man, so far as we know, has ever been appointed to any place or office by the choice of so overwhelming a multitude of his fellow-citizens. Perhaps, then, the Presidential electors did not regard the event with indifference. But they knew that the result was a foregone conclusion and they saw no reason for making a fuss over it in advance. The Americans are a sentimental, but at the same time a practical people.

From the practical point of view, they must know that it is not a light thing they have done. The re-election of Mr. Roosevelt to power, with this tremendous national "mandate" behind him, may have important consequences for the United States, and for other countries as well. For the next four years, and perhaps for the next eight, the executive of the largest

homogeneous civilized population in the world will be controlled by the foremost representative of American self-assertion in international politics. Imperialism was the most vital of the issues involved in the electoral campaign. Most of the other differences between the parties were blurred or shadowy. The Tariff was introduced *pro forma*, but no one really believes that there is any substantial divergence of principle on that point. High Protection has probably reached its zenith, and may begin to slope very slowly downwards, no matter which party is in power; neither of them could, or would, venture on any substantial advance towards genuine Free Trade. The defeat of the Bryanite Democrats at St. Louis has taken the currency out of party politics. On the Trusts, both say a good deal, and say it with equal obscurity.

In all these matters the elector might easily feel that there was little to choose between Judge Parker and Mr. Roosevelt. But in temperament, in character, and in their outlook on affairs, there is a good deal to choose. The personality of the President was the real electoral asset of the Republicans, just as it was the strongest "plank" in the platform of the Democrats. Mr. Roosevelt was denounced as a kind of prancing Proconsul, an American Boulanger, who might perhaps use his 60,000 soldiers to subvert the Constitution, and would in any case be sure to plunge the Union into the welter of world-politics, and hurry it upon every sort of aggressive adventure. Mr. Bryan says that the President's "big stick" policy, his "physical enthusiasm and love for war," are a direct menace to constitutional government, and a cause of justifiable alarm. The majority of American voters were, however, not alarmed. They do not believe in Mr. Bryan's phantasmal Caesarism; they know well

enough that the liberties of eighty millions of people are in no danger from an army smaller than that of Belgium. They prefer the big stick to the painted reed. "The subject of Imperialism," says Mr. Bryan, "is, all things considered, the most important of the questions at issue between the parties." If that is true, the Imperialists have won a striking victory. The policy of Mr. Roosevelt in China, in Central America, in South America, towards Germany, towards Turkey, towards Russia, has been endorsed by the constituencies. The President and the Secretary of State are enabled, they are indeed encouraged, to carry it further.

And carried further it probably will be. On the very morrow of the elections two important pieces of information were cabled from America. The one was the announcement that the State Department had proposed to confer with the British Government on the subject of an Anglo-American Treaty of Arbitration; the other, that the Navy Construction Board had propounded a ship-building scheme, which, if accepted by Congress, will make the United States the third, if not the second, maritime Power in the two hemispheres, within a very few years. We must take these two items together, and put them side by side with the intelligence that the President's invitation to the Powers to enter upon another Peace Conference had taken definite shape. They are parts of a scheme which seems to have been forming in the ambitious and comprehensive intellect of the American statesman. It is the big stick in a different form from that in which it presents itself to the indignant Democratic imagination—the truncheon of the policeman, not the bludgeon of the swashbuckler.

American opinion is undergoing a gradual evolution on these subjects, of which a stage is marked by the voting

for the Electoral Colleges. On the one hand, by temperament and tradition, the people of the United States are eminently conservative in foreign affairs. They are easily moved by bluster and patriotic jingoism, especially at elections; and at a time, not distant, though happily now past, they rather enjoyed the sport of twisting the lion's tail. But the great steady-going mass of middle-class people, mostly of Anglo-Saxon descent, who are the real rulers of the conglomerate nationality, have been brought up to a rooted belief in American political isolation. They would fight at any time to keep European aggression out of the two Americas; but, apart from this, they have a deep distrust of mixing themselves up with the tangled politics of the older nations. They have always endeavored to persuade themselves that America was a separate *enclave*, and that it could survey the wars and diplomacies of Europe and Asia with serene indifference, listening unmoved to the far-off echoes of strife that rolled faintly across the Atlantic and the Pacific. But times have changed. For political purposes the Ocean has narrowed to a stream. The United States is itself a country with foreign dependencies, and in the Philippines it has its finger close to the throbbing pulse of Asia. It has ceased to be self-contained and self-dependent. With a gigantic export trade, still growing, which may presently be as large as that of all Europe, it cannot be indifferent to the political conditions of those vast reservoirs of humanity in which it must find its markets. Its citizens begin to discern the close relation between international politics and international trade; and they are learning the lesson, mastered so reluctantly by ourselves through the troubled centuries, that no community, however great and however powerful, can release itself from the play of the

forces that hold the peoples of this planet together or apart.

This truth is being brought slowly home to the American intelligence; but it is received doubtfully, and with more anxiety than enthusiasm. The Anglo-Saxon, *utriusque juris*, is essentially an isolation-loving, individualistic, person, whose aim is to "keep himself to himself," and to meddle with nobody who does not meddle with him. He likes to get behind a ring-fence, when he can. In that umbrageous heart of Sussex, where so much of immemorial antiquity still lingers, you may sometimes find an ancient farm, spaced off from the whispering woodlands by a broad belt of untilled pasture. It is the mark of the primitive hamlet community founded some thirteen centuries ago by a family of Teutonic or Scandinavian Colonists. Here they settled, these pioneers from beyond the Northern Sea; they built their dwelling-houses, their granaries, their cattle-byres; and round the whole they drew their *tun* or *zareeba*-like hedge of thorn and box, girt by the wide zone of rough grass and weed, that islanded them from an intrusive world.

The characteristic has survived through the ages. In national, as well as domestic, affairs, non-intervention, *laissez-faire*, the policy of letting alone, and individual effort, are the aims of the race. They are aims which have been frustrated from generation to generation, constantly abandoned in practice, yet perpetually asserted in theory. There is some truth in the reproach of foreign critics that we have gone about the earth, interfering with everybody, and protesting all the while that we only wanted to be allowed to get on with our own business and had no concern with other people's quarrels. But the fact is that almost every great English statesman and ruler, while genuinely anxious to limit the sphere of British activity abroad,

has found himself compelled to enlarge it. A great nation is irresistibly drawn into the cosmic states-system, and must play its part there, if it would maintain its dignity and safety. China lies at the mercy of foreign aggression, as the penalty for living too long in a world of its own.

Mr. Roosevelt was among the first of distinguished American public men to understand the application of these facts to the United States. Several years ago he put the case boldly:

We cannot be huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters, who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests, and are brought into closer and closer contact, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the Isthmian canal, and we must grasp the points of vantage, which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and West.

He has gone even further. He has thrust aside the plea of non-interference, of cosmopolitan quietism, and preached openly the doctrine which Rudyard Kipling has thrown into verse. Mr. Roosevelt is quite willing to "take up the White Man's burden." He has disclaimed all sympathy with that "mock humanitarianism which would prevent the great free, liberty- and order-loving races of the earth from doing their duty in the world's waste places, because there must needs be some rough surgery at first." His general view is that "it is for the interests of mankind to have the higher, supplant the lower, life."

In the first instance, the founders of the new American Imperialism were content with the Spanish islands. The Americans are in the Philippines on

much the same moral title as ourselves in Egypt. They blundered in, under a sudden pressure of events, not very clearly seeing what they were doing, not at all anxious to make a conquest; and, having pushed themselves into the country, and rendered themselves responsible for its future, just as we have done in Egypt, they have to remain; not only that, but they must remain under conditions which will ensure that the Filipinos do not relapse into anarchy or barbarism or mediæval, priest-ridden, stagnation. The group must become an integral part of the modern civilized world. It was one of the weaknesses of the Democrats at the recent election that they would not frankly accept the situation. They fenced with it, in their Convention programme, in a fashion at once maladroit and disingenuous:

We oppose, as fervently as did George Washington himself, an indefinite, irresponsible, discretionary and vague absolutism and a policy of colonial exploitation, no matter where or by whom invoked or exercised. . . . Wherever there may exist a people incapable of being governed under American laws, in consonance with the American Constitution, that people ought not to be a part of the American domain. We insist that we ought to do for the Filipinos what we have already done for the Cubans, and it is our duty to make that promise now; and, upon suitable guarantees of protection to citizens of our own and other countries, resident there at the time of our withdrawal, set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent, to work out their own destiny.

This passage bears a rather curious resemblance to the woolly declarations of some prominent English Liberals during the first three or four years of our occupation of Egypt. The Policy of Scuttle, as it was sometimes called, was greatly disliked in England,

and it is no more popular in the United States. Sensible Americans know that the assertion of it is both undignified and meaningless. It would be cowardly to run away from the Philippines, and it would also be impossible. If the Democrats came in, they would not be able to "set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent," and they could not attempt to do it. The electors wisely preferred a statesman, who does not make these ridiculous pretences, and who regards the possession of the over-sea territories, not as a disagreeable burden, to be dropped as soon as circumstances allow, but as an honorable obligation, to be discharged with zeal and fidelity.

But the Imperialist appetite *vient en mangeant*; the scope of Imperialist activity widens with each fresh accession. There is no help for it, and so the Americans are beginning to understand, with mingled elation and apprehension. They are now a Colonial Power, with special interests in the freedom of the seas, in addition to that of having more cargoes afloat upon it than any other people except ourselves. Therefore anything that interferes with the even flow of maritime commerce touches them closely. The United States is the natural chief and champion of neutral nations in time of war; for its gigantic export and import trade is still to a great extent carried in neutral bottoms. It is not possible for the Americans to survey a conflict on the seas, between two or more of the Naval Powers, with indifference. The Russians entered upon their war against Japan with the tranquill confidence that they would be permitted to practise the kind of nautical highway robbery, more or less recognized in the chaotic muddle of precedents and principles, which is dignified by the name of International Law. They have had to be reminded that this was an error, and to discover that

the "rights" of a belligerent do not include the right to steal and the right to commit assault with violence.

We have done something ourselves, as in the case of the *Peterburg* and the *Smolensk*, to enforce the lesson; but we have moved tentatively and timidly, and with an evident desire not to raise fundamental questions. For, to speak plainly, the bullying code which the Russians are trying to apply is largely of our creation; the "Right of Search," with its confiscatory provisions, is very dear to our statesmen. They are still convinced that, if ever we come to a maritime war, we shall continue to be, in the strategic sense, the aggressors; that we shall be able to take the offensive, with the old swaggering superiority; that with our commanding force we shall seal up and blockade all the coasts of our enemy; and that one of our main duties will be to chastise the neutrals who seek to bring him aid and comfort. We suppose ourselves to represent the overwhelming navy that can sweep the seas clear for our own commerce, with little interest in neutrals beyond that of seeing that they do not annoy us or interfere with our operations. Our traditional policy is to vindicate the claims of the maritime belligerent to do very much as he pleases, or as he can. So we have felt a little awkwardness in explaining to Russia that these examinations, and overhauls, and visitations, and condemnations, though we practised them ourselves industriously in the days of sailing frigates and corvettes, are no longer tolerable.

The opportunity of performing this service to civilized humanity lies with the United States; and it seems that President Roosevelt and his able Secretary of State do not propose to miss it. Mr. Hay's Note, protesting against the Russian seizures of neutral vessels, is in some sense the beginning of an epoch. It is the most vigorous

and direct assertion of the rights of neutrals which has been formulated for many years. The State Secretary emphatically refuses to admit the extravagant pretension that Russia, or any other Power, can add fresh articles to the Law of Nations by issuing a proclamation or obtaining a "decision" in one of its own prize courts; he repudiates the extensions which it has been sought to give to the doctrine of conditional contraband, and the claim which Russia has set up to establish a kind of paper blockade of the trade routes of the world. The protest has had its effect. Russia, after some demur, was forced to abandon her extreme claims, and to place the question of conditional contraband on a footing which will at least relieve neutral shipping from a repetition of the series of threatening incidents that occurred during the opening months of the war.

But Mr. Roosevelt does not intend to stop at this point. He aspires to protect trading nations from similar dangers in future. Hence his invitation to the Powers to combine in another Hague Conference. When we consider the traditions of American diplomacy, the standing dislike of the people of the Republic to go out of their way to court foreign complications, and their anxiety to avoid being involved in the mesh of European politics, this bold initiative must be deemed extremely remarkable. It might well be regarded as a new stage in the history of the United States, perhaps even the history of the world; provided, of course, that it is followed up. Some shrewd observers tell us that it was mere playing to the American peace gallery, that it was "good politics" for the President to counter the accusation of being a fire-eater and a militarist by coming forward as the promoter of international concord. One cannot think so. In the first

place, it is not Mr. Roosevelt's way; in the second, it would seem that, having committed himself to this Conference, he would not care to incur the discredit of a fiasco. To the final "Act" of the Hague Convention, various pious opinions were added as a postscript. One of these was that a Conference "in the near future" should consider the rights and duties of neutrals, and another, that it should discuss the inviolability of private property at sea. On this last point, official American opinion may be said to be committed. The President, in his Message to Congress a year ago, registered his adhesion to "this humane and beneficent principle," and he has been supported by Resolutions in both the House of Representatives and the Senate. It will not be the fault of the American State Department if the Conference separates without coming to an agreement on such a revision and definition of the rules of International Law as will safe-guard neutral sea-borne commerce in time of war.

Whether this result is reached depends, to a large extent, upon the government and people of this country. In the last number of this Review, Sir John Macdonell¹ shows that it is high time for us to reconsider our established policy in this respect. The statements of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour at the close of last Session, and the whole course of our recent diplomacy, demonstrate that tenderness towards belligerents and harshness towards neutrals still determine our attitude. But, as Sir John explains, this sentiment is a little out of date. It takes no account of the changed conditions of the past few years. It assumes, not only that we are the first of Naval Powers, but that our former predominance can be maintained. When we were searching car-

¹ "The Rights and Duties of Neutrals," in *The Eclectic Magazine* for Jan. 1905.

gões in the Baltic in defiance of the Armed Neutrality, or when we seized the whole Danish Fleet and brought it captive into the Channel, we had enemies but no real rival. And from the peace of 1815 until the later seventies there was only one foreign fleet, or at the most two, worth talking about in relation to our own.

All this is now changed. There are seven great Naval Powers in Europe, Asia, and America. One of these, the United States, will, in a few years, possess a maritime force not very far behind ours; it has a much larger taxable population, a greater iron and steel production, a longer coast-line on two oceans, more available wealth, and less occasion to expend its resources on military establishments. Some of the same considerations apply to Germany; with a great mercantile shipping, a numerous coastal population, a vast metal industry, and unbounded enterprise and ambition, it may provide itself with a navy nearer to ours than any that has been known since Trafalgar. And not far below these will follow France, Japan, Russia, all first-class Naval Powers; not to mention Italy, and quite possibly, at no very distant date, China. We may, and must, keep the first place. But we shall not sweep the seas as if no other flag existed. And if we endeavored to enforce the system which Lord Stowell crystallized in his prize-courts, and which Russia has been endeavoring to apply, we might find ourselves faced by a much more formidable combination than any we could possibly have encountered a hundred years, or even thirty years, ago. Meanwhile we do the chief carrying trade of the world; and any belligerent, as this Eastern war has shown, who begins to exercise the Right of Search, is likely to harass and injure a dozen British merchants for every one belonging to a foreign nation. In other words, our interests are

now on the side of the neutrals, not against them. Are we to repeat our *non possumus* of Brussels in 1874 and The Hague of 1890, and declare that we cannot discuss the subject, for fear that the liberty of our captains and admirals might be unduly hampered in war time? Or shall we join with the United States in securing the rights of private traders and putting an end to the oppressive practices that have come down from a period when there was no law of the sea but that of the bigger crew and the heavier gun? If we accept the latter alternative, most of the Continental Powers would probably do the same; it would not greatly matter if they did not. The Anglo-Saxon navies could enforce the law of the sea against all the world, if they chose.

The mere suggestion that the armed force of the two English-speaking nations could be employed for such purposes would be indignantly repelled by many Americans. It is none of our business, they would say, to police the universe or to act as guardians of the rights of humanity. The task may be a noble one, but it is not cast upon us. We prefer to look after our own affairs, and to defend our own interests when they are directly attacked. It remains to be seen whether President Roosevelt will be able, or willing, to convince his countrymen that mere immobility and passivity may sometimes be as bad a defence in peace as in war. A strong initiative is often necessary. Mr. Roosevelt and his Cabinet have themselves taken it very boldly, and perhaps rather unscrupulously, in Panama, energetically enough against Turkey and Morocco, somewhat more cautiously, but with firmness, in regard to Manchuria. So far they have received the undoubted support of their fellow-citizens. The Democrats made nothing out of their impeachment of the President on these

points. A few years ago they would have been more successful. The caution, the provincialism, of the great mass of the sober stay-at-home electors, would have been alarmed at these adventures. The Democratic candidate, on this occasion, preached to deaf ears, when he denounced the abandonment of the non-intervention policy, the dangerous exploring of "untried paths," the following of new ideals, which appealed to ambition and the imagination. "It is essential more than ever to adhere strictly to the traditional policy of the country as formulated by its first President, to invite friendly relations with all nations, while avoiding entangling alliances with any."

Entangling alliances! It is a good phrase, a phrase not unknown to our own political controversy. It has a congenial sound, as I have said, to the Anglo-Saxon householder, who does not want to "entangle" himself with any strange persons, if he can help it. But sometimes he cannot help it, unless he is to suffer various inconveniences. Is it a certain consciousness of this truth, which renders Americans much more tolerant of President Roosevelt's spirited foreign policy, and much more impervious to the Democratic invocations of the ancient idols, than they otherwise might be? The feeling, to which Mr. Roosevelt appeals, is a little vague, and not clearly articulate at present; but it is gathering force, as these movements do in America, and it may come to be held, by large numbers of people, with something like the passionate intensity with which the people of New England repudiated the Slave Power. There is a growing conviction that war is simply a survival of obsolete barbarism, a nuisance and a danger to civilization at large, and that it may become part of the "White Man's burden" to sit down on the thing altogether, or at least to see that it is kept within bounds.

As practical men, American statesmen are aware that neither peace conferences nor treaties of arbitration will carry us very far towards the goal. Every law implies what the jurists used to call a sanction—the knowledge that it is laid down by a superior power, which in the last resort is prepared to enforce it. International Law has no sanction; and that is why it is not law at all, but only custom and vaguely established practice, which nations will follow no longer than it suits them to do so. We want not merely a tribunal, but a policeman—a policeman with a big stick. And we should get our international guardian of the peace, if the pacific industrial communities, having first thoroughly armed themselves, were to make it known that any disturbance of the public order, any wanton aggression or violence, would be repressed by the strong hand: that any two peoples who had a quarrel, which could not be settled by mutual agreement, would be required to submit the dispute to the decision, not of force but of a properly constituted court of arbitration.

That is the ideal. It may never be reached; but the only way to approach it is by binding alliances between great Powers, or an efficient majority of them, willing and able to "levy execution," if necessary, upon offenders. The two European alliances, that of the central States on the one hand, and that of France and Russia on the other, have undoubtedly served the purpose of keeping the Continent at peace by rendering war too dangerous. Is it fantastic to hope that the precedent might be applied on a wider stage, and with less doubtful motives? Supposing that Great Britain and the United States entered into an agreement to employ their splendid navies, their immense moral and material force, for certain common beneficial objects? They would not, in the first

instance, look for anything so utopian as the repression of all international hostilities. But they might aim at securing two things: first, that a war, if it did break out, should be "localized" and confined to the parties directly concerned; secondly, that in any case the freedom of the seas should be maintained, and neutral commerce protected. Such a League of Peace would almost certainly be joined by Japan, probably by Italy, possibly by France. In the end it might include Russia and Germany as well, and so bring about that "Areopagus" of the nations, which may eventually substitute the Rule of Law for the Rule of Might in international politics.

The establishment of any pact of this nature would be a delicate, a difficult, and, in some ways, a perilous, enterprise; for, if hastily or clumsily attempted, it might make matters worse

The Nineteenth Century and After.

and precipitate the conflicts it is designed to avert. But if a beginning is to be made, it would seem that it can come more easily from the United States than from any other Power; since the Washington Government can take the initiative without incurring the immediate dangers, or provoking the animosities, which must beset any other Foreign Office. Mr. Roosevelt will be a bold man if he sets himself seriously to overcome the prepossession of his countrymen for isolation and conservatism in external affairs. But the President has never lacked courage and ambition; and much more surprising things might happen than that the foundations should be laid of a League of Peace, based on a genuine and effective Anglo-Saxon Alliance, before it is time for him to quit the Executive Mansion.

Sidney Low.

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND MIRACLE.*

I. SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

There was a time when religious people distrusted the increase of knowledge, and condemned the mental attitude which takes delight in its pursuit, being in dread lest part of the foundation of their faith should be undermined by a too ruthless and unqualified spirit of investigation.

There has been a time when men engaged in the quest of systematic knowledge had an idea that the results of their studies would be destructive not only of outlying accretions but of substantial portions of the edifice of religion which has been gradually erected by the prophets and saints of humanity.

Both these epochs are now nearly

over. All men realize that truth is the important thing, and that to take refuge in any shelter less substantial than the truth is but to deceive themselves and become liable to abject exposure when a storm comes on. Most men are aware that it is a sign of unbalanced judgment to conclude, on the strength of a few momentous discoveries, that the whole structure of religious belief built up through the ages by the developing human race from fundamental emotions and instincts and experiences, is unsubstantial and insecure.

The business of science, including in that term, for present purposes, philosophy and the science of criticism, is

* The substance of an Address, given partly to students of the University of Birmingham,

and partly at Hope Hall, Liverpool, during the Church Congress week.

with foundations; the business of religion is with superstructure. Science has laboriously laid a solid foundation of great strength, and its votaries have rejoiced over it; though their joy must perforce be somewhat dumb and inexpressive until the more vocal apostles of art and literature and music are able to utilize it for their more aerial and winsome kind of building: so for the present the work of science strikes strangers as severe and forbidding. In a neighboring territory Religion occupies a splendid building—a gorgeously-decorated palace; concerning which, Science, not yet having discovered a substantial and satisfactory basis, is sometimes inclined to suspect that it is phantasmal and mainly supported on legend.

Without any controversy it may be admitted that the foundation and the superstructure as at present known do not correspond; and hence that there is an apparent dislocation. Men of science have exclaimed that in their possession is the only foundation of solid truth, adopting in that sense the words of the poet:—

To the solid ground
Of Nature trusts the mind which builds
for aye.

While on the other hand men of Religion, snugly ensconced in their traditional eyrie, and objecting to the digging and the hammering below, have shuddered as the artificial props and pillars by which they supposed it to be buttressed gave way one after another; and have doubted whether they could continue to enjoy peace in their ancient fortress if it turned out that part of it was suspended in air, without any perceptible foundation at all, like the phantom city in "Gareth

and Lynette" whereof it could be said:—

the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all
And therefore built for ever.

Remarks as to lack of solid foundation may be regarded as typical of the mild kind of sarcasm which people with a superficial smattering of popular science sometimes try to pour upon religion. They think that to accuse a system of being devoid of solid foundation is equivalent to denying its stability. On the contrary, as Tennyson no doubt perceived, the absence of anything that may crumble or be attacked and knocked away, or that can be shaken by an earthquake, is a safeguard rather than a danger. It is the absence of material foundation that makes the Earth itself, for instance, so secure: if it were based upon a pedestal, or otherwise solidly supported, we might be anxious about the stability and durability of the support. As it is, it floats securely in the emptiness of space. Similarly the persistence of its diurnal spin is secured by the absence of anything to stop it: not by any maintaining mechanism.

To say that a system does not rest upon one special fact is not to impugn its stability. The body of scientific truth rests on no solitary material fact or group of facts, but on a basis of harmony and consistency between facts: its support and ultimate sanction is of no material character. To conceive of Christianity as built upon an Empty Tomb, or any other plain physical or historical fact, is dangerous. To base it upon the primary facts of consciousness or upon direct spiritual experience, as Paul did, is safer.¹ There are parts

¹ It will be represented that I am here intending to cast doubt upon a fundamental tenet of the Church. That is not my intention. My contention here is merely that a great structure should not rest upon a point. So

might a lawyer properly say—"to base a legal decision upon the position of a comma, or other punctuation,—however undisputed its occurrence—is dangerous; to base it upon the general sense of a document is safer."

of the structure of Religion which may safely be underplanned by physical science: the theory of death and of continued personal existence is one of them; there are many others, and there will be more. But there are and always will be vast religious regions for which that kind of scientific foundation would be an impertinence, though a scientific contribution is appropriate; perhaps these may be summed up in some such phrase as "the relation of the soul to God."

Assertions are made concerning material facts in the name of religion; these science is bound to criticise. Testimony is borne to inner personal experience; on that physical science does well to be silent. Nevertheless many of us are impressed with the conviction that everything in the universe may become intelligible if we go the right way to work; and so we are coming to recognize, on the one hand, that every system of truth must be intimately connected with every other, and that this connection will constitute a trustworthy support as soon as it is revealed by the progress of knowledge; and on the other hand, that the extensive foundation of truth now being laid by scientific workers will ultimately support a gorgeous building of æsthetic feeling and religious faith.

Theologians have been apt to be too easily satisfied with a pretended foun-

dation that would not stand scientific scrutiny; they seem to believe that the religious edifice, with its mighty halls for the human spirit, can rest upon some event or statement, instead of upon man's nature as a whole; and they are apt to decline to reconsider their formulæ in the light of fuller knowledge and development.

Scientific men on the other hand have been liable to suppose that no foundation which they have not themselves laid can be of a substantial character, thereby ignoring the possibility of an ancestral accumulation of sound though unformulated experience; and a few of the less considerate, about a quarter of a century ago, amused themselves by instituting a kind of jubilant rathunt under the venerable theological edifice: a procedure necessarily obnoxious to its occupants. The exploration was unpleasant, but its results have been purifying and healthful, and the permanent substratum of fact will in due time be cleared of the decaying refuse of centuries.

Some of the chief hurly-burly of contention between the apparently attacking force and the ostensibly defending garrison arose round that bulwark which upholds the possibility of the Miraculous, and the efficacy of Prayer. It will be sufficient if in this Address I discuss briefly these two connected subjects.

II. MEANING OF MIRACLE.

I have to begin by saying that the term "miracle" is ambiguous, and that no discussion which takes that term as a basis can be very fruitful, since the combatants may all be meaning different things.

(1) One user of the term may mean merely an unusual event of which we do not know the history and cause, a bare wonder or prodigy; such an event

as the course of nature may, for all we know, bring about once in ten thousand years or so, leaving no record of its occurrence in the past and no anticipatory probability of its re-occurrence in the future. The raining down of fire on Sodom, or on Pompeii; the sudden engulfing of Korah, or of Marcus Curtius; or, on a different plane, the advent of some transcendent genius,

or even of a personality so lofty as to be called divine, may serve as examples.

(2) Another employer of the term "miracle" may add to this idea a definite hypothesis, and may mean an act due to unknown intelligent and living agencies operating in a self-willed and unpredictable manner, thus effecting changes that would not otherwise have occurred and that are not in the regular course of nature. The easiest example to think of is one wherein the lower animals are chiefly concerned; for instance, consider the case of the community of an ant hill, on a lonely uninhabited island, undisturbed for centuries, whose dwelling is kicked over one day by a shipwrecked sailor. They had reason to suppose that events were uniform, and all their difficulties ancestrally known, but they are perturbed by an unintelligible miracle. A different illustration is afforded by the presence of an obtrusive but unsuspected live insect in a galvanometer or other measuring instrument in a physical laboratory; whereby metrical observations would be complicated, and all regularity perturbed in a puzzling and capricious and, to half-instructed knowledge, supernatural, or even diabolical, manner. Not dissimilar are some of the asserted events in a Séance Room.

(3) Another may use the term "miracle" to mean the utilization of unknown laws, say of healing or of communication; laws unknown and unformulated,

but instinctively put into operation by mental activity of some kind,—sometimes through the unconscious influence of so-called self-suggestion, sometimes through the activity of another mind, or through the personal agency of highly-gifted beings, operating on others; laws whereby time and space appear temporarily suspended, or extraordinary cures are effected, or other effects produced, such as the levitations and other physical phenomena related of the saints.

(4) Another may incorporate with the word "miracle" a still further infusion of theory, and may mean always a direct interposition of Divine Providence, whereby at some one time and place a perfectly unique occurrence is brought about, which is out of relation with the established order of things, is not due to what has gone before, and is not likely to occur again. The most striking examples of what can be claimed under this head are connected with the personality of Jesus Christ, notably the Virgin Birth and the Empty Tomb; by which I mean the more material and controversial aspects of those generally accepted doctrines—the Incarnation and the Resurrection.

To summarize this part, the four categories are:—(1) A natural or orderly though unusual portent, (2) a disturbance due to unknown live or capricious agencies, (3) a utilization by mental or spiritual power of unknown laws, (4) direct interposition of the Deity.

III. ARGUMENTS CONCERNING THE MIRACULOUS.

In some cases an argument concerning the so-called miraculous will turn upon the question whether such things are theoretically possible.

In other cases it will turn upon whether or not they have ever actually happened.

In a third case the argument will be

directed to the question whether they happened or not on some particular occasion.

And in a fourth case the argument will hinge upon the particular category under which any assigned occurrence is to be placed:—

For instance take a circumstance.

which undoubtedly has occurred, one upon the actual existence of which there can be no dispute, and yet one of which the history and manner is quite unknown. Take for instance the origin of life; or to be more definite, say the origin of life on any given planet, the Earth for instance. There is practically no doubt that the Earth was once a hot and molten and sterile globe. There is no doubt at all that it is now the abode of an immense variety of living organic nature. How did that life arise? Is it an event to be placed under head (1), as an unexpected outcome of the ordinary course of nature, a development naturally following upon the formation of extremely complex molecular aggregates—protoplasm and the like—as the Earth cooled; or must it be placed under head (4), as due to the direct Fiat of the Eternal?

Again, take the existence of Christianity as a living force in the world of to-day. This is based upon a series

of events of undoubtedly substantial truth centering round a historical personage; under which category is that to be placed? Was his advent to be regarded as analogous to the appearance of a mighty genius such as may at any time revolutionize the course of human history; or is he to be regarded as a direct manifestation and incarnation of the Deity Himself?

I am using these great themes as illustrations merely, for our present purpose; I have no intention of entering upon them here and now. They are questions which have been asked, and presumably answered, again and again; and it is on lines such as these that debates concerning the miraculous are usually conducted. But what I want to say is that so long as we keep the discussion on these lines, and ask this sort of question, though we shall succeed in raising difficulties, we shall not progress far towards a solution of any of them; nor shall we gain much aid towards life.

IV. LAW AND GUIDANCE.

The way to progress is not thus to lose ourselves in detail and in confusing estimates of possibilities, but to consider two main issues which may very briefly be formulated thus:—

- (1) Are we to believe in irrefragable law?
- (2) Are we to believe in spiritual guidance?

If we accept the first of these issues we accept an orderly and systematic universe, with no arbitrary cataclysms and no breaks in its essential continuity. Catastrophes occur, but they occur in the regular course of events, they are not brought about by capricious and lawless agencies; they are a part of the entire cosmos, regulated on the principle of unity and uniformity: thought to the dwellers in any time

and place, from whose senses most of the cosmos is hidden, they may appear to be sudden and portentous dislocations of natural order.

So much is granted if we accept the first of the above issues. If we accept the second, we accept a purposeful and directed universe, carrying on its evolutionary processes from an inevitable past into an anticipated future with a definite aim; not left to the random control of inorganic forces like a motor-car which has lost its driver, but permeated throughout by mind and intention and foresight and will. Not mere energy, but constantly directed energy—the energy being controlled by something which is not energy, nor akin to energy, something which presumably is immanent in the universe and is akin to life and mind.

The alternative to these two beliefs is a universe of random chance and capricious disorder, not a cosmos or universe at all—a multiverse rather; consequently I take it that we all hold to one or other of these two beliefs. But do we and can we hold to both?

So far as I conceive my present mission, it is to urge that the two beliefs are not inconsistent with each other, and that we may and should contemplate and gradually feel our way towards accepting both.

- (1) We must realize that the Whole is a single undeviating law-saturated cosmos;
- (2) But we must also realize that the Whole consists not of matter and motion alone, nor yet of spirit and will alone, but of both and all; we must even yet further, and enormously, enlarge our conception of what the Whole contains.

Scientific men have preached the first of these desiderata, but have been liable to take a narrow view regarding the second. Keenly alive to law, and knowledge, and material fact, they have been occasionally blind to art, to emotion, to poetry, and to the higher mental and spiritual environment which inspires and glorifies the realm of knowledge.

The temptation of religious men has also lain in the direction of too narrow an exclusiveness, for they have been so occupied with their own conceptions of the fulness of things that they have failed to grasp what is meant by the first of the above requirements; they have allowed the emotional content to overpower the intellectual, and have too often ignored, disliked, and practically rejected an integral portion of the scheme,—appearing to desire, what no one can really wish for, a world of uncertainty and caprice, where effects can be produced without adequate cause, and where the connection of

antecedent and consequent can be arbitrarily dislocated.

The same vice has therefore dogged the steps of both classes of men. The acceptance of miracle, in the crude sense of arbitrary intervention and special providence, is appropriate to those who feel enmeshed in the grip of inorganic and mechanical law, without being able to reconcile it with the idea of constant guidance and intelligent control. And a denial of miracle, in every sense, that is, of all providential guidance, and all controlling intelligence, may also be the result of the very same feeling, experienced by people who are conscious of just the same kind of inability,—people who cannot recognize a directing intelligence in the midst of law and order, who regard the absence of dislocation and interference as a mark of the inorganic, the mechanical, the inexorable: wherefore the denial of miracle has often led to a sort of practical atheism and to an assertion of the valuelessness of prayer.

But to those who are able to combine the acceptance of both the above faiths, prayer is part of the orderly cosmos, and may be an efficient portion of the guiding and controlling will; somewhat as the desire of the inhabitants of a town for a civic improvement may be a part of the agency which ultimately brings it about, no matter whether the city be representatively or autocratically governed.

The two beliefs cannot be logically and effectively combined by those who think of themselves as something detached from and outside the cosmos, operating on it externally and seeking to modify its manifestations by vain petitions addressed to a system of ordered force. To such persons the above propositions must seem contradictory or mutually exclusive. But if we can grasp the idea that we ourselves are an intimate part of the whole

scheme, that our wishes and desires are a part of the controlling and guiding will,—then our mental action can-

not but be efficient, if we exercise it in accordance with the highest and truest laws of our being.

V. HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

Let us survey our position:—

We find ourselves for a few score years incarnate intelligences on this planet; we have not always been here, and we shall not always be here: we are here in fact, each of us, for but a very short period, but we can study the conditions of existence while here, and we perceive clearly that a certain amount of guidance and control are in our hands. For better for worse we can, and our legislators do, influence the destinies of the planet. The process is called "making history." We can all, even the humblest, to some extent influence the destinies of individuals with whom we come into contact. We have therefore a certain sense of power and responsibility.

It is not likely that we are the only, or the highest, intelligent agents in the whole wide universe, nor that we possess faculties and powers denied to all else; nor is it likely that our own activity will be always as limited as it is now. The Parable of the Talents is full of meaning, and it contains a meaning that is not often brought out.

It is absurd to deny the attributes of guidance and intelligence and personality and love to the Whole, seeing that we are part of the Whole, and are personally aware of what we mean by those words in ourselves. These attributes are existent therefore, and cannot be denied; cannot be denied even to the Deity.

Is the planet subject to intelligent control? We know that it is: we ourselves can change the course of rivers for predestined ends, we can make highways, can unite oceans, can devise inventions, can make new compounds, can transmute species, can plan fresh

variety of organic life; we can create works of art; we can embody new ideas and lofty emotions in forms of language and music, and can leave them as Platonic offspring¹ to remote posterity. Our power is doubtless limited, but we can surely learn to do far more than we have yet so far in the infancy of humanity accomplished; more even than we have yet conjectured as within the range of possibility.

Our progress already has been considerable. It is but a moderate time since our greatest men were chipping flints and carving bones into the likeness of reindeer. More recently they became able to build cathedrals and make poems. Now we are momentarily diverted from immortal pursuits by vivid interest in that kind of competition which has replaced the competition of the sword, and by those extraordinary inequalities of possession and privilege which have resulted from the invention of an indestructible and transmissible form of riches, a form over which neither moth nor rust has any power.

We raise an incense of smoke, and offer sacrifices of squalor and ugliness, in worship of this new idol. But it will pass; human life is not meant to continue as it is now in city slums; nor is the strenuous futility of mere accumulation likely to satisfy people when once they have been really educated; the world is beautiful, and may be far more widely happy than it has been yet. Those who have preached this hitherto have been heard with deaf ears, but some day we shall awake to a sense of our true planetary

¹ "Symposium," 209.

importance and shall recognize the higher possibilities of existence. Then shall we realize and practically believe what is involved in those words of poetic insight:—

The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

There is a vast truth in this yet to be discovered; power and influence and responsibility lie before us, appalling in their magnitude, and as yet we are but children playing on the stage before the curtain is rolled up for the drama in which we are to take part.

But we are not left to our own devices: we of this living generation are not alone in the universe. What we call the individual is strengthened by elements emerging from the social whole out of which he is born. We are not things of yesterday, nor of tomorrow. We do not indeed remember our past, we are not aware of our future, but in common with everything else we must have had a past and must be going to have a future. Some day we may find ourselves able to realize both.

Meanwhile what has been our experience here? We have not been left solitary. Every newcomer to the planet, however helpless and strange he be, finds friends awaiting him, devoted

and self-sacrificing friends, eager to care for and protect his infancy and to train him in the ways of this curious world. It is typical of what goes on throughout conscious existence; the guidance which we exert, and to which we are subject now, is but a phase of something running through the universe; and when the time comes for us to quit this sphere and enter some larger field of action, I doubt not that we shall find there also that kindness and help and patience and love, without which no existence would be tolerable or even at some stages possible.

Miracles lie all around us: only they are not miraculous. Special providences envelop us: only they are not special. Prayer is a means of communication as natural and as simple as is speech.

Realize that you are part of a great, orderly and mutually helpful cosmos, that you are not stranded or isolated in a foreign universe, but that you are part of it and closely akin to it; and your sense of sympathy will be enlarged, your power of free communication will be opened, and the heartfelt aspiration and communion and petition that we call prayer will come as easily and as naturally as converse with those human friends and relations whose visible bodily presence gladdens and enriches your present life.

VI. SUMMARY.

The atmosphere of religion should be recognized as enveloping and permeating everything; it should not be specially or exclusively sought as an emanation from signs and wonders. Strange and ultranormal things may happen, and are well worthy of study, but they are not to be regarded as especially holy. Some of them may represent either extension or survival of human faculty, while others may be an inevitable endowment or attri-

bute of a sufficiently lofty character; but none of them can be accepted without investigation. Testimony concerning such things is to be treated in a sceptical and yet open-minded spirit; the results of theory and experiment are to be utilized, as in any other branch of natural knowledge; and indiscriminate dogmatic rejection is as inappropriate as wholesale uncritical acceptance.

The bearing on the hopes and fears

of humanity of such unusual facts as can be verified may be considerable, but they bear no exceptional witness to guidance and control. Guidance and control, if admitted at all, must be regarded as constant and continuous; and it is just this uniform character that makes them so difficult to recognize. It is always difficult to perceive or apprehend anything which is perfectly regular and continuous. Those fish, for instance, which are submerged in ocean-depths, beyond the reach of waves and tides, are probably utterly unconscious of the existence of water; and, however intelligent, they can have but little reason to believe in that medium, notwithstanding that their whole being, life, and motion, is dependent upon it from instant to instant. The motion of the earth, again, furious

rush though it is—fifty times faster than a cannon ball—is quite inappreciable to our senses; it has to be inferred from celestial observations, and it was strenuously disbelieved by the agnostics of an earlier day.

Uniformity is always difficult to grasp; our senses are not made for it, and yet it is characteristic of everything that is most efficient; jerks and jolts are easy to appreciate, but they do not conduce to progress. Steady motion is what conveys us on our way, collisions are but a retarding influence. The seeker after miracle, in the exceptional and narrow or exclusive sense, is pining for a catastrophe; the investigator of miracle, in the continuous and broad or comprehensive sense, has the universe for a laboratory.

Oliver Lodge.

The Contemporary Review.

GLASTONBURY.

I saw thee in a dream of years,
I see thee in a mist of tears.
Avilion, Island of the Blest;
Ah, would that here I had my rest!

Thy apple-blossoms, balmy bright,
Were comfort to a sickly sight,
Too often hurt by inward woe
And searching things that none may know;
To linger on thy haunted knoll
And hear the sacred legends toll,
Toll with a faint and phantom chime
Across the misty meads of Time,
Would calm the spirit's tossing sea
Lulled as the Lake of Galilee
When to the surface of the deep
Was called the underlying sleep.

None other way the weary soul
Shall leave the sound and sight of dole,
Than here in fancy to refashion
Far ages of a purer passion

Than any that now moves the heart
 In camp or council, church or mart:
 To pour again the mystic mere
 Round Arthur's grave; again to hear
 The monks their solemn psalms intone
 In dim arcades of carven stone
 To seek again, ere faith shall fall,
 Achievement of the Holy Grail.

Such was my vision of the years
 Now shadowed by a mist of tears,
 Avillion, Island of the Blest;
 Ah, would that here I had my rest.

The Saturday Review.

F. B. Money-Coutts.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.*

"Who would have thought," said an acute observer early in the present Pontificate, "that we should so soon have had occasion to regret Leo XIII.?" The regret was entertained on public, not on private grounds. As a man Pius X. is the more attractive figure; and, personally, his popularity is greater than that of his predecessor, whose long-expected death came to the Church as in many respects a relief. The almost unprecedented length of the Pontificate had created a sense of weariness; the cards, it was felt, had become monotonous; it was time for a new deal. That the Pope had been a politician was not objected to him: the Papacy is a political institution. What was objected to him was that his policy had been a failure. "C'est peut-être la plus grande gloire de ce pontificat que d'avoir opposé à la Triplice une duplice franco-russe" is the

judgment of a recent critic. The glory is equivocal. So far neither of the two Powers has taken much by the alliance; and the Pope's aim in working for it, the recovery of the temporal power, seemed more distant at his death than at his accession. The Republic proved intractable: its attitude towards Italy was friendly; its relations with the Church and the Holy See were strained. The Conclave of 1903 reproduced the existing political divisions of Europe; the interests represented in it were, on the one hand, those of the Franco-Russian, on the other, those of the Triple Alliance. The pro-French cardinals largely outnumbered those of the opposite party. The policy of Leo XIII. was not meant for, and cannot be judged by, his lifetime only; few know how carefully prepared a scheme was shattered by the Austrian Veto, which fell like a

* 1. "Concordat ou Séparation." Par Georges Noblesmaire. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1904.

2. "Le Parti Noir." Par Anatole France. Paris: Société nouvelle de librairie et d'édition. 1904.

3. "Le Libéralisme." Par Emile Faguet. Paris: Société française d'imprimerie et de librairie. 1904.

4. "La Réforme intellectuelle du clergé." Par P. Saintyès. Paris: E. Nourry. 1904.

5. "Un dernier Gallican: Henri Bernier." Par A. Houtin. Paris: E. Nourry. 1904.

6. "Pourquoi les catholiques ont perdu la bataille." Par l'abbé Naudet. Paris: Aux bureaux de la "Justice Sociale." 1904.

bolt from the blue. The protagonist retired—it must be allowed—with dignity, and from the chaos of conflicting groups and interests new and unforeseen combinations emerged. Why did not the cardinals defy a veto the lawfulness of which was doubtful, and which it would have been impossible to enforce? Or why, on the withdrawal of their original candidate, did not the majority elect one of their own number? The explanation is that the Sacred College was singularly wanting in men of ability and strength of character; never had its reputation stood so low. Arbitrary, and impatient of opposition, the late Pope had looked to acquiescence rather than intelligent co-operation in his counsellors, and bestowed the purple on instruments, not men. The natural consequence followed. The Conclave, composed with few exceptions of cyphers, was less a deliberative assembly than a voting machine, liable to break down under any sudden strain on its equilibrium, and the unexpectedness of the Veto put it out of gear. "*Effeminati dominabuntur eis.*" Had the cardinals been men of Rampolla's calibre, things would have turned out differently. But the powerful Secretary had overreached himself. The one thing upon which neither he nor anyone else had calculated took place, and the labor of years collapsed like a bubble. The rival parties split into sections. The French Monarchists, whose recognition of the Republic has never been more than nominal, clamored for a change of policy; the foreign cardinals, less absorbed than their Roman colleagues in the pursuit of the shadowy Pontifical sovereignty, inclined to a religious Pope. In France, the Associations Law of 1901 had provoked the hostility of an active and unscrupulous party, whose influence at Rome, always considerable, had become dominant during the last years of Leo XIII.; German

diplomacy, fishing, as its custom is, in troubled waters, contrasted the humiliation of dependence on changing parliamentary majorities with the solid advantages of an understanding with the stable military monarchy beyond the Rhine. Better relations with Austria, the hereditary ally of the Papacy, were desirable; the *Los von Rom* movement had been strengthened by the resentment felt at the "colossal ingratitude" of the Vatican during the late Pontificate; and, though to stand well with Berlin and Vienna a certain change of front towards the Savoy Monarchy was necessary, the Italian cardinals outside the Curia were not disinclined to the change. Knowing better than the Curialists the temper of the country, they had endured rather than approved of the prolonged deadlock, and for the most part desired a *modus vivendi* with the existing régime. Causes such as these, and the necessity for immediate action, which made protracted negotiations impossible, led to the passing over of more than one likely candidate. The *Papabili* left the Conclave cardinals; the Patriarch of Venice, of whom scarcely anyone, himself least of all, had thought, came out Pope.

Though not personally a politician, he had been a reserve candidate of the opposition, or anti-French, cardinals. He was the most colorless, politically, on their list; but, being in a minority, they could only hope to carry the election by a surprise vote, and had every reason to congratulate themselves. The new Pope was a stranger to Rome, his acquaintance with it scarcely extending beyond the formal visits *ad limina* obligatory on a bishop; to not a few of the electors he was unknown even by sight. He represented the Italian Episcopate rather than the Roman Curia. His relations, indeed, with the latter had been less than cordial, exception having been taken in high

quarters to his participation on more than one occasion in the welcome given by the Venetians to the late and the present King. A peasant by birth, he possessed the qualities of his class: he was tenacious of purpose, his shrewdness was considerable, his sense sound. But his education had been that of a country priest; the acquired and artificially cultivated ignorance of the seminarist hampered his naturally good judgment; he stood outside the opinion and knowledge of his time. In this, indeed, he was not singular: the ignorance of the Roman official world must be experienced to be believed. But it is tempered by an experience—a traditional statecraft, a gift for dealing with men and affairs—in which he was wanting. A man of principle rather than of expedients, compromise was foreign to him; the opportunist temper of Rome was not his. Hence the paradox, not to say the tragedy, of his Pontificate—that, disclaiming political aims, he is embroiled in a vortex of politics; that, personally humble and unassuming, he bids fair to become the Hildebrand of modern Popes. It is David in Saul's armor. The sword of the mighty is two-edged, and recoils on the unwary; he is cumbered by the unaccustomed gear. Conscious of his incapacity, his reluctance to undertake the exalted office to which the vote of the Conclave called him was sincere. But it was difficult, impossible almost, to refuse; the heavier the burden, the more imperative the obligation to bear it if bidden; unwillingly, but without grudging or reservation, he followed what he believed to be a Divine call.

The change of personal atmosphere was unmistakable. Leo XIII. had been egotistic, harsh, a stickler for etiquette; he had been admired, feared, respected, rather than beloved. Pius X. is what the Italians call *simpatico*; considerate, kindly, averse to ceremonial, willing to be seen and addressed by

all. By heart as well as birth an Italian, his country is dear to him: from the first he spoke of the widowed Queen-Mother with sympathy, and of the Sovereign with respect. The *métier* of a Grand Lama was distasteful to him; he dispensed as far as possible with guards and chamberlains; he invited his friends to his simple table; he preached to the people—generations had passed since a Pope had dreamed of such a thing; his easy ways and direct speech won the heart of Rome. The Vatican was less friendly. There his origin was resented. He was neither Roman nor a noble; his Italian sympathies found no echo; his homely ways scandalized those accustomed to the formalism of his predecessor's Court. It is said, perhaps not without truth, that his virtues are rather personal than official; that he is a better bishop than Pope. The routine work of the Roman Congregation is so vast, and so technical, that it is a drawback for a Pope not to have had personal experience of it; hence the impossibility, under existing circumstances, of a non-Italian, and the disadvantage of a non-Roman, Pontiff. The questions of policy which come before the Holy See are so intricate and so many-sided that they demand the knowledge of a specialist and the judgment of a man of affairs. These Pius X. does not possess. It was of the first importance, consequently, that his Secretary of State should be a man of experience, resourceful, patient, large of view. Under Leo XIII. the office had been filled by the one man of first-rate ability in the Sacred College. But it was impossible that Cardinal Rampolla should be invited to direct the policy of the new reign. Identified, rightly or wrongly, with that of the old, and on Leo's death all but his successor, his retirement was inevitable; and it was in the interest both of the new order of things, and of his own future, that

it should be complete. The name of more than one prominent cardinal was suggested; it was hoped by many that the choice might fall on Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, a Roman, a diplomatist, a man of traditional type and official training. It was not to be. As Secretary to the Conclave, Mgr. Raphael Merry del Val had been brought into intimate contact with the new Pope, to whom he was recommended by his reputation for piety, his acquaintance with the principal European languages—the Pope knowing only Italian—and his engaging manners. He enjoyed the support of a powerful religious order: in a few weeks' time he was made Cardinal and Secretary of State. "*Diabolus stet a dextris ejus.*" The appointment was in every way regrettable: from the first the Secretary has been the evil genius of Pius X. He was not a Roman, or even an Italian: a fashionable director, especially of women, among the foreign colony, neither by temperament nor training was he fitted for duties which brought him into contact with interests of another order than that of the sacristy, and into relation with men of a larger world than his own. A Spaniard by birth, he belonged to the strictest sect of Clerical and Legitimist orthodoxy; nor had his partly English education been such as either to enlarge his sympathies or widen his mind. A pupil of the Jesuits, he possessed at once the virtues and the vices of that famous order: he made no secret of his hostility to the House of Savoy and the New Italy, or of his hatred of Liberalism—that temper as difficult to define as it is easy to recognize—in every department of knowledge and in every quarter of the globe. Such was the successor of Rampolla. If the impene-trable ex-Minister permits himself in his privacy to drop the mask which he has trained himself to assume till it has become second nature to him,

he must smile at the irony of fate. Two other Spaniards—the Capuchin Cardinal Vives y Tuto, and the General of the Jesuits—make up the inner Cabinet: hence the notes of its policy—its high-handedness, its want of insight, its narrowness of outlook. The Roman spirit has its defects, moral and intellectual: encroaching, astute, unscrupulous, it minds earthly things. But, on its own ground at least, it is sagacious, practical, far-seeing—in a word, all that the diplomacy of the present Pontificate is not.

That with such advisers the Pope should have exhibited, personally if not officially, a conciliatory temper towards the Italian Government argues that where he has sufficient knowledge of the facts of a case his judgment is to be relied upon. But with regard to how few of the matters which come before him can he acquire this knowledge or form this judgment! Infallibility is a legal fiction. Imposing as a theory, attempt to apply it, and it escapes you. A theologian justified his acceptance of the Definition of 1870 by the cynical argument, "*C'est plutôt absurde que faux.*" Like other officials, the Pope is dependent on the information given him: according to its quality he is well or ill advised.

If ever a Pope had need of accurate information and prudent counsel, that Pope is Pius X. Never was the incompatibility between Catholicism, as a polity, and society more palpable; never was the opposition between Catholic teaching, as commonly presented, and science more radical or more widely felt. This incompatibility and this opposition have reached their climax in France. And this for two reasons. Of all European peoples, the French are the most intelligent, the most open to ideas. Without the thoroughness of the German or the practical sense of the English mind, the French excels the former in quickness and the latter in versatility; it rep-

resents an element in life and knowledge with which civilization could ill dispense. The influence of France, indeed, requires to be balanced by other influences, but to injure France is to lessen the intelligence and lower the vitality of mankind. Especially has this been so since the fall of the Empire gave free play to the genius of the nation, which is at once pacific and progressive. Neither its men nor its measures are beyond criticism; but, with all the defects of both, the Third Republic has a stability which is wanting to more apparently stable Governments, because it has entered definitely upon the lines on which human progress is destined to advance. Hence the accentuation of the gulf between Catholicism and society, a clerical theocracy and the modern State. On one question after another—education, marriage, association, &c.—their interests came into conflict. But over and above these several issues is the essential difference of purpose and conception: the former exists for a class, the latter for the community; the former looks back, the latter, on. On the other hand, the ties that bind France to Latin Christianity, are ancient and intimate: the designation "Most Christian" attached to the sovereign, and "Eldest daughter of the Church" to the nation, represents facts too vital to the past to be meaningless for the present. Catholicism embodies the French, as distinctively as Protestantism the German, spirit. And in each case the relation is reciprocal. "Ce que je constate est que, dans le monde entier, la France c'est le catholicisme," says M. Brunetière. The phrase, rhetorical as it is, contains a truth. Protestantism without Germany, Catholicism without France—here, as there, the soul would lack its embodiment.

Leo XIII., with the instinct of a statesman, saw this: Pius X. is blind to it. Hence the essential opposition be-

tween the two Pontificates. In spite of difficulties with and rebuffs from successive Ministries, Leo XIII. kept peace with France. He did his best, if that best was little, to restrain the internecine war between the factions that distract the French Church; aware that the maintenance of the *status quo* was the condition of the welfare—perhaps of the existence—of religion, no price, he felt, was too high to secure it; the abolition of the Concordat was an evil to be avoided at every sacrifice and at all costs. His policy was more successful than it appeared to be, or than, perhaps, he knew. It failed in its immediate purpose. The Republic remained anti-Clerical; its support in the domestic quarrel between the Vatican and the Quirinal was not obtained. But the rupture on which a less sagacious Pope might have rushed was averted, at least for the time. And to have gained time was much. To-morrow new developments may present themselves and new possibilities arise. Both the virtues and the limitations of Pius X. disinclined him from following his predecessor's lead. He inaugurated his reign by an emphatic repudiation of political aims and interests. "Instaurare omnia in Christo" was to be the watchword: the Church was a religious, not a political, society; he would be a religious, not a political, Pope. Alas for the futility of human intentions! This attitude, however desirable in itself, is impossible. The history and genius of Rome—let us be just, the practical requirements of the Church at large—are against it; a Pope can no more dispense with politics than a bishop or parish priest with finance. The question is not, Shall he have a policy?—this is inevitable, but, Shall his policy be just and enlightened? Shall the means taken to realize it be adapted to their end? The Allocution of November 3, 1903, disavowed, almost in terms, the

Encyclical "E supremi Apostolatus cathedra;" Pius X. has as distinct a policy as Leo XIII. With regard to Italy, a certain vacillation may be detected, the Encyclical and the Allocution, Bologna and Bergamo, striking a different note. The aim of the power, personal or impersonal, behind the Pope seems to be to make his acts of friendliness individual rather than official, and so to facilitate a change of attitude should circumstances demand it. But the broad lines are clear enough. Those who criticise the Pope's policy as uncertain overlook the obvious fact that it is, in substance, that of the group of cardinals which elected him—conciliatory to the Powers constituting the Triple Alliance; hostile to France.

It would be doing Pius X. an injustice to suppose that this is the result of conscious purpose on his part. He is in an exceptional degree the creature and victim of circumstances. Everything is against him: his seminary training, his provincialism, his seclusion from the free air of the world. France—her people, her history, her language even—is strange to him: he sees "men as trees, walking"; he misconceives the situation with which he has to deal. He sees, because he is prepared to see it, an atheist ministry kept in power by the vote of a godless majority; persecuted religious—guileless Jesuits and peace-loving Assumptionists; secularism rampart in the schools; unbelief, in the shape of criticism, invading the clergy: religion attacked from without and from within. And his singleness of purpose forbids him to take into account the motives of prudence that would have weighed with his predecessor: he is for rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, sword as well as trowel in hand.

But what are the facts? The Law of 1901 closed the question of authorization—"la nécessité, pour les congrégations, d'une autorization; la perma-

nence du contrôle de l'Etat est une doctrine aussi ancienne que les Etats organisés eux-mêmes; jamais elle n'a été délaissée." This statement, which is that of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, is historically unquestionable; nor will any French lawyer dispute the principle which underlies the fact. Successive administrations, however, had been lax in applying it: of the numerous congregations which, especially since 1870, had sprung up like mushrooms not one in ten had complied with the requirements of the law. Opportunities have not been wanting on which, had they applied for authorization, it would have been granted; in 1880, had they acted on the advice of the Nuncio, and joined in a declaration of loyalty to the institutions of the country, they might have acquired legal standing. They refused; and, under the circumstances, the refusal was equivalent to a declaration of war not only against the Republic but against the State. Warned in 1898 of the impending legislation, they hardened their hearts. They depended, they answered, on the Pope, not on the Government; to apply to the latter to legalize their position would be to give to Cæsar the things that were God's. The Law of 1901 gave the alternative of authorization or dissolution. Many chose the latter; and the submission of those who at the eleventh hour retreated from a position which they found untenable was badly received. Irritated by their long resistance, and taught by experience to see in their policy and existence a menace to society, the attitude of the Chamber was hostile. The congregations, as such, were suspect. Of the unauthorized orders of men six only obtained authorization; the tardy demands of the majority were rejected without examination and *en bloc*. That the innocent suffered with the guilty is probable. "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin." To associate oneself with

evildoers is to share their ill repute, and often their fall.

The Law of 1904 suppressed the teaching orders—with two exceptions—the maximum of respite being fixed at ten years. Their schools are to be closed as the local authorities can replace them; and, where the communes have suitable premises at their disposal, there has been little delay in the substitution of public for private instruction. Denominational schools, however, are permitted, provided that their staff does not consist of persons actually members of religious orders; and in many places the religious have secularized themselves, and so retained their schools. So frequently is this the case that the law, as it stands, has become a dead letter, the Government conniving at its evasion. In the case of mixed—i.e. partly teaching, partly charitable or contemplative—orders a recent decision of the tribunal of Troyes removes them, in so far as they are non-teaching, from its jurisdiction, nor is the Minister of Public Worship opposed to this liberal interpretation of the law.

It is not necessary to defend the action of the Government in detail. The principle of the Associations Laws of 1901 and 1904 is open to objection: "Toute loi doit être impersonnelle, et une bonne loi n'a pas dû atteindre les congrégations comme telles, mais les abus commis par les congrégations." It would have been well, as M. Waldeck-Rousseau urged, had they been administered with discrimination; "il ne fallait pas transformer une loi de contrôle en loi d'exclusion." The action of the executive has been occasionally harsh, and even provocative—in particular, the removal of the crucifixes from the law courts was a measure at once odious and ill advised. The omission of the Cardinal Secretary's letter of June 10 from the correspondence published in the "Journal Officiel" was

fatuous—"on a fait acte de polémique, non de documentation," said the "Temps" justly: nothing but the certainty of detection can be urged in defence of those responsible against a charge of bad faith.

But a policy must be judged as a whole. And the insignificance of the opposition, both in the Chamber and the country, shows that the nation, which is not at heart irreligious, views it with approval. The explanation is that in France society is faced by a peril of which in this country we have, happily, no experience: a politico-religious party—a minority, indeed, but an influential and unscrupulous minority, whose aim is the destruction, not merely of the existing form of government, but of the foundations on which the modern State is built. The Syllabus and the State are incompatible. And not a word of the Syllabus has been, or will be, withdrawn. Under the restored Bourbons this party terrorized the nation: "I had rather see the most godless republic than a return to that state of things," said Vallant in the sixties, "though I believe that not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's will." It rallied to the *Coup d'état*; it conspired with Boulanger and Esterhazy: nine-tenths of what passes as anti-clericalism is hatred, not of religion, but of the interference of a mischievous and meddling priesthood in public and private life. And for the remaining tenth, how much of the responsibility rests with those who have identified religion with all that is least respectable in opinion and least social in conduct? "Ce sont des lamentables: ils ont défiguré l'Evangile de paix. Le confondra-t-on avec l'Eglise, ce parti misérable qui eût fait du monde un eunuque sans cerveau ni cœur?" The confusion is not unnatural: the conquest of Latin Christianity by what Cardinal Newman denounced as "an insolent and aggressive faction"

is complete. Bowing themselves in the house of Rimmon, its opponents exist precariously and on sufferance. For the temper and methods of the dominant sect the English reader may be referred to the Abbé Houtin's "Question Biblique," "L'Américanisme," and "Un dernier Gallican: Henri Bernier": it is by turns truculent and intriguing, offensive and obsequious, a mixture of Torquemada and Tartuffe. The results achieved in France were summed up by Montalembert: "De tous les mystères que présente en si grand nombre l'histoire de l'Eglise, je n'en connais pas qui égale ou dépasse cette transformation si prompte et si complète de la France catholique en une basse-cour de l'anticamera du Vatican." If the community has not asserted itself sooner and more vigorously, the reason is that in France anti-Clericalism is as great a danger to the public peace as Clericalism; threatened by two Terrors, a Red and a Black, the State plays off one against the other, and so keeps both in hand.

This is the key to the religious situation. The relation of the Centre to the Extreme Left is that of English Liberalism of the Palmerstonian period to its Radical wing: the Socialist vote is necessary to the Government, but the concessions made to Socialism are more apparent than real. The secular clergy has been unmolested; the members of the dissolved congregations, abandoning their distinctive dress and style, have, as has been said, in many cases returned to their occupations. The outcry of the expelled religious resembles that of our Passive Resisters—there is an element of comic opera in the proceedings both of the victims and the agents of the law. Nor have the attempts of the former to turn the tables on their opponents been happy. That the Carthusians should have been willing to wound M. Combes is not surprising: monks are men. But that they

should have been afraid to strike—that, when called upon to prove the charges with which they have allowed themselves to be identified, they should have taken refuge in silence—this, if it does not throw suspicion on their good faith, suggests at least that their wish to believe was stronger than were their grounds for believing: the inevitable inference is that they were silent because they had nothing to say.

Hatred, however, breeds hatred; nothing but the watchfulness of the civil power restrains the rival factions; the presence of the gendarme, like that of the Turkish guard in the Holy Sepulchre, is the condition and guarantee of order. The extremists on each side are few; but the matter is inflammable: at any moment a spark might kindle a fire. The country has suffered too much from the excesses of contending fanaticisms to risk their repetition; and recent events have shown that the danger is not one of the past. There are spirits in France to-day as murderous as Ravallac and as turbulent as the Guises. Hence the acquiescence of the nation in measures which, in the interests of public security, withdraw certain classes of citizens from the common law, placing them, as our own Mutiny Act does, under exceptional legislation. Various explanations of this acquiescence have been suggested: Masonic terrorism, Jewish conspiracy, Protestant and foreign intrigue. It is not necessary to go so far afield. The average French elector knows his own business. With Catholicism as a religion he has no great quarrel—"tous les anti-cléricaux et tous les non-pratiquants ne sont pas pour cela en rupture de christianisme"—but Catholicism as a polity he will have none of. He prefers the Government of M. Combes, with all its shortcomings, to a Nationalist Administration inspired by the "Libre Parole" and the

"Vérité Française," and dictated to by M. Drumont and M. de Mun.

That in the present state of tension the question of the Concordat should have been raised is to be regretted. That those who are animated by hatred of religion should desire its repeal is natural; the amazing thing is that the Vatican should be found playing into their hands. The Cardinal Secretary is said to be acquainted with five languages: that of diplomacy, it seems, is not one of their number. It is impossible for any self-respecting Government to overlook the incident of the Identical Note—which was not identical; the proceedings against the Bishops of Laval and Dijon, whatever their inner history, have been conducted with a high-handedness calculated, if not designed, to provoke reprisals. Events have moved, and are moving, quickly: it is impossible not to fear that the rupture of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See is the prelude to the separation of Church and State. Moderate men of every shade of religious and political opinion look with dismay on the prospect: the episcopate, the ministry, the majority of the Chamber and the Senate, the sense of the country at large—all point the other way. But it would be unwise to trust to this average of opinion, reasoned and practically unanimous as it is. A determined minority has been able before now to precipitate matters and force its will on a reluctant majority: there is a tide in human affairs which carries with it the folly of the multitude and the wisdom of the wise.

In "Concordat ou Séparation," to which M. Ribot, an ex-premier, contributes a weighty preface, the questions at issue are discussed from the standpoint of a *rallié*. The book is not free from bias. The "Bloc" is not the ogre that the author conceives it: "ceux qui nous ont engagés dans la

politique actuelle contre les congrégations ne sont pas si pressés que vous paraissez le croire de supprimer tous les rapports entre l'Eglise et l'Etat," M. Ribot reminds him: nor are the organizers of Nationalist agitation the victims of unprovoked aggression; a Government has the right of self-defence. The free Church in a Free State formula belongs rather to pure than to applied politics; it presupposes social conditions other than those which actually prevail. The purely material conception of the State—"une association pour la police et pour la défense"—is inadequate and unworkable: the community develops a moral as well as a material organization, and cannot with impunity abdicate either its rights over or its duties to its members. So France has found to her cost: under the pretext of conscience, sedition has been admitted, the social structure has been undermined. The Affaire Dreyfus brought the country to the verge of civil war, and made legislation inevitable. "Sachez-le," exclaimed P. Coubé, S.J., in a sermon circulated by the hundred thousand under the title of "Le Glaive Electoral" —"il n'y aura à présenter aux élections prochaines, d'un bout à l'autre du territoire, que deux candidats: Jésus-Christ et Barabbas. Et Barabbas sous différents noms: Barabbas l'anti-clérical, Barabbas le franc-maçon, Barabbas le révolutionnaire, Barabbas l'anarchiste, Barabbas le communal. Allez-vous voter pour Barabbas?" The eyes of the electorate were opened:

Convenons d'abord que si pour les sectaires le moment d'assouvir leurs rancunes a paru on ne peut mieux choisir, c'est qu'aussi la partie leur a, sur certains points, été laissée un peu trop belle; c'est qu'il est trop certain que les prétextes invoqués par les persécuteurs ne sont pas tous également iniques et léonins. Certains ordres n'ont

¹ Faguet, "Le Liberalisme," p. 100.

pas été aussi prudents qu'on avait pu le souhaiter; certains moines ont ouvertement déclaré la guerre à la République, gouvernement légal du pays; et la virulence de leurs attaques contre un gouvernement ennemi fut une arme à double tranchant. Le peuple français, jusqu'à ces derniers temps, n'aimait guère "le curé qui fait de la politique:" or, les jacobins ont pu lui dire et lui répéter sur tous les tons qu'il y avait des moines qui ne faisaient que cela! Ajouterai-je ceci: qu'il y a passé trop d'argent par les mains de certaines communautés? Et la véritable religion n'est-elle pas la première à souffrir de certaines dévotions parasites et un peu fétichistes?

In the face of such admissions it is disingenuous to speak of the hostility of the State to the Church as "unilatérale": in temper and tactics there is little to choose between the two extreme parties. And, in view of the consistent countenance, tacit under Leo XIII., avowed under his predecessor and the reigning Pontiff, given to the Bashl-Bazouks of the Vatican, it is misleading to describe "certains amis trop fougueux de l'Eglise" as "désavoués, sans doute, par elle." They have, in fact, carried everything before them.³ "L'Eglise des Gaules a passé à l'étranger: au Pape Roi a succédé le Pape Dieu."⁴ The extent to which the *communicatio idiomatum* has been carried may be judged by M. Noblemaire's language with regard to the contingency of the denunciation of the Concordat by the Holy See:

En ce qui concerne le Saint-Siège, la thèse des catholiques passivement soumis et respectueux est que . . . cela ne regarde que lui! De fait il est bien certain qu'il y a quelque irrévérence à sauter là-dessus les desseins du Souverain-Pontife, et qu'il y aurait

la plus risible outrecuidance à prétendre lui dicter sa conduite. . . . Toute opinion arrêtée risquerait d'être audacieuse et téméraire, et le mieux est assurément de s'en remettre à la sagesse inspirée du successeur de Saint Pierre.⁵

Thus Moses might have spoken had the tribesmen of Sinai mooted the revocation of the Tables of the Testimony; thus the courtiers of Herod acclaimed his oration—"It is the voice of a God, not of a man." But to be more is to be less than human: pride carried to this pitch overreaches itself and presages fall. The dissolution of a social is more lingering than that of the individual organism; but here as there metabolism, the free action of the natural forces of assimilation and reflection, is essential; the arrest of these processes is death.

The tide of opinion sets in favor of what are called Free Churches:

"La séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat s'imposera tôt ou tard" (says M. Ribot), "parce qu'elle est dans le courant des idées modernes; parce que l'Eglise reconnaitra elle-même que la liberté est une condition de sa dignité, et que tout privilège se tourne fatalement, de nos jours, en servitude."

So, too, M. Faguet:

La séparation absolue des Eglises et de l'Etat, les Eglises payées par leurs fidèles, administrées par leurs fidèles, gouvernées par ceux qui ont la confiance de leurs fidèles, c'est la seule solution libérale, c'est la seule solution rationnelle, c'est la seule solution pratique.

Such reasoning suffers from an excess of abstraction. Had we to do with a world of ideas its logic might convince us: religion is a fact of spiritual

³ "Concordat ou Séparation," p. 109.

⁴ The recent elevation of the Abbe Delassus, author of the notorious "Americanisme et la Conjuraison Anti-chrétienne," to the rank of Domestic Prelate to Pius X. is significant. The

nearest English parallel would be the announcement that Mr. John Kensit had been sworn of the Privy Council.

⁵ "Le Parti Noir," pp. 47-49.

⁶ "Concordat ou Séparation," p. 184.

experience which each of us must make his own. No one can experience it for us, just as no one can think or feel for us: consciousness is incommunicable; we must experience, think, and feel for ourselves. "God and the soul; the soul and its God"—this, says Harnack, is the substance of Christianity. And here, in the last resort, Catholic and Protestant are at one: "it is face to face, *solus cum solo*," Cardinal Newman assures us, "in all matters between man and his God." So that the intrusion of a material element into this ideal scheme is incongruous, or even destructive: Christ's kingdom is "not of this world."

But the actual falls short of the ideal. The Gospel was given to men, not to pure spirits: the vessel freighted with it is embarked not on the "sea of glass like unto crystal" of the Apocalypse, but on the turpid and tempestuous ocean of humanity. With the extension of Christianity the human or exterior side of the Divine fact came into prominence. It was inevitable that this should be so: and if, as history shows, the material took place too often at the expense of the spiritual development—if the House of God became, like her prototype the Temple, a den of thieves—this is reason, indeed, for humiliation on her part, and for the watchful and efficient control of the conscience of the community acting through the civil power; but not for a confusion between the abstract and the concrete which would disregard at once actual social conditions and the laws of human nature. The Protestant Churches in France and the Nonconformist bodies in our own country have flourished under the voluntary system, and contributed out of proportion to their numbers to the increase and well-being of the commonwealth. But no inference can be drawn from these societies to a National Church. A separatist minority is composed, with

few exceptions, of men of decided character and convictions: narrow as may have been their tenets and sectarian their temper, the history of the Nonconformist Churches is one of hardness endured for conscience' sake. And this experience develops qualities of a high order in other departments of life than that of religion: the indolent and indifferent fall away. Hence these Churches have little hold on the masses of the population—their appeal is to a middle class, energetic, prosperous, and relatively intelligent; to the successful self-made man. The distinctive note of men of this type is self-reliance, not to say self-sufficiency; their independence is a vice bordering on a virtue, and a virtue on a vice. They are able and willing to provide themselves with the religious machinery which commends itself to them; to support a preacher, to build a chapel, to organize a school. The case of a National Church is different. Nominal as may be their adhesion, it numbers among its members those of the community least capable of recognizing and supplying their own needs, temporal or spiritual. Such persons are in the position of minors under the guardianship of the community, which, for their good and its own, charges itself with their training in citizenship, with their protection against those who would exploit them for selfish or interested purposes, and, above all, with their defence against themselves. If religious influences are useless or prejudicial to these ends, the case for the establishment of religion falls. But few will be found to maintain this; to argue that were Christianity removed mankind would be happier or more virtuous. The police theory of religion, indeed, needs only to be named to be rejected. Rather it is as giving the readiest and most efficacious access to the ideal that we prize it; to those who would escape from

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world

it offers emancipation, peace, the spaciousness of the infinite. No honest student of history will minimize the sins of the Churches. But, be they what they may, they are outweighed by the treasure of the Gospel which the Churches contain, and in virtue of which they subsist. Other roads to these larger horizons, it may be urged, are open to us—art, literature, philosophy. To the educated few, yes; to the unlettered many, no. For these, at least, religion, with the symbols under which alone they can receive it, is vital: its disappearance would mean the encroachment of darkness upon the shores of light, of chaos on order, the weakening of the good and the strengthening of the evil that is in the world.

If the influences of religion are to be brought to bear upon the population as a whole, a religious organization must be provided. This is too important a matter to be left to individual initiative: to make the requisite provision is at once the right and the duty of the community: and in France, as in our own country, it has been made. The Concordat of 1801, recognizing that the "Roman Catholic religion is that of the great majority of French citizens," took measures for its re-establishment and free exercise. It was an act of the highest statesmanship. Bold in view of the past, for the fires of the Revolution were smouldering; prudent having regard to the present—for it not only guaranteed religious peace, but gave economic security by confirming the tenure under which the Church lands were held by their new owners—it stands, with the Code, a monument to the constructive genius of the man who more than any other has left his stamp not on France only, but on the Europe of to-day.* Nor

should the wisdom and moderation of the Holy See be overlooked. Pius VII., with whose name that of the virtuous and enlightened Consalvi must be associated, was equal to the occasion. He knew where to yield, and how to give way with dignity: he remembered that his Apostolic authority was a trust to be employed for the good not of the Church, but of religion; not of the clergy, but of mankind. Instead of meeting accomplished facts with the *non possumus* of later Pontiffs, he recognized them as constituting the situation with which he had to deal. He acquiesced in the wholesale alienation of Church property brought about by the Revolution: by a stretch of jurisdiction without parallel in history he suppressed the 135 historical bishoprics, substituting for them sixty new sees. That owing to subsequent events the Concordat has facilitated the Romanizing of the French Church is true. But neither this result nor the causes that led to it could have been foreseen. The Napoleonic *régime* was established to all appearance on lasting foundations. Had it remained, the influence of Rome on France would have been nominal and the development of Catholicism during the last century have proceeded on other lines than it did. Lust of conquest wrecked the Empire; no one Power could permanently absorb Europe. Its fall enabled Rome to concentrate into herself the powers inherent in the Church as a whole, and substitute a one-man rule for a constitutional monarchy. Ultramontaniam may wreck the Papacy, as Caesarism wrecked the Empire, but for the time it is triumphant: Latin Christianity is the Pope.

In two notable respects successive Governments have allowed the Church to go beyond the terms of the Concordat. That agreement is silent on

* Cf. Brandes, "The Reaction in France," pp. 33-55.

the subject of religious associations. At the time of its formulation they were at once illegal and non-existent; and that the First Consul, in whose eyes the Church was as purely a branch of the civil service as the police or the post office, contemplated their revival will not be maintained. Omission was prohibition: it stereotyped the existing order of things. The Republic has been generous. In 1900 there were 200,000 religious in France—in 1789 their number was but 60,000; nor till its hand was forced did the Government interfere to protect itself against the withdrawal of so many citizens from the duties of citizenship, the scarcely veiled hostility of the orders to the institutions of the country, or the accumulation of property—in 1900 upwards of 1,071 million francs—in their hands. "Jamais, sous aucun régime, les congrégations ne se sont multipliées sur le territoire français autant qu'au cours des trente dernières années au dix-neuvième siècle. Leur développement prodigieux et presque démesuré est un des faits dominants de l'histoire sociale d'hier." Here, however, excessive as was the increase, social and economic changes called for a large interpretation of the treaty: ecclesiastical organization varies, within certain limits, according to the requirements of the times. With regard to the other point, the nomination of bishops, the necessity for departing from the terms of the Concordat is less apparent. The *Nobis nominavit* on which the Vatican now exists is foreign both to its letter and to its spirit. "Le premier Consul nommera aux archevêchés et évêchés . . . Sa Sainteté confèrera l'institution canonique." It is easy to imagine how a Napoleon would have met a refusal on the part of the Pope to institute his nominee. There is an increasing unwillingness, however, on the part of the State to enter upon a conflict with the spiritual

power, or to take measures which may be interpreted, however unreasonably, as an infringement of the rights of conscience. This reluctance is natural. Neither credit nor success is to be gained by such a policy: ideas, mischievous and erroneous as they may be, must be met not by force, but by ideas. It is the absolutest governments that have been the slowest to recognize this. Louis XIV. claimed the right to appoint vicars capitular; in the Pamiers case sentence of death was passed on those canonically elected by the chapter; Louis XV. suppressed religious houses as arbitrarily as M. Combes. The restored Bourbons revived the policy of their house: on the definition of the Immaculate Conception, in 1854, the Ministers of Napoleon III. gravely discussed the question whether the Dogmatic Bull of Pius IX. erecting that opinion into an article of faith should be received in France; the bishops were authorized to publish and the faithful to accept it by a majority of three to two. The Republic has been less exacting. The Definition of 1870 crossed the frontier without undergoing the formalities of the Douane or receiving the *Imprimatur* of the Minister; episcopal appointments became matter of arrangement between Rome and the Government; congregations, authorized and unauthorized, multiplied; industries, wealth, influence accumulated in their hands. The encroachment of the ecclesiastical on the civil power was tacit, gradual, unceasing. Suddenly, and when least expected, the awakening came. France found her progress barred, her liberties menaced, her life imperilled. Then, and not till then, she turned upon the disturbers of her peace.

Avide de progrès, la société prenait la résolution de briser ou de mettre hors d'état de lui nuire ceux qui entravaient sa marche. L'autorité ecclésiastique compétente n'avait pas voulu, ou

n'avait pas osé, surveiller, éclairer, diriger, réformer un grand nombre des congrégations: l'Etat les supprima. Educateurs fanatiques et rétrogrades, moines journalistes et obscurantistes, religieuses vivant dans la routine et trop portées à bâtir de grands couvents et de belles chapelles; innocents, coupables, ou suspects, tout fut balayé par une démocratie brutale et pressée.

There were those of their own order whose moderation would have restrained the excesses that at last exhausted the nation's patience; whose learning commanded the respect, whose virtues the sympathy, of good men, irrespective of party or creed. Their motives were denounced, their counsels derided; they were subjected to every humiliation which malice could dictate or fanaticism suggest. The case of the Abbé Loisy is fresh in memory. "Au lieu de s'adapter au monde qui les voulait de leur temps, et à chercher à sauver ce qui restait de l'antique foi, les vaincus se montraient surtout préoccupés d'écraser ceux de leurs coréligionnaires qui gardaient leur confiance dans la vérité et dans la liberté."

Under the present Pontificate no change is to be expected: in theology, in economics, in politics, reactionary influences are dominant. Leo XIII. was essentially an opportunist. It may be doubted whether his policy as a whole was more enlightened than that of his successor. But certainly it was less impossible. He did not see the inevitableness of the new order either in thought or in things: he imposed the philosophy of St. Thomas on the Catholic schools, under the strange belief that it contained the key to life and experience; he hoped against hope for the restoration of the temporal power, scheming for it with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. But if he endeavored to stem the advancing

tide, his object was to direct, not to turn it: he believed it possible to reconcile knowledge with tradition, democracy with authority, society with the Church. If his conception of the content of these terms was inadequate, his belief in their ultimate identity was worthy of his office. And there was an elevation in his standpoint which gave his utterances dignity: he stood like a seer on a watch-tower surveying the ebb and flow of human affairs. He was conscious of something, he knew not what, in the air that betokened change and shifting: and though his personal sympathies were with the old order, he desired to facilitate the transition from it to the new. He did not always occupy this high level: as his energy failed with years "the malaria that clings about the base of the Rock of Peter" mounted, and the atmosphere even at the summit lost something of its serenity. But he refused to condemn science, his last public act being the appointment of a special commission designed to remove Biblical questions from the jurisdiction of tribunals whose competence and methods were suspect; he refused to stifle the Christian Democracy movement in Italy; he refused to break with France. Definitely and deliberately the present Pope has reversed these decisions. Things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be: the policy of Leo XIII. is dead.

A Concordat, to take M. Faguet's definition, is "un traité entre deux gouvernements done l'un a des sujets sur le territoire de l'autre; un partage d'autorité entre le pape et le souverain, une transaction entre deux pouvoirs qui sont forcés de s'abandonner l'un à l'autre quelque chose, mais qui tous les deux voudraient avoir tout." It is of the nature of a compromise. Could a hard and fast line be drawn between the spiritual and the temporal, there would be neither reason nor room for

¹ "Un dernier Gallican: Henri Bernier," p. 433.

such an agreement. But hard and fast lines exist for thought only, not in things; in fact, a debatable land lies between the two. The clergy, for example, are at once ministers of Christ and public functionaries; marriage is a sacrament and a civil contract; education, a duty of parents and charge on the community. This territory is claimed in theory both by Church and State: in practice their rival claims are adjusted by a treaty in virtue of which each of the contracting parties, for the common good and in the interests of peace, cedes, or agrees not to press, certain of its claims. The debatable land becomes a buffer-State, influenced by each, though incorporated in neither, of its neighbors; a mediate or neutral zone.

It is obvious that such an arrangement presupposes a desire on each side to look for points of agreement rather than difference, to smooth over controversies, to discover or create common ground. The Combes Ministry has a worse reputation than it deserves in this respect. It is easier to take exception to the measures adopted with regard to the congregations than to deny the necessity of legislation against them: the Republic acted in self-defence. Nor must we apply English standards to France: the injustice of the Law of 1901 and the harshness with which it has occasionally been administered are more perceptible to us than to those immediately affected, who, were the situation reversed, would act with more rather than less vigor than their opponents. "*La France est un des pays les moins libres du monde et les moins libéraux de l'univers: tous les partis quand ils sont vainqueurs devenant immédiatement redoutables et détestables.*" The defects of the actual régime are inherited, the absolutist traditions of the Monarchy having passed over bodily into the Republic:

L'omnipotence royale est devenue l'omnipotence populaire, la souveraineté nationale; l'omniscience royale est devenue l'omniscience populaire et cette idée que le gouvernement choisi par le peuple doit penser, croire et dogmatiser pour tout le monde; l'omnipossession royale est devenue l'omnipossession populaire et cette idée que tout le territoire français appartient à tous les Français; et en un mot, la théorie du bon plaisir royal est devenue la théorie du bon plaisir populaire. Il est impossible d'être républicains d'une manière plus parfaitement monarchique.*

The impression left by recent events is that the Republic has not been the aggressor. The protest of the Vatican against M. Loubet's visit to Rome would have been taken as a form had it not been for the insertion of an offensive clause, omitted in the copy addressed to France, into the Identical Note forwarded to the Catholic Powers. The proceedings against the Bishops of Dijon and Laval were ill-timed and ill-judged. Ill-timed, because their effect was, and could not but be, that of a spark in a powder magazine. Supposing that the charges brought against the bishops were true, there were prelates nearer Rome whose record was as dubious: it is difficult for those who know even a little of French parties to doubt that religion was but a pretext—that politics, not piety, lay at the root of the affair. Ill-judged, because, while the Pope under existing canon law possesses undoubted disciplinary powers over the episcopate, the manner in which those powers shall be exercised is matter of circumstance. Who does not remember the contempt poured by Burke on the argument that the Mother Country had a right to tax the Colonies? She had. But the attempt to enforce it cost her North America. A wise man is slow to assert his rights, or what he believes to be such, to the full. He will ask himself

* Faguet, "*Le Liberalisme*," pp. 307, 322, 327.

in each case, not, Have I such a right? but, Is it proper or possible to use it? That Rome has never acknowledged the Organic Articles of 1802 is true. But they have the force of law in France: and it is one thing to refuse to admit them, another to act as if they were non-existent.

Nor is it necessary to bring the Organic Articles into the discussion. It is a fair inference from the Concordat (Articles IV.-V.) that a bishop named by the Government and instituted by the Pontiff cannot be removed from, or disturbed in the exercise of, his office without the concurrence of both powers. The summons to Rome addressed to the Bishops of Dijon and Laval was no mere matter of routine. Had it been so the famous Article XX.—in the Organic Articles—would have remained, as it always has remained, a dead letter: to assert or insinuate that there has been any attempt on the part of the Government to hinder freedom of communication between the Bishops and the Pontiff is simply untrue. It was in view of a judicial inquiry by the Inquisition into certain misconduct alleged against them that Mgr. Le Nordez and Mgr. Geay were called upon, under threat of excommunication, to present themselves. The Government insisted, rightly, that they were civil officials as well as Church dignitaries, and that the Inquisition was a tribunal unknown to French law. But the question is not one of persons. That, yielding to ecclesiastical pressure, the bishops have resigned their sees is immaterial; to advertise their submission as a triumph of Papal diplomacy is an empty boast. No other course was open to them. They were, probably, not the men to withstand Peter; nor is Peter to be withstood on his own ground. Think as we will of the claims of Rome, they are in possession both in fact and in canon law. With the best case in the

world an individual bishop is powerless; he could as little defy the Vatican as an excursion steamer could defy the Channel Fleet. Not a sacristan would stand by him. The position must be turned, if at all, by a series of flank movements; the Papacy is not to be resisted but explained. In the present instance public interest attaches not to the merits of individuals, but to the principle involved. Episcopal misconduct is one of those mixed questions which Concordats exist to deal with: had common-sense and goodwill been present the dispute could have been settled in half an hour between the Nuncio and the Minister of Public Worship. Unfortunately, on one side at least, those qualities were wanting. Nor is it possible to isolate the case. It is believed, rightly or wrongly, that these proceedings are the prelude to an attempt to "purge" the episcopate; and that certain prelates of unblemished reputation, whose only offences are their attitude of reserve towards the congregations, their refusal to support the campaign against the Republic, and—in a few cases—their sympathy with the movement towards a scientific theology, are already marked out for attack. The refusal of Rome to institute to the ten sees now vacant gives color to this belief, which is entertained in quarters usually well informed, and has been encouraged by the clerical press. This process of "purging" would be facilitated by the repeal of the Concordat: were this brought about the bishops and higher clergy would be simply nominees of Rome. Thus the rights of the laity, surviving, however faintly, under the present system, as in our own "*congé d'élire*," would be extinguished; thus the last vestige of popular election, without which the early Church refused to acknowledge a bishop as legitimately appointed, would disappear. The present method of selection is not

ideal. "Le gouvernement propose un fripon; Rome un curé de campagne: on nomme un imbécile," said a cynic; and though, applied to a hierarchy of which Mgr. Mignot and Mgr. La Croix are members, the formula is inadequate, it contains the proverbial grain of truth. Whether things will be better if, as in England, Rome had a free hand may be doubted. "What sort of men are the Roman Catholic bishops?" an English convert of the last generation, a militant Ultramontane, was asked. "Morally, highly respectable; intellectually, beneath contempt," was the answer. The choice of authority falls instinctively on pliant nullities, opportunist under one Pope, frankly obscurantist under another. With twenty years of Pius X. and his Spanish advisers the French hierarchy would consist of Richards, Turinaz, and Rumeaux. The interests of religion would suffer. Given a quick-witted people, already sitting loose to and contemptuous of Catholicism, it is easy to foresee the result.

It will not come with observation. A schism presupposes one of two things—either the *cujus regio ejus religio* relation between rulers and ruled, which made the Reformation possible; or a widespread interest in the points at issue, such as brought about the Scottish Disruption in 1843. Neither the one nor the other exists in France to-day. A bishop was questioned by Leo XIII. as to the possibility of a separatist Gallican movement. "Il n'y a pas de danger," he replied. "Alors vous croyez que le peuple français ne se laisserait pas détourner de la religion catholique?" "Saint Père, le peuple se moque de nous." The nation is indifferent. Catholicism is a thing as remote from the life of the average citizen as Buddhism: the clergy, as distinct from the Clericals, are not hated, but they are of no account. Active hostility were more hopeful. A revolt

necessitates recognition; indifference passes unperceived. And its advance has been rapid:

Depuis trente ans nous avons perdu toutes les batailles. Bataille électorale: nous sommes à peine une petite minorité. Bataille scolaire: la plupart des enfants élevés dans nos écoles, devenus hommes votent contre nous; ceux qui sortent de vos collèges nous attaquent. Bataille religieuse: le peuple qui était avec nous, il y a trente ans, s'est désaffectonné, nous a lâchés, nous hait aujourd'hui.*

Various causes may be assigned for this: the deterioration of popular religion—"Si vous pouviez vous figurer l'abîme d'idolâtrie où est tombé le clergé français!" wrote Montalembert in 1870; its persistent and compromising alliance with reactionary political parties and with all that is least worthy in public life; the sectarian character which it has assumed. But more fatal than any of these has been the claim to infallibility, the apotheosis of the errors and abuses of the past. A happy inconsistency enables the reformed Churches to throw off this shirt of Nessus. If they assert their inerrancy as a fact, they repudiate it as a dogma. "The purest Churches under heaven are subject to mixture and error," says the Westminster Confession: their mistakes and misdeeds can be treated as those of individuals, and disavowed by the community. With Catholicism it is otherwise. There the prerogative, originally loose and floating, has been stereotyped: the Vatican Council embodied it in the Roman Pontiff, who, speaking *ex cathedra*, "possesses that infallibility with which Christ willed His Church to be endowed." The vagueness of the specification leaves a loophole for casuists; but the intention is clear. What the Fathers did not see was that the gift

* "Pourquoi les catholiques ont perdu la bataille," p. 2.

was one which recoiled on its recipient. They thought to equip the Pontiff with Ithuriel's spear: in fact they forged a weapon useful only as long as it is not used. Leo XIII. perceived this, and used it as though he used it not. His successor is less cautious. A catechist was explaining the nature of faith: it was believing on authority what you did not see. "For instance," he said, "if God told you that there was a chair in the middle of the room, and you did not see it, would you believe that it was there?" "Yes," was the answer: "but"—dubiously—"would you sit down upon it?" Pius X. is trying to sit down upon it:—with the natural result.

Two consequences would follow the denunciation of the Concordat: one material, the suppression of the Budget des Cultes—that is to say, the financial paralysis of French Catholicism; the other moral, the acute clericalizing of religion—that is to say, the widening of the gulf between religious and national life. On neither can good men look without misgiving: the effect of the two combined would be to offer France the choice between an impossible religion and no religion at all. The annual sum received by the Church from the nation is estimated at from 37 to 45 million francs—upwards of a million and a half sterling. A question has been raised whether, as this sum was accepted as the equivalent of the confiscated Church lands, the claim to it would lapse with the Concordat. The discussion is academic; it is certain that, with the exception of a few retiring pensions, not a sou would be paid. On the other hand, if anyone supposes that this sum, or anything approaching it, can be raised voluntarily, he must be singularly sanguine. In the mind of the average Frenchman of the middle or lower class the presence of the priest at marriages and funerals adds to the decorum of

life. But he expects it to be provided for him at the public expense. An occasional gift supplements the curé's scanty stipend; but to guarantee the yearly 1,000 or 1,500 francs for the support of a functionary whom he tolerates rather than accepts, and whose services he regards as ornamental rather than necessary, is foreign to his nature. The case of Ireland and the English-speaking countries where Catholicism of the Irish type prevails is not parallel. The Irish, trained to give, and the least provident of races, are intensely Catholic; the French, unaccustomed to maintain a religious establishment, and frugal to a fault, are Catholic rather by acquiescence than by conviction or sympathy; in the one case religion is one with national sentiment, in the other the two are opposed. In France, as elsewhere, there are enthusiastic Catholics, but they are a small minority; and, with the best will in the world, the financing of religion is beyond them. In the towns the voluntary system might work, though at the expense of other charitable funds—Peter's Pence, the *Œuvre de la Propagation de la Foi*, &c. In the country, Brittany excepted, it would break down. The parochial clergy, already subsisting on a minimum wage, would be starved out—gradually in the north, rapidly in the south and east—and Catholicism, of all forms of Christianity the most dependent on its plant, would be in danger of extinction. Nothing but a reaction on a large scale could save it; and not only is there no sign of such a reaction, but the conditions which it presupposes are absent. This is not to say that Catholicism has no future. The vitality of religion is inexhaustible: in the long run the Gospel may be trusted to overcome the alien elements which have attached themselves to it—the corruption of human nature, the commandments of men. But a religious revival is one thing, a

Catholic reaction another; the past survives in the future, but does not, as past, reappear. As idea, as sentiment, as fact, religion is immortal; but the symbols under which it presents itself change. *Pereunt et imputantur*:

Our little systems have their day.

So much for the material loss involved in the suppression of the Budget des Cultes: morally, the severing of the ties, such as they are, which unite religion to the State would work even more disastrously: the Church would become a sect. The two notions are contradictory: what the one affirms the other denies. The one represents a backwater, the other the main stream of the world's thought and life; the one a party, the other mankind. And religion is too powerful a force to be isolated without danger both to itself and to the community. Consciousness is a whole: if it be broken up, disintegration, moral and material, follows. One element balances another: religion, unless it passes over into its other, becomes fanaticism! the stream which, confined within its banks, fertilizes a province becomes, if it overflows them, a devastating flood. This truth underlies the theory of the relation between Church and State known as Erastianism. The Divine is not manifested in the Church only; nor is it only in the world that the colors of good and evil are mixed. The spiritual needs the counterweight of the secular, the clerical of the lay element, theology of knowledge and common-sense. Nowhere is this truer than in the Roman Catholic Church of to-day. The restraints imposed upon her by the civil power have been her salvation, in so far as they have acted as a check upon her tendency to narrow herself to the temper and dimensions of a party, to react against rather than to act with the forces that are moulding

mankind. This is to forfeit her Catholic name and birthright. It is easy to enlarge upon the sins of mediæval Christianity: to contrast its ignorance with our enlightenment, its bigotry with our tolerance, its inhumanity with our sensitiveness. Such contrasts are as obvious as the inference suggested is fallacious. The mediæval Church was neither more ignorant, more intolerant, or more inhuman than the world which it reflected. This is why the mediæval world was Catholic; the reason why the modern world has ceased to be so is that the Church has ceased to reflect the world. The separation between the two, political rather than religious in origin and character, dates, in its acute form, from the ill-omened alliance between the Spanish-Austrian Monarchy and the Papacy: its several stages, incipient, developed, virulent, are marked by the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution—the conflict being respectively with the Intelligence, the conscience, and the liberties of mankind. Neither of the combatants has come off scathless: the absence and the perversion of religion are equally destructive of idealism and elevation of character. But before condemning the modern State for rejecting religion let us consider how irreligious is the religion which it rejects. "Cela nous semble ridicule. Mais c'est odieux."²⁰ In so far as the State has thriven at the expense of the Church, it is because it represents a higher conscience and culture: in so far as the Church has declined, it is because she has been unfaithful to her idea and calling; because her standard has become lower than that of what, with a touch of pharisaism, she calls the world. The result has been the alienation of all that is best and most vigorous in French life from religion. Less worthy motives have, no doubt, combined to

²⁰ "Le Parti Noir," p. 40.

produce this estrangement: but to ascribe it wholly, or even mainly, to such would be to deceive ourselves; it is the tragedy of a nation's faith. "O my Mother! whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee, and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose . . . thy power and thy promise, falls from thy bosom, and finds no home within thy arms?" Thus on the eve of his secession did Newman apostrophize the Church of England. Time brings strange reverses. Can we read them two generations later and not apply them to the Church of Rome of to-day?

Perhaps it is not too late to turn back. It is as much in the interest of France as of the Vatican to avoid a final rupture: and as, of the two, France has the quicker intelligence, it is in France that counsels of prudence may be expected to prevail. Neither, it is clear, is desirous of taking the initiative; each wishes to saddle the other with the odium attaching to the irrevocable step. M. Combes protests that the hostility of the Vatican makes the Concordat unworkable: the Vatican, replies the "*Osservatore Romano*," has adhered scrupulously to its letter and spirit; it is the Ministry which, determined on its policy, endeavors hypocritically to shift the responsibility from itself to Rome. A change of caste might facilitate a better understanding. M. Combes is not France; Cardinal Merry del Val is not the Papacy. Secretaries, popes even, pass; the Church remains. Be his personal views what they may, the statesman will remember this. Think what we will of her claims and ultimate destiny, the Catholic Church will for long be a factor in the social and political life of Europe. She has that possession which goes for so much both in

fact and law. And her past guarantees her future: she will perish, if indeed it be her fate to perish—and he would be a bold prophet who pledged himself to the prediction—not with sudden destruction, but of secular decay. Meanwhile she has it in her to be a veritable thorn in the flesh to society; meeting it here with sullen resistance, there with avowed hostility, here a martyr, there a conspirator or an assailant, as time and opportunity serve. Nothing short of universal domination contents her: she must be oppressed or oppressor; she is persecuted where she is not supreme. In such a warfare the State is at a disadvantage: subtle, watchful, unwearied, the Church, like the serpent in the Creation story, lies in wait for her heel. Hence—"au fond tout gouvernement est anti-religieux . . . l'Etat a quelque tendance à ne pas aimer beaucoup même la morale."¹¹ It might be said, with equal truth, that every Church is anti-social and unethical: and in each case the truth that it contains gives point to the paradox. To repel force, force is necessary. But it is an expedient, not a remedy: the victory over ignorance is won only by knowledge, that over darkness by light. The temptation of civil society is to forget this. Having to act for the moment, it looks for immediate results in a field where progress must be gradual; it leans on the arm of flesh. If the French Government has not been without reproach in this matter, the error has not been without provocation, and may be repaired. Will the Vatican meet the Republic halfway? Will Pius X., even at the last moment, refrain from destroying the *modus vivendi* which his predecessor created and maintained? The question is one of temper rather than of measures, of tact than of principle. But the times are revolutionary: and

¹¹ Faguet, "*Le Liberalisme*," pp. 111, 112.

in revolutionary times moderate parties rarely produce much effect. A moderate man may be, and often is, the best informed, the most rational, the most highly gifted man of his time; but his very virtues, moral and intellectual alike, disqualify him for the position of a party leader. For this the requisite is enthusiasm, real or pretended; and for enthusiasm the first condition is, in most cases, either an intellectual incapacity for seeing more than one side of a question, or a moral obliquity, which prevents a man from acknowledging another when he does see it.

Such times are not those on which later generations look back with most satisfaction; nor those which have contributed most efficaciously to the advancement of mankind. A Turgot does more for civilization than a Robespierre; a Leo XIII. for religion than a Pius IX. The State is not the stronger in the long run for being set in opposition to the Church, or the Church to the State. Public support is, as things stand, a condition of efficient, public control of rational religion; the spiritual moralizes the civil power, the civil humanizes the spiritual; in idea, at least, the two are one. In fact, alas!

It is otherwise. "It is so ordered on high," said the greatest Catholic divine of our generation, "that in our day Holy Church should present just that aspect to my countrymen which is most consonant with their ingrained prejudice against her, most unpromising for their conversion."¹² Nor is this so in England only: over how great a part of Europe has religion forgotten her necessary, if underlying, harmony with reason, her hereditary mission to announce peace upon earth and goodwill towards men! If the harvest is disastrous, it is her own sowing: the crop follows the seed. But her vitality is greater than we conceive it. Distant as it may be, we look for a new seed-time, a second harvest following on a second spring. "The Church," wrote Warburton during the now forgotten controversies of the eighteenth century, "like the ark of Noah, is worth saving, not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamor in it; but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within it as by the tempest without."

CONVENTION DU 26 MESSIDOR AN IX.

ENTRE LE GOUVERNEMENT FRANÇAIS ET SA SAINTETÉ PIE VII

(Texte du Concordat.)

Le Gouvernement de la République reconnaît que la religion catholique, apostolique et romaine est la religion de la grande majorité des citoyens français.

Sa Sainteté reconnaît également que cette même religion a retiré et attend encore en ce moment le plus grand bien et le plus grand éclat de l'établissement du culte catholique en France et de la profession particulière qu'en font les Consuls de la République.

En conséquence, d'après cette recon-

naissance mutuelle, tant pour le bien de la religion que pour le maintien de la tranquillité intérieure, ils sont convenus de ce qui suit:

Article premier. La religion catholique, apostolique et romaine sera librement exercée en France. Son culte sera public, en se conformant aux règlements de police, que le Gouvernement jugera nécessaire pour la tranquillité publique.

II. Il sera fait par le Saint-Siège, de concert avec le Gouvernement, une nouvelle circonscription des diocèses français.

¹² J. H. Newman, "Via Media," ed. 1877, preface.

III. Sa Sainteté déclare aux titulaires des évêchés français qu'elle attend d'eux avec une ferme confiance, pour le bien de la paix et de l'unité, toute espèce de sacrifices, même celui de leurs sièges.

D'après cette exhortation, s'ils se refusent à ce sacrifice, commandé par le bien de l'Eglise (refus, néanmoins, auquel Sa Sainteté ne s'attend pas), il sera pourvu par de nouveaux titulaires au gouvernement des évêchés de la circonscription nouvelle, de la manière suivante:

IV. Le premier Consul de la République nommera, dans les trois mois qui suivront la publication de la bulle de Sa Sainteté, aux archevêchés et évêchés de la circonscription nouvelle. Sa Sainteté confèrera l'institution canonique suivant les formes établies par rapport à la France avec le changement de gouvernement.

V. Les nominations aux évêchés qui vaqueront dans la suite seront également faites par le premier Consul, et l'institution canonique sera donnée par le Saint-Siège, en conformité de l'article précédent.

VI. Les évêques, avant d'entrer en fonctions, prêteront directement, entre les mains du premier Consul, le serment de fidélité qui était en usage avant le changement de gouvernement, exprimé dans les termes suivants:

"Je jure et promets à Dieu, sur les saints évangiles, de garder obéissance et fidélité au Gouvernement établi par la Constitution de la République française. Je promets aussi de n'avoir aucune intelligence, de n'assister à aucun conseil, de n'entretenir aucune ligue, soit au dedans, soit au dehors, qui soit contraire à la tranquillité publique; et si, dans mon diocèse ou ailleurs, j'apprends qu'il se trame quelque chose au préjudice de l'Etat, je le ferai savoir au Gouvernement."

VII. Les ecclésiastiques du second ordre prêteront le même serment entre les mains des autorités civiles désignées par le Gouvernement.

VIII. La formule de prière suivante sera récitée à la fin de l'office divin, dans toutes les églises catholiques de

The Edinburgh Review.

France: *Domine, salvam fac Rempublicam; Domine, salvos fac Consules.*

IX. Les évêques feront une nouvelle circonscription des paroisses de leurs diocèses, qui n'aura d'effet que d'après le consentement du Gouvernement.

X. Les évêques nommeront aux cures.

Leur choix ne pourra tomber que sur des personnes agréées par le Gouvernement.

XI. Les évêques pourront avoir un chapitre dans leur cathédrale et un séminaire pour leur diocèse, sans que le Gouvernement s'oblige à les doter.

XII. Toutes les églises métropolitaines, cathédrales, paroissiales et autres non aliénées, nécessaires au culte, seront mises à la disposition des évêques.

XIII. Sa Sainteté, pour le bien de la paix et l'heureux rétablissement de la religion catholique, déclare que ni elle ni ses successeurs ne troubleront en aucune manière les acquéreurs des biens ecclésiastiques aliénés; et qu'en conséquence la propriété de ces biens demeurera incommutable entre leurs mains ou celles de leurs ayants cause.

XIV. Le Gouvernement assurera un traitement convenable aux évêques et aux curés dont les diocèses et les cures seront compris dans la circonscription nouvelle.

XV. Le Gouvernement pendra également des mesures pour que les catholiques français puissent, s'ils le veulent, faire en faveur des églises des fondations.

XVI. Sa Sainteté reconnaît, dans le premier Consul de la République française, les mêmes droits et prérogatives dont jouissait près d'elle l'ancien gouvernement.

XVII. Il est convenu entre les parties contractantes que, dans le cas où quel qu'un des successeurs du premier Consul actuel ne serait pas catholique, les droits et prérogatives mentionnés dans l'article ci-dessus, et la nomination aux évêchés, seront réglés, par rapport à lui, par une nouvelle convention.

Les ratifications seront échangées à Paris, dans l'espace de quarante jours.

Fait à Paris, le 26 messidor de l'an IX de la République française.

VISITS TO PARIS AFTER THE GREAT WAR.

BY MRS. FREDERIC HARRISON.

The dilettante has no longer a niche left him in our civilization of to-day. A generation, however, which worships Dumas, and has been brought up on Stevenson, may fondly imagine that one art yet remains open to the merest amateur; but it is not so. *L'art de conspirer* is still a fine art, needing special aptitudes and talents, exacting a long apprenticeship before the smallest success can be won, as I shall hope to make good in the following story.

After the war of 1870-71 English men and women had been reluctantly obliged to give up visits to France. The outbreak of the Commune, the political unrest, and the angry feeling that ensued had frightened the timid, and had made travellers generally consider whether France was a happy place in which to make holiday. From Paris in particular visitors had kept away. In 187—, however, we accepted a pressing invitation from English friends who had their home in France, and were at that time living in Paris. We crossed the Channel on a wild, stormy day in September, and I remember well that the service was late, and that as we clattered up the paved street in the old *quartier* where our friends lived we were thoroughly weary, and had no wish but to go to bed. Our hostess lit a candle and prepared to show us our rooms; but the host, after looking into the passage and carefully shutting the door, said that he had something to say first. "I want you to promise," he said to me, "not to pull out, or attempt to open, a wooden case which is under your bed. The servants and the *concerge* have no notion what is inside, but believe it to be something from our English home which we have not found a place for."

"But tell me, I beg of you," I began.

"This is the story," said he. "You know that the Vendôme Column was pulled down in the recent disturbances. The shattered pieces lay along and across the roadway on mattresses which had been spread to receive them. The little figure that had stood in the outstretched hand of Napoleon lay amongst the *débris* uninjured. It disappeared. Now you must know that that little figure is a fetich to the French people—'Mademoiselle Victoire' they called her—and when the regular Government got possession of Paris and began to collect the scattered pieces of the column in order to re-erect it, a great clamor was made and an elaborate search instituted for Mademoiselle Victoire; but she has never been found. Mademoiselle Victoire is under your bed; and I must impress upon you that if it were to be known that she were here, it would certainly cost the life of someone; indeed, we might all be shot. This is how I came to have possession of her. A young workman whom I know well, and for whom I have the greatest respect, was present among the crowd when the column was pulled down. The Victory rolled on the ground at his feet. He swore to himself that that symbol of war and of the aggression of the Napoleonic *régime* should never be raised on high again as an image to be worshipped; so, with a sort of superstitious feeling that he was helping to scotch an evil thing that might yet work mischief to France, he carried home the figure and hid it. It is about two feet six inches in height. When, however, the search for 'Mademoiselle Victoire' began, it became a matter of life and death for him to conceal it

any longer in his poor lodging, and he brought it to me one night and begged me to keep it and promise never to give it back. I hate the Second Empire and all that it represents as much as my friend the workman," said our host, "and so I have kept the Victory; but 'tis a guest that might bring us death, so swear never, &c., &c." And we swore.

That night I dreamed an endless dream, as it seemed, of a long series of dangers and disasters, and when in the early morning the market carts came rattling in over the stones of the old street, I woke to fancy that I heard the tramp of soldiers on the stairs and the grounding of arms outside my door. I jumped up and listened, and my first act in the peaceful daylight was to take a good look at the sarcophagus in which "Mademoiselle Victoire" reposed. It was a wooden packing-case, nailed down, with an English address on a card fastened to it.

It may be well here to tell the end of the story. Our host was most anxious to be rid of his dangerous visitor. Paris was still full of strange rumors, and the demon of suspicion walked abroad. There was talk of getting the Victory to England, but it was felt that the Victory belonged to French history, and could not be moved from French soil. I remember the late Lord Houghton's delight when we told him the story. What a triumph it would be to put the Victory up in his hall, said he. For many years I heard no trustworthy account of her ultimate fate. I have been told that on a dark night a *fiacre* was called, the case put inside, and driven to the river, where two men hired a boat, and, rowing downstream, lowered it into the Seine. But the true story is thus. Our English friends left Paris, and before leaving were greatly troubled as to how to dispose of the Victory. An old lady, a staunch Republican, offered to

take it. She felt that she would be doing her country a service to keep it out of the way. But her sweet and beneficent life had not prepared her for such a troublesome guest. It got upon her nerves; she found herself always thinking of it; and at last she persuaded a friend to relieve her of the responsibility. He, in a flippancy spirit, painted the poor Victory white. He described to me how odd she looked, and shorn of her glory, and how like a malefactor he felt when he had reduced her to the level of a plaster cast. He tried many plans of concealment, and at last wedged her tight into a disused chimney. But after a while he, too, found the part too onerous to sustain. He would wake in the night at some chance noise to fancy that she had fallen down the chimney and was being picked up by the *conciergerie*. "Elle m'obsédait," said he, "à un tel point" that one day he determined to have done with her for ever; so, years after the day on which we found her in our friend's house, he carried her to a deserted open space outside Paris and laid her carefully down upon a heap of rubbish. I have always felt that the Victory imposed her personality very strongly upon those who had charge of her.

The authorities, I need not say, very soon discovered her, divested her of her coating of white paint, and replaced her on the Colonne Vendôme, where once more she presides over the destinies of France.

"Je n'étais pas fait pour être conspirateur," said my friend.

Readers of French novels may have read a book lately published in which the adventures of "Mademoiselle Victoire" are set forth, but the adventures are fictitious. The story I have told is history, and I think it proves my point that conspiracy is a fine art.

We left our friend's house at the end of a week to go to an hotel, and then,

for the first time, I made some acquaintance with old Paris—the Paris which to-day has been improved away. It was our great privilege to have as cicerone M. Pierre Laffitte. It would be impossible to convey to those who never knew him his charm of conversation, the wit, humor, learning, and sympathy which made his society so delightful and informing. I may say here that he was an intimate of M. Anatole France, who in one of the sages of "l'Orme du Mail" has drawn a delicate picture of our friend. M. Laffitte, then, was our guide.

"La journée sera dure, mais elle finira," said he, laughingly, as we started out. He took us up narrow paved streets where no carriage could pass, and where the people sat in the streets at their trades. At a certain place he would always pause, and, taking off his hat, murmur, "C'est la terre sacrée de la Révolution," and then he would show the Rue Servandoni, where the great Condorcet lay hid, and where he wrote his famous treatise, "On the Progress of the Human Mind," whilst the Mountain was hunting him to death.

We saw the Rue de Fouarre, where rumor has it that Dante lived when, as a student, he came to work in Paris. He bade us observe how the great rose window of Notre Dame, which was in Dante's time the marvel of architecture, showed clear above the low houses, and how one might be permitted to imagine that it was here that the poet was inspired with the idea of the mystic rose of the Trinity in the "Paradiso." We wandered round the Sorbonne in the haunts of the students, and saw the little old gabled house in which Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday.

I cannot rehearse all that we saw on that memorable day. I only know that we were quite wearied out as we turned our steps to his flat in the

Rue d'Assas, he entertaining us all the way with a dissertation on the philosophy of courage in the abstract, and courage *en face de l'obus*. As we neared home he suddenly stopped. "Ah! here lay poor Jules in his blood for a day and a night, and none dared approach him. He was the baker's lad, and brought me my rolls every morning; but he fought on a barricade, or was supposed to have fought, so they put him up against the wall, and shot him then and there. He was a good lad, the only support of his mother. Those are memories that sink deep. He had a generous heart, poor Jules!"

Perhaps I may be allowed here to tell a tale which Mr. Charles Austin told me of a scene he witnessed when the Versaillais entered Paris. The tale has been told in a poem by Victor Hugo. This is Mr. Charles Austin's prose version. He saw, one day roaming about Paris—a not uncommon sight—a group of men and women put against a wall to be shot. Their hands were supposed to be blackened with powder. Amongst them was a lad of twelve or fourteen who, before the order to shoot could be given, stepped forward and begged to be allowed to take back the watch his mother had lent him. He produced a huge turnip of a watch and promised faithfully to return. Mr. Austin said it was a moment of anguish. None could be sure that the child was telling the truth; but the officer commanding, giving him a kick, said: "Va-t'en au diable!" The child ran off, the order to shoot rang out, but the horrid business was hardly over before the clatter of feet was heard, the boy reappeared round a corner, and, putting himself against the wall, prepared for death. It was impossible to kill that heroic little soul. "It renews one's faith in human nature," said Mr. Austin.

But there were other things in Paris besides these dregs of revolution. M.

Turgenev was there, and it was to be our privilege to make his acquaintance. In those days Turgenev was not the accepted classic that he has since become. I had learnt to know and appreciate him from G. H. Lewes and G. Elliot, who had a veritable cult for the great Russian, and our old friend, M. Kovalevski, had promised to procure for me the pleasure of a visit from him. So we waited in our modest apartment, very high up, I am afraid, in a Paris hotel, for the arrival of the great man. Punctual to a moment almost he came, and, sitting down, he said, in his perfect eighteenth-century French: "Well, *mes amis*, Kovalevski tells me that you read my books, and would like to see me. Here I am; now what shall we talk about?"

I have seen many distinguished men, politicians, warriors, writers, poets, artists, but I never saw any man who was so completely the hero. Well over six feet in height, with long limbs and spare frame, clad in a loose coat, he carried himself with an ease and dignity that impressed you as of one of the natural lords of creation. His head was that of the Olympian Jove, crowned with thick locks as white as snow. Very dark eyes under thick, overhanging brows flashed a thousand meanings at you as he spoke. His voice was full and musical, his manner simple without pose, though at that time he was the darling of the French *salons*. A fine, noble nature one felt, with a passionate sympathy for the people, and along with the artist's perception of the beautiful, the look of one who had seen and suffered much.

He said that we had a long afternoon before us, and could have a real "conversation." Were we interested in the social question in Russia? Wouldn't we like to ask questions? And he himself began the questions by inquiring which of his books we had read, and which we liked best. I said, "Récits

d'un Chasseur Russe" and "Elena," in the English translation "On the Eve." He then told us the whole story of how the "Récits" had come to be written, and of the consequences the book had entailed upon him. He gave us a wonderful account, too, of his reception by the students, men and women, at the University of Moscow, and of the touching welcome they had given him. He said that I was right, a thousand times right, to put "Elena" first. He considered it to be the best and truest of his novels. And so we talked and talked of the state of Russia, of the barbarous treatment of the Communards in Paris, and many other things, till the evening drew on and he had to rush away to dinner. He promised to come to stay with us in England, but added, somewhat sorrowfully: "When a man makes his home in another man's nest he is not always able to do as he would like. But my parcel," said he; "I have dropped it; it is the *souliers de satin de ces demoiselles*." So we parted, already old friends, never, alas! to meet again.

The next summer found us established at Fontainebleau. It was a time of grave political unrest. The fate of the Republic seemed to hang in the balance, and men spoke of nothing but the various pretenders, of revolution, and of civil war. Gambetta had just made his great speech, of which one sentence had rung through the country. He summoned the discredited Government *ou se soumettre ou se démettre*. A general election was imminent, and the air was charged with a dangerous electricity. Our first instinct on arrival was to provide ourselves with newspapers, but we found that the news vendor in the town would not, dared not in fact, supply any Republican paper. The "Débats," the "République Française"—Gambetta's organ—the "Temps," and many other respectable journals could not be

bought anywhere, but the friends in whose house we were to live had arranged that a supply should be sent us daily from Paris in a paper parcel. There were six copies of, I think, the "*République Française*," which we were to give away quietly to people who otherwise would not have seen a Republican paper. One was for the gardener, a fine old peasant and most worthy citizen; another for a *garde champêtre*, a third for the laundress. All six papers had to be secretly given away. It was a strange state of things that under a republican government people in the country were afraid to sell republican prints of the greatest respectability.

We have all heard the story of how there were people living in England who had never heard the name of Queen Victoria, but I had never before realized how difficult it is to make every voter in a country acquainted with the mere names of different political leaders. For whom and for what were these poor country folk going to vote at the coming election? Here the importance of Gambetta's military campaign became evident. That campaign had saved the self-respect of France, and Gambetta's name was, at all events, known in every cottage. "Eh, que voulez-vous? Nous avons toujours Gambetta," said our *cocher* one day when we were trying to talk politics. But what could the uneducated voter make of the names of the different candidates for power—the Empress Eugénie, the Prince Imperial, the Duc d'Aumale, the Comte de Paris, Thiers, MacMahon, Gambetta?

But one day a bombshell fell in our midst. Even Marshal MacMahon's newspapers had to announce the death of M. Thiers, "*le Libérateur du Territoire*"—yes, and the man who was credited with the suppression of the rebellion of the Commune with needless brutality. The death came at last

unexpectedly, and the event was felt by everyone to be a serious catastrophe. None could say what would happen. Would there be a public funeral? Could there be a private funeral? What would the Marshal do? What did the family wish? Was it possible that a procession could pass through the streets of Paris without disturbance? And, in the agitated condition of public feeling, where would that end? To what might it not lead?

Everyone in Fontainebleau was disturbed, and in letters that came to us from Paris grave anxiety was expressed. The English newspapers also predicted an outbreak. Happily we had been going to Paris, and the news reached us at the railway station. We determined to see the funeral, cost what it might, and to take counsel with our Parisian friends. It is the custom of French Positivists to meet together on September 5 at the house where Auguste Comte lived and died, 10 Monsieur le Prince, and, after a commemorative discourse, to dine together at the Café Voltaire or some other restaurant in old Paris. These "banquets" are necessarily large, and the price of the dinner is a low one that working men and their wives may attend. The "banquet" promised that night to be more than usually interesting. We sat down nearly one hundred persons. I found myself next to a very pleasant young man, who might have been the *attaché* to an embassy. On the other side of him was a lady, a stranger to me, as was the young man. By-and-by the two began talking of the real art of making coffee, and I found that they differed quite seriously. "Well, but," said I, "madame must surely know more than you about the making of coffee, because she constantly has to make it, whereas you, I suppose, seldom do." "Pardon, madame," he answered with a bow, "*Je suis cuisinier de mon état*,"

and he went on to explain that he had just been admitted to the Circle of the Cooks of Paris, a very select body, famous, as I afterwards learnt, not only for their standard of cooking, but also for their political sagacity.

I may mention here that, though my husband has been made honorary member of learned foreign societies, there is no diploma which he values more than that which makes him member of the *Cuisiniers de Paris*. I found my young cook most pleasant, well informed, and unassuming. We talked of the situation during dinner, as may be supposed. After the speeches were over, and we had drunk in silence, all standing, the toast of "*Les Morts*," the company broke up, and now was our opportunity to get information on the subject of the funeral. Happily our old friend, M. Magnin, was present. An aged workman, who had seen many political crises, engineer, mathematician, and man of science, he had been the trusted personal friend of Auguste Comte.

He said: "There will be no disturbance. The people of Paris are too sagacious to play into the hands of MacMahon and his pretender. We respect M. Thiers because he freed France of the foreigner. That was a great and distinguished service, and Frenchmen do not forget it; but," he continued, "there will be no enthusiasm. We shall all be there; all Paris will be in the streets as a mark of respect; but we do not forget the brutalities of the *Versaillais*. He was responsible. Trust me, there will be no enthusiasm."

"Well, but," said we, "that is a nuance, a delicate nuance. How can you be sure that your people will appreciate it, or will be able to act on it as a great public demonstration? See what the newspapers say!"

"The newspapers know nothing," he replied; "but I tell you, with absolute confidence, that thus it will be. Word

has gone round the workshops of Paris, and you will see." We did see.

The day of the funeral was beautifully bright and sunny; the whole of Paris was in the streets. Some friends had given us a window looking on to the procession, and early in the morning we took our places. It soon became difficult to move about. The street below us became a swaying mass. All the working men of Paris seemed to be out in blouses—some blue, some white. A very foolish conversation went on just behind me as to which were the more dangerous, the men in the blue or the white blouses. It was decided that the blue blouse was the sign of disorder, and whenever several blue blouses were to be seen together in the street below us "that means mischief," said my neighbors. In truth, it was a most impressive sight: the vast crowds, the uncovered heads, the absolute silence as the bier went by, bore testimony to the respect of the people. When at last the burly form of Gambetta, the President of the Chamber, was seen walking in front of the deputies, a faint cry of "*Vive Gambetta!*" was raised, but was not taken up, for, with both arms extended, he waved the people, as though saying, "Hush, enough! We bury our liberator." And so, with the whole of Paris to mourn him, their great citizen was carried to the grave, in all respect, as M. Magnin had said, but without enthusiasm. The elections that followed gave France a republic.

It is impossible to avoid contrasting in one's thoughts the uneventful, peaceful, and easy-going life of Englishmen in their island home with the fierce storm of emotions which swept over France after the war. Every thinking man and woman was then torn with rage, despair, and humiliation. Many of them had suffered the loss of their entire fortune, all had had losses, and mothers and wives had given the lives

of those dearest to them—for what? A very charming young Frenchwoman, whose husband was in the Garde Nationale, and was in all the sorties from Paris during the siege, said to me that, bitter as had been their punishment, the cup was not yet full.

Perhaps enough has not been made in Europe of the extraordinary recovery of France after all her disasters. Who can doubt that she is now richer, stronger, happier, better educated, with a more stable Government, and a more general feeling of content than at any time in the last hundred years? I have just returned from Paris, and am immensely struck by the appearance of *bien-être* and happiness which pervades all classes. France has recovered her self-respect; she possesses herself again, and the old gaiety and elasticity of spirits have come back. The traveller is once again *le bien venu*. The terri-

ble *affaire* has quieted down, and, as a clever Frenchwoman said to me, if we have had our Calas and our Dreyfus, at all events we have had veritable martyrs for the right. We have done what we could to make reparation. In all that *affaire* poor Dreyfus probably is still the most to be pitied. "I am not a man strong enough to stand as the symbol of truth and justice," he is reported to have said. But in spite of recent alleged discoveries the *affaire* is over, and has left the country stronger and wiser than before. Was it not Voltaire who spoke of France as the "whipped cream" of Europe? The grace, ease, and charm which were always hers she wears to-day with the consciousness that behind them are the solid qualities of hard work, a splendid fortitude, and a grand intellectual equipment.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE SPOKESMAN OF DESPAIR.

"Art nowadays must be the mouth-piece of misery," says George Gissing in *The Unclassed*; and in these woeful words he sets forth the whole gospel of his Art, adding in the next sentence his view of life: "For misery is the keynote of modern life." Never writer wrote with deeper conviction than George Gissing; every sentence has come straight from the heart, and this fact alone, apart from its artistic merit, gives a poignancy and strength to his work which separates it at once from the common ruck of novel-writing. These books are terrible arraignments of life—their peculiar characteristic is this poignancy, this painting of life at its moments of unbearable crisis. Between misery and despair lies a whole world of difference: misery is what can

be endured—despair is the unbearable, and George Gissing is the spokesman of Despair.

A great many people ask what is the use of writing books of this kind, which only add to the misery of the world? And in one sense there is truth in the objection. So forcible, so appallingly real are these books that they do sensibly add to the sum total of misery, but looked at in another light they have their uses. There is a callousness, a grossness of fat living among the men and women of our day that calls aloud for cure: "For me," said a very rich man not long ago in the writer's hearing, "For me cold and poverty and hunger do not exist; I choose to forget that they are in the world." He glanced as he spoke over

his own richly furnished table, and continued his dinner. The food, strange to say, did not choke him, as it should have done. He was a not uncommon specimen of his class—a class which is increasing in our midst—it tolls not, neither does it spin, and “chooses to forget” that the overwhelming majority of its fellows have to do both these things, and even with that have to want. The only way in which persons of this callous, mundane type can be influenced is by the gradual pressure of public opinion—and (lest authors despair) public opinion is largely and strongly influenced by books. Since novels of “purpose” came into being, for instance, it cannot be denied that philanthropy has become more fashionable; and although this may be a silliness, it is a useful folly which leads to a certain amount of sympathy with the suffering poor.

Now, though George Glissing was a true artist he sometimes allowed purpose to appear quite openly in his books—as we shall see when we examine them in detail. But side by side with the special purpose of each book, you will notice that he always takes a wider view. He is not content with pleading for one specially miserable class, or exhibiting the grievances of one trade or profession, for he wishes in short to be “the mouthpiece of misery,” and that necessitates more general views. The struggle for existence—the trampling of the weak by the strong, the pitiless pressure of circumstance, these are his continual themes. “*Il y a du sentiment, mais il n’y a pas de parti-pris*,” says Dick in *The Light that failed*, as he criticises Maisy’s picture: and this “parti-pris,” the lack of which spoils so much art, is the strong point of Glissing’s books; whether we agree with it or no, it gives distinction to his work. He has a certain view of life, knows what he wishes to describe, and does so, with the result that we

get a definite mental picture from his words. The special problem which Glissing sets forth in his books is that of poverty as it affects morality. On this theme he plays endless variations, which all lead up to the same conclusion: Poverty is the root of all evil. *Want, want, want*, the word has stamped itself on to this man’s brain, he never escapes from it. Sombre, almost uninteresting men and women fill these books, just such people as we meet every day and wonder why the Creator created them. This human creator of puppets has chosen these drab-colored types on purpose, and we wonder at his choice till we begin to perceive that this is the very essence of his art. The romance-writer selects striking figures for presentation, unusual types, daring and dramatic; but Glissing will have none of these. The world he describes is that of ordinary men and women, incapable of brilliant destinies, unoccupied by brave projects, just all striving, with pitiful and infinite struggles, to maintain a foothold on the earth they find themselves born into. Oh callous rich man, read these books, and think, and repent and give of your goods to feed the hungry! For here you will read strange new descriptions of want: this is not the ordinary view that we all know so well, which is bad enough and heartrending enough in its own way, but something far worse. Here you will read the effects of want on character instead of its effects on flesh. In considering this problem, a distinction must be made between Poverty which may be defined as a lack of luxuries, and Want which means a lack of necessities. The one is a bearable evil; in certain cases not an evil at all, while the other is an unbearable and unmitigated curse. This distinction has not been enough kept in sight by George Glissing in his impassioned tirades against our social system:

“The power of money,” he avers, “is

hard to realize; one who has never had it, marvels at the completeness with which it transforms every detail of life . . . *between wealth and poverty is just the difference between the whole and the maimed.*" Again he asserts:

Poverty is the root of all social ills, its existence accounts even for the ills that are from wealth. The poor man is a man laboring in fetters. I declare there is no word in our language which sounds so hideous to me as poverty. . . . poverty will make the best people bad if it gets hard enough. . . . Some great and noble sorrow may have the effect of drawing hearts together; but to struggle against destitution, to be crushed by care about shillings and sixpences, *that must always degrade.*

This is not the truth: care about shillings and sixpences has drawn many hearts together, as every genuine necessary human interest will: there is nothing degrading in the struggle against destitution, it implies a desire for independence, and an effort towards a higher level of existence. It is only when the destitute man ceases to struggle that his degradation begins.

But this view of the case seems to have been curiously overlooked by George Gissing. He assures us over and over again that poverty is entirely degrading, and quotes the delicious cleverness of Johnson to defend his position: "Sir," said Johnson, "all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people laboring to convince you that you can live very happily upon a plentiful fortune." The quotation, however, does not quite help out Gissing's theory. For, although Johnson speaks of poverty as an evil, he does not say that men must be degraded in character by it—any more than they must be by the physical evil of disease; that both are evils no one will deny; the question is, whether by a heroic attitude towards

them character may not be strengthened instead of weakened? It would be difficult, I fancy, to produce evidence to prove that any character has ever been spoilt by an honest struggle against any evil—be it poverty, disease, or sin. Even if the struggle ends in failure something remains, were it nothing but the having attempted. Gissing cannot take this comforting view; the lost battle is to him lost indeed; he thinks it worse to struggle and fail than never to struggle at all. A peculiar bitterness belongs to his view of poverty:

You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost, those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim, because of poverty! Meetings with those I loved made impossible year by year; sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation arising from inability to do the things I wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me. . . . *I have lost friends merely through the constraints of my position . . . solitude of the bitter kind, the solitude which is enforced at times when mind and heart longs for companionship, often cursed my life solely because I was poor. I think it would scarce be an exaggeration to say that there is no moral good which has not to be paid for in coin of the realm.*—*Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, p. 15.

This astonishing statement sums up Gissing's view of life. Here again he seems to us to confuse between poverty and want. The man who suffers dire and abject want must indeed necessarily find himself in a position where it is difficult to maintain friendships; but to say that a mere lack of luxuries,

or even comforts of living, must separate friends is an absurdity. This morbid stress which he lays upon the decorums and conventions of existence is very characteristic of Glissing. He mentions, for instance, as a great hardship the fact that a hardworking journalistic family have no servant, and therefore the mistress of the house "had herself to carry in the joint." This humiliating incident seems to Glissing to cut off this poor family from all reasonable intercourse with their class. The same morbid pride is described constantly in Glissing's books as being felt by all self-respecting and poor men—if they cannot entertain their friends as they would like to, they will not entertain them at all. Glissing seems to forget how often the stalled ox has dulness therewith; and that the dinner of herbs where love is may be the finest feast in the world.

But, having cavilled so much to begin with at Glissing's theories, let us see how he works them out. A long list of novels stands against George Glissing's name. *The Unclassed, Demos, Thyrsa, New Grub Street, The Odd Women, The Nether World, The Crown of Life, and The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, are the best known among them. As I have said above, all these books are more or less an elaborate analysis of character as it is affected by poverty; and to explain his theories Glissing has worked out the problem as it affects widely differing groups of characters.

It is difficult for a writer to speak dispassionately of *New Grub Street*, for this terrible book describes the author's nightmare—the slow murder, by care and overwork, of the priceless gift of artistic imagination. Worse far than any realistic description of physical disease and suffering is this pitiless, unvarnished account of the death of Edward Reardon's powers. The only thing I know in literature at all anal-

ogous to it is Tolstol's *Death of Ivan Illiatch*. With much the same professional calm which Tolstol employs in describing the slow on-coming of physical death, Glissing analyses the steady decay of Reardon's powers.

Let every aspirant to literature read *New Grub Street* and be warned—the book, rightly considered, might avert many a tragedy:

I am at the mercy of my brain [poor Reardon cries], it is dry and powerless. How I envy the clerks who go to their offices in the morning! There's the day's work cut out for them, no question of mood or feeling. What an insane thing it is to make literature one's only means of support! When the most trivial accident may at any time prove fatal to one's power of work for weeks or months. No, that's the unpardonable sin! To make a trade of an art. I am rightly served for attempting such a brutal folly.

The story is worked out with pitiless sincerity. Reardon, at first, has high ideals of his art, and refuses to lower them; then the screw of poverty is turned on harder and harder; his wife urges him to write more "popular" books, and reproaches him cruelly because he hesitates to do so. At last Reardon dies of misery and overwork. The moral is obvious: high ideals of artistic work *will not buy bread*; and if you want that you must sell your soul to buy it.

Now, in all this there is much that is sadly and indisputably true; but Glissing does not, perhaps, quite enough realize another truth about art—as surely as art will not buy bread, so fulness of bread will not buy art. For this is indeed a flower that blossoms in the dust; ease and luxury and the joys of living—the proverbial "sunshine and prosperity"—is not needed to forward its growth. It would be interesting to collect statistics as to how many genuine works of literary art have been

produced in easy circumstances; I venture to say that an overwhelming majority have sprung from the reverse of comfort, and a goodly number came into being while the wolf was scraping at the door. But this is a view of the case which Gissing never takes. He seems, indeed, to think that affluence, or at least entire freedom from sordid cares, would create artistic work. The mistake he makes here is, I think, in not quite enough taking into account the average artistic temperament. Reardon, his type of the literary artist, is a man of painfully morbid sensitivities, entirely without that *joie de vivre* which is part of the artistic nature. He is incapable of enjoying the passing moment, because he is living in fear of future want—every little discomfort of poverty tortures him, and he exaggerates the fancied humiliations of lack of money in a ridiculous manner. The average man of letters has more of the Bohemian in him, living happily in the present, not looking apprehensively to the future, and not minding the "degradations" of poverty one whit. These very solid compensations of the artistic nature are entirely left out of court by Gissing in his study of the literary artist, with the result that the study is one-sided. That there are sensitive natures of the Reardon type is, of course, only too true, and, in selecting such a man as his type of the literary artist, Gissing has stated the case as extremely as it is possible to state it; but even here the picture is one-sided. For if the artist suffers, he also enjoys certain pleasures which the ordinary man can never experience: to him belong moments of creative ecstasy compared with which every common pleasure must appear cheap and worthless. This bliss of creation is never mentioned in Gissing's sombre picture of the artist's life; the pride and glory of attainment, too, are overlooked: "If I had to choose between a glorious repu-

tation and poetry, and a contemptible popularity with wealth, I should choose the latter," says Reardon. It is strange that a man like Gissing, who so evidently possessed the artist nature, should take these sordid views of his calling. But so it is. Again and again we meet the same old complaint. Moreover, the joys of creation are lightly esteemed by him, and the toll of the craft seems to oppress him constantly. Would many authors write thus of their pen? "Old companion—yet old enemy! How many times have I taken it up, loathing the necessity, heavy in head and heart, my hand shaking, my eyes sick-dazzled?" And once again he writes of the dark side of the writing life:

I dare not think of those I have left behind me there in the ink-stained world. It would make me miserable, and to what purpose? . . . Oh, you heavy laden, who at their hour sit down to the cursed travail of the pen; writing, not because there is anything in your mind, in your heart, which needs to be uttered, but because the pen is the only tool you can handle, your only means of earning bread! . . . With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to "literature" commits no less than a crime. . . . Hateful as is the struggle for life in every form, this rough and tumble of the literary arena seems to me sordid and degrading beyond all others. Oh, your prices per thousand words! Oh, your paragraphings and your interviewings! And oh, the black despair that awaits those down trodden in the fray!

This is true, every word of it, granting two conditions—firstly that unsuitable people try to pursue the calling of letters, and secondly if they are fools enough to suppose they can support themselves by it. There is drudgery in every profession—but not more in literature than in any other—always provid-

ing that it is followed by suitable persons. The element of drudgery comes in when books have to be made instead of being created, or rather coming into being by themselves. *New Grub Street* is a much-needed protest against this increasing evil of book manufacture. Eloquent, powerful, sincere, it stands high among Glissing's many and clever books; but in it the half only is told, and that the dark half. Many a heavy hour has been lightened, many a care forgotten, when the author, turning away from the painful present, enters the happy world of imagination.

The Odd Women—one of Glissing's best books—deals with the question of poverty as it affects women. No one who has read this book will ever forget it—no woman at least. Some men may call the picture exaggerated; but if they do, it is ignorance that makes them say so. For the pen cannot well exaggerate the sufferings of a certain helpless class of woman when she is left in poverty. This is the class that Glissing, with admirable feeling for truth, has chosen as his subject. The odd women are the *unnecessary* women of the world: those for whom there seems no niche prepared in life—no work, no husbands, no hope or help. Created we know not why, and living on we know not wherefore, they present one of the sorriest problems of the universe.

Glissing chooses a typical family of daughters for the subject of his book. They are ill-educated, delicate and unenterprising—and they are thrown upon the world, poor and helpless, to make their living in it. How do they do this? They starve and pinch and struggle—their sufferings degrade them body and soul; the youngest and best looking contracts a sordid marriage that is the merest selling of her person to escape from the poverty that is killing her; the second sister in her despair begins to drink, and the eldest struggles on as a barely paid nursery governess.

The whole picture is appallingly true and unexaggerated: there are thousands of such women to-day living out life-stories quite as hopeless.

Now Glissing's object in writing this book was to prove that this "ragged regiment" (as he calls it) is a social ill which may be combated by certain measures. He is a vehement advocate for careers, professions or trades for women. All women cannot marry, few have money, but each may, he asserts, have some well-paid calling. There are two female reformers in the book, who found a technical school of a sort, and there try to educate their sex for useful professions: the two reformers discuss the luckless heroines of the book in the following terms:

"The family is branded. They belong to the class we know so well—with no social position, and unable to win an individual one. I must find a name for that ragged regiment."

Miss Barfoot regarded her friend thoughtfully.

"Rhoda, what comfort have you for the poor in spirit?" she asked.

"None whatever, I'm afraid—my mission is not to them—I'm glad it's not my task to release them."

This quotation exactly shows the fault of the book: it is written to suggest a solution of a certain problem, and never faces it. For it is the "ragged regiment" that need help—and exactly this class that it is all but impossible to reach by the means which Glissing suggests. The ineffectuality that characterizes the type foredooms it to continuance. This Glissing does not sufficiently admit. He seems to think that training in business habits and general education will eliminate the ineffectuality and helplessness from women of this kind. Now it may do something, but no amount of training will convert the typical odd woman into a capable responsible being—she cannot escape from herself. Character,

not circumstance, creates the odd woman. Moreover, Gissing's suggestions for careers are not very good. He has a great belief in typewriting for women, also in office work and clerkships. In suggesting these occupations he either did not realize, or else ignored, all the objections that exist to them as callings for women; as, for instance, the crowding out of men from their natural employments, thus making it less possible for them to support wives; or the lowering of wages that comes in with woman workers; or the unwholesomeness of long office hours, so trying to the health of women. All these evils Gissing passes over.

As a solution of the problem it attempts to grapple with then, *The Odd Women* is not successful; but as a bit of literature the book stands by itself. The opening chapters, which describe the life of the sisters in their London garret, are unforgettable. Notice the Balzac-like touches: the "vegetarian" diet "advised by the doctor"; their early hours because "lamp oil was costly, and indeed they felt pleased to say as early as possible that another day was done"; their calculations of ways and means where the margin was so narrow that every possible contingency was terrible to them:

Alice reached the house by half-past one, bringing in a paper-bag something which was to serve for dinner. She had a wretched appearance. Her head ached worse than ever. "Virgie," she moaned, "we never took account of illness in our calculations."

"Oh, we must keep that off," replied the other, sitting down with a look of exhaustion.

"Yes, I must struggle against it. We will have dinner as soon as possible. I feel faint."

If both of them had avowed their faintness as often as they felt it, the complaint would have been perpetual. But they generally made a point of deceiving each other, or tried to delude themselves; professing that no diet

could be better for their peculiar wants than this which poverty imposed. "Ah! it's a good sign to be hungry," exclaimed Virginia, "you'll be better this afternoon, dear."

Alice turned over the *Christian Year* and endeavored to console herself out of it, while her sister prepared the meal. . . . After a dinner of mashed potatoes and milk ("The Irish peasantry live entirely on that," croaked Alice, "and they are physically a strong race") the younger sister started on her walk.

The whole picture of these luckless women is etched in with hundreds of fine unerring strokes. That a man should have been able to write all these pitiful secrets of woman's life is a remarkable instance of artistic intuition: the true artist does not need to have himself experience all that he writes about—something in him (some sixth sense) makes known to him the secrets of other hearts. No underfed, anxious woman could have written with more convincing accuracy than Gissing the history of these sisters' struggles—he might have been an Odd Woman to judge by his knowledge of her ways.

Now perhaps some readers will object that this is not art—this painful depiction of pitiful lives and characters. And it must be at once admitted that it is not the greatest art; but, by reason of its truthfulness and power, it is unquestionably art. For you can make a picture out of anything if you are a sufficiently clever painter; but you may produce a mere daub of the grandest subject if you are an amateur. Art, in fact, is treatment far more than subject; though both must be combined to achieve great results.

Gissing has chosen, in all his books, to paint low, sad types of humanity. But so excellent is his treatment of these types that they only exhibit his cleverness in handling them as he does. It is not every one who could have made the story of three futile, charac-

terless, unimportant women absorbingly interesting. To have done so is an achievement. Farther, though the book may not have solved the "odd woman" problem, it must have done much towards rousing attention on their behalf.

Next in rank to *New Grub Street* and *The Odd Women* is *The Nether World*—that nightmare book. As its name signifies, it concerns slum-life. There is scarcely a ray of light in it from beginning to end; but you will find, if your heart does not fall before the task of reading such painful scenes, very wonderful descriptions in these dark pages. One chapter descriptive of a London Bank Holiday is a marvelous bit of writing. Here you get Glissing's true view of modern life—than which nothing can be more despairing. He does not think that there is any cure for the evils of our social system, unless, indeed, it is the drastic remedy of leaving things alone till, by their own weight of evil, they exterminate themselves. This hideous welter of low, worn-out creatures which is collectively known as the slums, cannot be of long continuance by its very nature. Another two generations unrecruited from country blood, and the breed will be too exhausted to continue itself. Better perhaps to attempt no amelioration of these hideous conditions. But yet Glissing will have his readers hear of these shameful evils. To read *The Nether World* is like gazing at a mass of corruption—often you will turn away from the printed page, almost ashamed to read. Has poor human nature really fallen as low as this? you ask, and blush for it if it has. Poverty is again the keynote here—or rather want of the direst kind. Every one in the book is struggling for bread, few can get even a crust. Respectability cannot earn a living wage; you must not blame men who try to earn it less honestly—and for the women, those of

them that would keep their good name must starve and starve, and work their poor fingers raw even for the food to starve upon. Why write about these horrors is a question always asked when such a book as *The Nether World* is published? That such things are, is quite a sufficient justification for writing about them. Glissing was gifted with the insight necessary for such a task, and with a power of description that could make the most lurid scenes real to his readers. His sympathy with want is quite terrible in its intensity. Have you ever been hungry?—if not, and if you wish to know what it feels like, read *The Nether World*. There you will come to know the long-drawn out, pitiful, animal conditions of semi-starvation that has gone on for years. You will almost understand how a man would sell his soul for a morsel of bread; you will see how the spiritual side of things may disappear altogether before this struggle for the earthly necessities. Perhaps, after reading *The Nether World* you will even think once or twice about your poor neighbors: if so, the book was not written in vain.

I cannot here speak particularly of Glissing's less noteworthy novels—such as *Demos*, *The Unclassed*, *Thyrza*, *The Whirlpool*, or *The Crown of Life*; nor can I find space to do justice to his study of Charles Dickens, a remarkable bit of criticism that makes us regret we have not more like it.

But two last efforts of Glissing's genius remain to be considered. *The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft*, published shortly before his death, seems to sum up the whole of his life work. It is his most artistic book: there are passages of exquisite beauty in it, and yet sad as his other books were this last seems saddest of all. With only a thin disguise of fiction, we read here all the sorrowful secrets of the writer's life—his long struggles with poverty and unsuccess—his ill-health, his lonell-

ness, and above all, the profound melancholy of his temperament.

"My life," he says here, "has been merely tentative, a broken series of false starts and hopeless new beginnings."

We, the grateful readers of Gissing's many and valuable books, cannot think this a true estimate; it seems to us that he accomplished much. But a very curious experiment in art was to be Gissing's last attempt.

Veranilda, his posthumous novel which has just now appeared, breaks away completely from all his previous work into the domain of historical romance.

Is this a successful attempt?

It seems, to the writer, that *Veranilda* might have been the forerunner of other and more successful work of the same kind if Gissing had lived. It is manifestly an experiment. The artist is working in unknown material, he has not quite got over the technical difficulties of it. These must have been grave, and almost impossibly hampering. For if you have written for twenty-five years about modern men and women it would seem terribly unnatural to begin to write about Romans and Goths of the year A.D. 600! Too manifestly the imagination has been strained to accomplish this feat; too plainly the writer is translating the talk of modern men and women back into the more dignified speech of the Roman world. Yet when this is allowed, we catch a curious glimpse of Gissing the man behind it all—the lover of the world beautiful, the passionate admirer of heroism, the seeker after peace. These qualities were all revealed in quite another manner in the old books, by his loathing of the squalid, and his horror of the conditions under which half the world has now to live. Only the lover of beauty

could have shown up as he did the ugliness and degradation of modern life. It is, therefore, no surprise to attentive readers of Gissing's earlier work, that *Veranilda* should exhibit these qualities. The former books were not a gloating upon the hideous aspect of life, but a revolt from them—the bitter protest of a man who saw only too clearly what life should be under happier conditions.

Veranilda reproduces with careful anxiety (too careful) all the picturesque exterior of the ancient world: no detail is spared, as with loving admiration Gissing dwells on the splendid past and all its gorgeous trappings. But in spite of this wealth of detail, the picture remains unconvincing; or perhaps it is because the letter of the ancient world has been more insisted upon than the spirit of it. That, somehow, seems to have eluded the laboring pen that strove so hard to fix it to the page. We do not find here the bite of reality: something is wanting—reality—or else higher imaginative powers than Gissing possessed. As we have seen, his imagination could interpret for him all the secrets of worn-out, miserable womanhood; but to enter into the feelings of an ancient Roman citizen and a Gothic maiden is a more difficult task. Frankly, the writer cannot think that *Veranilda* has the same excellences that distinguish Gissing's earlier work. It is an interesting experiment, a careful attempt; but it lacks vitality.

The inherent justice of things makes it perhaps better that Gissing's first books should remain his most lasting memorial.

These children of the soul, conceived in bitterness and brought forth with anguish, should by rights rank before this later-born, the fruit, we are told, of leisure and greater prosperity.

Jane H. Findlater.

THE TRAGEDY OF HOUGOMONT.

"Antoinette! Hist!"

Something in the hiss of the last word made Antoinette pause and suddenly place the pail of water she was carrying on the ground. There was just light enough left in the stormy sky above the château for her to see that something, or some one, was lurking in the shadow behind the farm-door.

"Who is it?" she demanded without moving, her voice stilled suddenly. Then a long, lean hand touched her from the dusk, and the girl shivered from head to foot.

"François! Is it you?"

"Yes, it is François. Is there any one within? I am starving."

She closed the door hastily and shot the bolt, acting with a swift haste and precision. Her pretty face had whitened; her hands trembled. She passed through an outer kitchen, and then the two stood in an inner room, across the quaint, low window of which a screen of green leaves was tapping and swaying in the wind. A coming storm was in the air; a curious, dull haze brooded over Hougomont. The château, the orchards, the lane, the farm, the little chapel, seemed to stand in a white oasis of light, round which was gathering a murky pall of violet-black. The leaves, tapping restlessly, seemed to shiver together, and Antoinette heard them as if they were heart-beats, as she stood facing the soldier before her.

"How is it," she breathed then, "that you are here? The English are all around—outside, everywhere! On the orchard-wall they are barricading—they are swarming in the orchard. And the seigneur has gone to Brussels. Only Jean and I are left in charge."

"So I heard," he said coolly; "you and Jean! When did you give in, and marry Jean?"

She drew back at that, flushed and trembling. Her voice came in a low, shamed whisper:

"Last spring. We were starving! My father was dying! And you—you never wrote! They told me you were with the Emperor; that you had forgotten me. They told me there was another—that you were married; that you made mock of Belgian girls!"

"And you believed it all? Well, no matter, since it is all over and done."

He sat down by the white, well-scrubbed table, and stretched out his legs.

"I am too hungry to be sentimental or to talk of love! Fetch me bread, Antoinette, and wine. I have hidden all day in the farm-buildings, and heard these English talk. I have news now for M. le Général. Perhaps I shall see the Emperor. But I wanted a peep of you, and now you must hide me till they sleep, and I can escape by the orchard-wall. Bread! Bread! I have a wolf, here inside."

He waved his hand impatiently, and Antoinette ran to the dresser and pulled out a long loaf, a piece of Gruyère cheese, and a flagon of red wine. She stood trembling while the French soldier ate and drank, starting at every sound; but when he put out his hand and would have drawn her to him, she shivered again. Once they had loved; he was half-French, half-Belgian, and had fought with the Emperor in many of his battles, and she had looked up to him as a hero. She had never loved honest Jean Baptiste, because of François; but she was too terrified to think of love and dalliance now.

"Make haste, François! At any moment they may come in—Jean may come in!"

"And then?"

"They would see you, and take you prisoner. Spies are shot!"

"I would die hard," he said coolly, looking round the room. It was bare, save for the tables, two benches, and a high, carved clock of light oak which stood against the wall. On the mantelpiece was a small image of the Virgin, and under it Antoinette's rosary. "I would shoot him, this thieving Jean!" he said abruptly then, his gaze wandering over her slim figure and sunny, loosened hair. "I will be equal with him some day."

She was desirably, suddenly, in his eyes, this little Belgian girl, to whom he had once been betrothed, but whom he had almost forgotten in the excitement of his life, till he found she could be of use to him as *châtelaine* of Hougomont. Her frightened eyes, too, were like the forget-me-not he had seen in the orchard ditch that day.

"I hate him because he took you from me! I hate him!" he said.

"Jean is good," Antoinette whispered under her breath. "Though I do not love him, he is good. And you, François— Ah, *mon Dieu!* here they come!"

Tall figures were passing the window. A loud rat-tat sounded on the door. François rose and coolly moved the clock, placing himself behind it in the shadow. He was inured to danger, and the kitchen would be badly lit. He had been in tighter places than this.

"Let them in," he said carelessly. "When all is dark I can slip out to the outhouses, and so over the orchard-wall. One kiss! No? You are shy."

He could even laugh carelessly. Antoinette looked at him as if half-fascinated, half-terrified. She hastily put away the remains of the meal, and went to the door. In another moment the kitchen was full of English soldiers, Jean Baptiste meeting them as they entered from the courtyard.

He was a tall Belgian, with a quiet,

resolute face and calm, gray eyes. Antoinette looked up with a strange sense of relief as he stood between her and the soldiers and helped her to lay the table. Jean was good, though she did not love him—he was good!

Yet all this time her heart thudded against her side. She scarcely dared glance at the tall clock. Oh, if they saw him! If they killed him there, before her eyes! François, whose gay, careless courage and laughing eyes had won her heart, the cool touch of whose lean hand had seemed to reach her with the power of an electric current—François, whom she loved!

The soldiers talked and laughed. To-morrow they would teach "Boney" a lesson; to-morrow the French would fly as chaff before the wind. The storm, they said, was coming fast; the clouds lowered dark and near; low peals of thunder were muttering in the distance. All around, the British were making bivouac, the villagers coming in with billets of wood to keep their fires alive. Soldiers rested everywhere, some under bushes, some in straw stolen from the farmhouses. Old campaigners had rigged up blanket on bayonet; but the bulk of the army lay unsheltered under the lowering, threatening sky. Across the valley the French had hidden their fires; but they were reflected in the gloomy canopy overhead in a dull red glow. At Callon the Emperor supped late with his staff. Antoinette listened to the talk of the soldiers, sick at heart. Once, when they mentioned the orchard barricades and the high platform over the gate, and declared that there was not a loophole now by which the enemy could enter, she thought she heard a movement behind the clock; but at last they were gone, and she and Jean were left alone. He said he would go on to bed, as he had been up since dawn; and Antoinette worked on, scarcely answering. He lingered for a little, look-

ing at her, then went away. When at last she stood in the room alone, blowing out all the candles, the rain was falling in deluges, and tremendous peals of heaven's artillery rolled overhead. The night was one of terror. Terror was in her heart. How would François escape? How could he? There was not a loophole unguarded in Hougomont. She knew from the English soldiers' words that every crevice was occupied; the wall by which he had hoped to escape was lined with men armed to the teeth. He was in a trap—a trap of steel.

He came out as she stood waiting, and taking her hand, whispered that he would hide in the barn. He knew a place behind the hay-rick. And next day the French would take the farm; they would chase out these rats of English, and burn Hougomont to the ground. He would save her if he could. Nothing and no one ever resisted the French and the Emperor! But now, in case Jean returned, let them start for the barn.

Antoinette, breathless and trembling, stole out to reconnoitre. The soldiers lay everywhere, thick as bees, crouching on every side under their blankets, under the trees in the orchard, in the shelter of the walls, but all weary, all in a dead sleep. François stepped between them with a careless smile. In the dark he would only have been taken for a late patrol. At the door of the barn, which Antoinette unlocked, he paused to put his arm round her waist. For a moment she yielded, and a tall man who had crept on to the rough platform above the gate with a lantern to fetch some forgotten tools saw them stand thus, the girl's white face illumined by a blinding flash of lightning.

"If we win to-morrow, Antoinette"

—
François kissed her then. His breath scorched her cheek.

"But you will not win."

She drew back. She had learned to hate and dread Napoleon.

"We always win where *he* goes—always. You shall see. I shall make you my prisoner of war. Little Antoinette! He, Jean, will be killed. The Little Corporal will not leave a soul alive in Hougomont."

Some one stirred in the dark. François crept noiselessly into the barn and behind the hay-rick. Antoinette waited till there was silence; then she too moved away. For a moment she had rested her head on his shoulder, felt his kiss; she had been disloyal! And though she had not loved Jean, she had never meant— She stood still in the pouring rain and shivered. The dark silhouette of the little chapel was before her, and she crept in. War, and the terror of war, was all around. A cloud, as of blood, obscured her eyes, but she could see a candle burning on the stand before the white image of Christ hanging above the door, and another was before the Virgin on the altar. The tiny chapel was the one place in all the earth, she felt, in which there was peace; and yet, even here, soldiers lay in heavy slumber all around. She crept between their silent figures, and fell on her knees before the little, rude wooden image.

"Holy Mother, forgive me! Mother of all sorrows! Sinless Mary! I am Jean's wife, and François has kissed me, and now I feel far from thee."

She wept as she whispered; the tears rained down her face. Outside, the thunder roared and muttered, heaven's great artillery mocking the feeble imitation of yesterday. Splitting, blinding swords of light played over the battle-field, and the summer woods, and the ripe corn soon to be trodden down and drenched with blood. At last a quiet hand touched her shoulder.

"Antoinette, there is a time to sleep and a time to pray. Come, *petite!*

And to-morrow—we know not what to-morrow brings—perhaps for you hope—deliverance!”

Jean’s grave, kindly face. What did he mean?

He stood, tall and serene, waiting. He did not touch her. But he followed the light figure closely when she stepped between the sleeping men, and he watched, later, till her fair head was on the pillow and she slept, worn out. His love for her was an adoration. Then he moved to the bed, and stood looking down at the small face pitifully.

“I saw she had hidden some one behind the clock. I saw the edge of his sleeve, and it was a French coat! The man she told me of was French. He is hidden *here!* Poor child! Poor child!”

In her sleep Antoinette tossed her arms.

“Jean!” she cried. “He is good, but I do not love him!”

He went back to the window with a stifled groan. He sat there till dawn, the coming battle forgotten, the storm, the morrow’s tragedy.

Dawn, a cheerless dawn, found him still there, fighting his own battle.

And over at Caillon, Napoleon had risen, gray of face, with only life in his blazing eyes and steely lips, to see if his enemy lay still in his grasp.

He cried with delight when the red light on either side of Mont Saint Jean showed him the English were still there, “In the hollow of his hand.” The light was obscured, and it was only half-past three when the dawn broke over sodden fields, and dripping woods, and plashy ground, and deep, secret pools. The air was filled with mist; between the two armies stood watchful sentries and vedettes. No other sign of life broke the gray, dreary expanse. It was a day that broke in tears, that crept shamefaced and trembling from the womb of night.

And then, about six, for the last time, thousands and thousands woke to look upon an earthly dawn. They would see it again nevermore.

The two mighty armies stirred, and men, blue, cold, wet, unshaven, looked up to the pitiless sky. Then, rousing to life, they began to carry wood, to light fires, to feed horses. The sound rolled over Waterloo. It was “like the sound of a great sea beating on a rocky shore”—the sea of life that was so soon to beat against the rocky shores of death.

II.

It was twenty minutes past eleven before the first gun broke the deadly stillness of the 18th of June 1815. The storm was past for the present; but a dull, slumberous heat, a sullen massing of clouds over the battlefield, seemed to betoken that it only waited to break forth once more.

Antoinette had been busy all the morning, going about with a dull, leaden weight at her heart.

She had no time, however, to think or to pray. There were many to cook for; the whole place swarmed with English soldiers. Antoinette shuddered when she remembered the hole behind the hay-rick in the barn, where François lay. There, indeed, he must lie, unless he courted death, till the French conquered and took Hougomont, or till night hid foe from friend or friend from foe. It was about twelve, and she was busy cooking in the kitchen, when a soldier touched her arm, and pointed through the window to the strip of orchard which ran behind it. There she could just see an officer on a chestnut horse; he wore a blue Spanish cape, white cravat, white buckskins, and plain cocked hat, and was pointing to the château, giving an order briefly and sternly. Antoinette had a fleeting vision of a high Roman nose, keen eagle eyes, and a firm mouth.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"The Duke—the one man in England who is a match for Boney, and the man who will lick him to-day." He laughed grimly. "Come, don't look so white, madame; you ain't French, though you do use the lingo."

After that Antoinette was called hither and thither. Already there had been fighting in the orchard. The enemy had attempted to storm it from the narrow lane outside, and had been met by a devastating hail of bullets from the loopholed wall. One or two wounded had been carried in. She shuddered as she looked, and then she set her teeth. It was as well. The small, pinched, girlish face was to look as if cut from marble before the day was done. These were only the first few pattering hailstones of the storm. Her eyes were to grow used to horror. The wood, the lane, and the thicket were now full of French; they stormed over the wall, and fell in hundreds in the orchard; they forced their way through the thicket, cheering loudly, but were checked at the hedge that belched forth fire. Still they pressed on dauntlessly, and could then see the red brick wall of the farm, for which they made with wild cries of rage and triumph. Already their leader was springing for hand-hold when the wall seemed to grow alive with fire; bullets fell like rain from above, from every side, and with yells and choking moans they fell back, tier upon tier of slain crashing one on the other, till there was a heap of dead and dying, over which their maddened comrades leaped and raced, stumbled and fell.

But that was only the first repulse. They swarmed up in an unending stream, desperate with valor, wild with rage; the wood was captured, then lost; taken again, and retaken. A fierce cannonade had deepened along the whole line of Hougomont; the place was a red-hot hell of shot and shell. On all

sides it was besieged: house, kitchen-garden, ravine, flower-garden, were crowded with the enemy. Hay-ricks blazed, white smoke curling up to the gray of the sky. The grass of the orchard was blood-stained—a charnel-house. The ditch in the lane outside was choked with dead, and still the French poured in, a ceaseless stream, unconquerable, undefeated, dauntless, and desperate.

Antoinette had not a moment to think. The wounded lay everywhere; the courtyard was full; the château was burning. She was called hither and thither, working under the direction of the surgeon, and feeling that all life had stopped short just here; that she had never known before what life could be—what death could be.

A blood-red mist swam before her eyes as the terrible hours wore on, and still that wild stream of soldiers fought and died, locked together in a deadly embrace. She had almost lost sight of time at last, when she fell back against the wall, faint and giddy, and felt some one put a cup to her lips.

Jean, blood-stained and dirty, his shirt torn, a bandage round his head, was holding wine to her lips with the old quiet look.

"Drink, *petite*," he said. "You will need all your strength, for the day is not done yet. The English bulldog never gives way."

That was like Jean. She knew he had worked since the battle began, bringing in the wounded, exposing himself to a storm of French bullets on the wall, quietly reckless of danger. She had seen him often, but had never spoken to him. It was he who seized the first shell that fell on the château-roof and flung it over on the grass; but the château blazed now, unchecked, and all they could do was to try to prevent the flames from reaching the chapel and the farm.

Reckless deeds of valor passed unnoticed. Jean had courted death a hundred times that day, and yet not met it; only, the wounded blessed the strong man with the grave, white face who carried them so tenderly across the lane of fire, and seemed to know no fear.

Now he looked at Antoinette steadily for a minute, as if thinking deeply. Then he drew near, and whispered in her ear. It was a whisper that penetrated through the tornado, and seemed to stand out in letters of fire on her brain:

"Antoinette, I know who is behind the hay-rick! I saw him. If the château is ours till dark—and I think it will be—he will be caught. The French will never take Hougomont, though they may burn us out. Take him the coat of yonder dead English soldier. He could escape dressed in that till he reached the orchard-hedge; he could fling it off when he was free. At least he can die fighting, not sabred like a rat in a hole or hung as a spy."

She shuddered violently. Then, as Jean moved away, she took the coat of the dead soldier and stepped through the groaning heaps of dying and dead into the barn and behind the hay-rick. François was there, lying with burning, glaring eyes. How was it going? Were the French not in yet? Where was the Emperor? How did the day go?

"I do not know," Antoinette said vacantly. "Only they have not taken Hougomont, and they will not; though the château is on fire, and I think it is like a hell all around. In the lane behind the orchard the French lie thick, piles and piles of dead, staring at one with their awful eyes. I saw them from the wall, thicker than the apples lie in October. But listen! Put on this coat. You can escape with it through the hedge. Here is a British rifle. At least you can die in the open."

He seized the coat with an exclamation, forgetting to thank her. He donned it hastily, making a wry face at the blood with which it was besmeared. Then he took her hand, but it dropped lifelessly from his. Love! This was no time for love—or sin! This was Purgatory—the flames of Purgatory!

He was gone.

She stole out then, and resumed her work. Had he crept through the gap in the hedge? Was he safe?

All thought grew slow and torpid. She felt now as if the battle had lasted all her life, as if she had known nothing but these awful yells and cries, the hiss of shells, the crackling of flames, the moans of the dying, the still, white faces of the dead. Some one said that the French were giving way at last. Dusk was falling, though here, under the red glare of the flames of the burning château, there seemed no dusk, no twilight—only a red, red light of battle. Then at last, sick, giddy, and trembling, she crept into the shelter of the chapel, feeling that she was about to die, as if life and courage could bear no more.

The chapel stands just beside the château walls, but just under the pierced feet of the dead Christ the flames had stopped as if arrested. The wounded lay all around. She would have had to pick her way up to the little altar, where a posy of lilies she had placed there yesterday was splashed with blood. She was standing looking up at the pale face of the Christ, the head sunk forward on the breast, the eyes half-closed, as if in woe unspeakable, when a faint call reached her, and she stooped at once to see the ghastly face of one of the farm-servants lying at her feet.

"Madame," he whispered faintly, "over there—see see—your husband!"

"Jean?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

At first she could not see, till the wounded man, leaning on his elbow, caught her dress.

"Over there, near the altar. He was carried in with a bad sabre-wound. The surgeon bandaged him, and left him. And then I, from my place here, saw a devil of an English soldier cut the bandage! He has bled to death. I could not move; I cried out, but no one heard."

"An English soldier?"

"He wore the uniform," the other murmured; "but I think he was a spy. He and I were the only conscious men here, and I heard him swear in French as he crept out of the door."

He had pointed towards a man in the corner, and Antoinette reeled dizzily towards that spot. She had taken in all that was said. *She knew whose hand had cut the bandage!* He had sworn to be equal with Jean. And Jean had bled to death!

She was down on her knees then by the tall figure; the pale face rested back on the rude clay of the floor, strangely peaceful and quiet—Jean's ruddy face, so changed in one day! How hard he had worked—unlike all the others, his, a work of mercy! Jean all his life had been merciful, kind, patient, tender.

And she had not loved him! He was good, but she had not loved him—till now—till she knew the one man, and the other!

A great sob tore up through her breast; tears rained from her eyes. She took his head in her lap and pressed her kisses upon his lips—the first kisses she had ever given him.

"Jean! Jean! Come back to me! Oh, the good God! Let him come back to me!"

One or two wounded stirred and looked at her, moved feebly, and groaned. The agony of her voice

pierced through their dreams. She could see the cut bandage beside him. She stooped and looked at the ghastly wound. The blood had congealed above it; as she moved him a little oozed out. She started, and the life leapt to her face. They say dead men do not bleed.

Was he dead?

In an instant she was on her feet and had run towards a passing surgeon. He came impatiently, and after a moment's hasty scrutiny turned away.

"Dead? No, though next thing to it. The blood has congealed, and saved him. Tie him up and give him a restorative.—Coming, sir; coming!"

She had done what he bade her. She waited in the little, dark chapel, the white figure of the Christ hanging opposite, praying as women pray only once in their lives, and waiting. The château was a mass of smouldering ruins; a red glare in the sky hung above it. Here and there the flames on the thatched roof of the farm-buildings blazed up, then fell. The horrible roar and din of battle was dying down. The Eagle of France was wounded unto death, was broken-winged and dying.

Wellington, standing on the ridge above the Guards, his figure outlined against the sky, had raised his hat with a solemn gesture, the signal for the worn line of heroes to sweep away like a dark cloud over the plain. Napoleon, ghastly white, his chin on his breast, heard the last pealing cry; saw the Old Guard reel and rally, sink back, sway, fall; saw in one awful, blinding moment down into the hell of defeat, tasted the bitter dregs of despair. Waterloo was lost!

But Antoinette waited, heeding nothing of the fate of nations or of kings—waited for Jean to come back, or to drift away.

"*Petite!*"

The old gentle voice.

She heard the faint whisper, and the color rushed over her face. With a glad cry she stooped and kissed him.

Life thrilled through his veins; he looked up, and read love in her eyes. And love drove back death.

"You do care, *petite!*" he said in faint, tremulous wonder.

"I love you!" Antoinette said. "I love you!"

She waited by his side all night in the chapel, while that awful rout, that *débâcle* after battle, rolled to the very gates of France, battered, beaten. Thousands and thousands of dead were staring up with wide eyes of horror into the starry sky above; all around, on the blood-drenched corn-fields and on the mournful orchards of Hougomont, the dead lay like autumn leaves after a storm.

Chambers's Journal.

In the morning Jean was carried into the farm. The sun shone brilliantly, pitilessly; in the well in the farmyard they were hastily throwing down the dead, French and English, "in one red burial blent."

One there was, with an English coat and a French face, shot through the heart as he leapt from the wall into the ranks of the besieging force in the orchard.

Antoinette did not know that. She only knew that he never returned to Hougomont.

There, under the orchard-trees, whose sweet, frail blossoms fall still above the whitening bones of heroes, she lived to bear Jean children, and to make him happy. He was good, and she loved him. Her old thought had altered a little, that was all.

Ethel F. Heddle.

THE SWISS PEASANT.

Switzerland has well been called the "playground of Europe"; but play is the very last word which one would associate with the life of its hardy sons and daughters who inhabit the mountain districts. It is just to couple the sexes in such a connection as this; for it is a striking characteristic of the rural economy of Switzerland, that the women—the wives, the sisters, the daughters—take upon themselves at least a fair share of the toll which brings to their household food, and clothing, and shelter.

To see the Swiss peasant at his bravest and best, you must follow him where life exerts upon his faculties the strongest pressure, where the struggle for existence is no mere polemical phrase, but a grim and terrible reality,

the vividness, rigor, and relentlessness of which never change from year to year, or from generation to generation. For this purpose it is necessary to leave the beaten track of the conventional tourist, and to seek the regions in which Nature is for the most part met with in wild and unchastened moods. Highland and lowland are indefinite terms in Switzerland, where altitudes which would rank as mountainous in the adjacent countries of France and Germany provoke little or no remark. Thus, to speak of life in Swiss valleys would convey erroneous ideas to the uninitiated mind, unless the warning were given that many of the most populated valleys of the country lie at an elevation of four, five, and six thousand feet above the sea level,

an elevation at which communal life would be barely conceivable in more northerly latitudes. And yet—such is the tenacity of the national character—however near to the eternal snows his lot may be cast, the Swiss peasant accepts his fate without a murmur, and from the most unpropitious conditions and surroundings he wrests life and health by dint of strenuous toil, dauntless perseverance, and unfailing courage.

Hence it is that to Switzerland falls the curious distinction of cultivating grain at the highest known elevation in Europe. This is in the valley of the Vorder-Rhein, running from the Oberalp Pass (6,443 feet high), above Andermatt to Reichenau and Chur (1,935 feet). It is around the mean little wooden village of Tschamut, 5,400 feet above the sea level, that this feat in husbandry is performed. It is, however, only homely rye which is raised—staple food of the peasants of the vale—and at best the saving of the grain is an arduous task. The climate is so inclement for the greater part of the year, and the growing season is so short and precarious, that there is no possibility of ripening the crop in the usual way. For that the sun is too fickle of his favors, and the wind and the rain are too masterful. So the peasants have erected in their fields a novel drying apparatus, which admirably makes up for Nature's insufficiency. At a distance apart of some eighteen feet are placed two stout larch trunks, stripped of their bark, and rising fourteen or sixteen feet high. From these posts lighter poles stretch horizontally from the ground upward at intervals of eighteen inches; and to them the corn is fastened in wisps, thus exposing it to the free action of sun and wind, of which there is generally more of the latter than the former. As one lot is ripened another takes its place, until the whole

of the scanty crop is cleared away, none too soon for the brief autumn of bleak Tschamut.

But valleys like that of the Vorder-Rhein are as Eden itself in fertility, productiveness, and amenity of life, compared with many of the highland regions in which large communities live, and, as a prior condition of so doing, assert control and sway over the froward forces of Nature. Follow the peasants to the "alps" which lie far beyond the reach of either railway or diligence, and a far more vivid idea will be obtained of the stern battle of life which they have perpetually to wage.

A concrete example will bring the facts home to the reader better than any amount of generalization. And first as to the technical meaning of the word "alp." The idea which it most commonly conveys to the mind is that of a peak, more or less inaccessible, whose farthest summits are shrouded in eternal snow; and the idea is right so far as it goes. But to the Swiss peasant the word suggests other and pleasanter associations. His "alps" are the patches of grassland high in the mountains, upon which he can pasture his cattle in summer. These "alps" are scattered all over the mountain ranges, and play a very important part in the agricultural life of the country. For the greater part of the year they are covered with snow, and often these tracts of fresh verdure lie amongst glacier and *Firn*,¹ which are proof against the hottest rays of the August sun, so that, during several months of the year, winter and summer exist side by side.

Typical "alps" are those lying at the head of the Goeschenen Valley (*Goeschenen Thal*), a valley which runs west from the well-known village of Goesch-

¹ The name applied to the glaciers in process of formation out of constant accretions of unmelting snow.

enen, where the St. Gotthard tunnel begins, and through which flows the turbulent River Reuss, fresh from its rise at the foot of the Kehle Glacier, on the way to the Lake of Lucerne. Goeschenen itself is 3,640 feet high; and, by the time you reach the head of the valley—a three hours' march by a rough footway—you are well over 6,000 feet above the sea level. For your pains you are then rewarded by half a mile of plain walking, for, before the valley loses itself in the mountains, it takes the form of a wide plateau, in the centre of which lies the Goeschenen Alp village, a handful of huts of the ordinary Swiss type, clustering round a rude little chapel. Lofty heights soar on every hand, their summits shrouded in ice and snow; and imposing glaciers, not too difficult of access, attest the sternness of the climate. What a life it is which these peasants lead! They have a saying at Maloja that the year is divided in that part of the Engadine into nine months of winter and three months of cold weather; and certain it is that from six to ten feet of snow are no uncommon feature of the landscape there on May Day, while the visitors' season is over long before the fall of the leaf. In the Goeschenen Valley, Nature is even more inhospitable. The summer is far advanced before the snow beats retreat into the hills, and leaves the pastures cold, dead, and water-logged. Yet snow falls quite commonly in June; and if you penetrate the valley in that month you may be sure that the way will carry you through huge snow drifts cut in twain from a height of twelve or sixteen feet, or across miniature avalanches which conveniently bridge for you the foaming river beneath. The husbandry of the valley is of the most restricted kind. The cultivation of corn of any kind is impossible; and even the few roots of potatoes grown are never ripened with-

out difficulty, and sometimes not at all. Gardens are superfluous, for little or nothing would grow in them. A head of lettuce or a miniature onion may be enticed from the niggardly ground by the end of July, but that is all. Grass is grown for the winter fodder; but, though rich and sweet, thanks to the Alpine flora, which redeems the landscape from desolation—for there are no trees save a single hardy stone-pine (the *Arve*)—it is short and stubbly, and is housed in penuriously light crops. Only stern, steely endurance and invincible pertinacity, combined with a spirit of resignation which expects little from life and is thankful for what it gets, enable the brave toilers of the valley to win a bare livelihood from Nature, elsewhere so bountiful in her blessings. No wonder that, though the peasants are nominally the owners of their bits of land, these are heavily mortgaged; so that it is as much as the most resolute of them can do to keep the household together, and at the same time pay the interest on loans contracted long ago by their fathers. There is taxation to bear, but it is light—though on the other hand the service which the State and the cantonal authorities render to this isolated population is limited enough—yet even a little tells upon resources which entirely lack elasticity. The peasants pay dues upon their stock: five francs upon grown cattle, two francs upon young animals, and 75 centimes upon goats. Sheep they do not keep, as being unserviceable where the herbage has to be sought amongst the rocks.

One might expect that the inhabitants of a region like this would easily become victims of the modern mania for migration—that for them the most imposing prospect would be that of the rough footway which leads down into the more fertile lowlands. Such, however, is not the fact. I questioned a peasant on the subject. "Why don't

your young folk go to the towns?" I asked, in sheer curiosity. With a wave of the hand, and a look to the hills, he quickly replied: "*Heimath ist am allerbesten!*" ("Home is best of all!"). It was the true Swiss spirit which spoke here,—the characteristic attachment to the beloved place of birth and upbringing which, in the hardy mountaineer, amounts to a sacred passion. For "*Heimath*" to him means, not the Confederation, not even the canton or the commune to which he happens to belong, but the far-away nook amongst the mountains in which he and his fathers before him first saw the light.

Shut up in their sequestered valley, the peasants have little communication with the outside world; and many of them never go a mile away from year's beginning to year's end. When a death occurs, which is not often, a rude coffin is nailed together by homely yet tender hands, for there is no carpenter or artificer of any kind in the valley, and is carried shoulder high all the long way to Goeschenen, since there is no burial ground nearer. Should such an event happen, however, in winter, when the pass is snowed up, the coffin has to be dispensed with, and the body, covered by a shroud, is placed upon a carrier's "back-saddle" ("*Traggabel*"), and upon the backs of half a dozen strong men, each taking his turn, the weird burden is carried to its last resting place. Nor is medical aid available in the extremities of sickness. Even in child-birth the mother has to trust to nature, and the kindly, if rude, attentions of her neighbors,—doctor, midwife, nurse never penetrate these uncultured heights.

The religious needs of the peasantry are ministered to by a priest of middle age, a man of the people who is able to speak to his simple flock in the uncouth patois of their valley, and to think with them in the thoughts of

their stunted and unimaginative minds. He lives alone in a little house near the chapel, a wooden erection like the rest, with nothing in its exterior to denote that it is the abode of reverence. Calling upon him there, you find him a genial entertainer, ready to converse freely upon the life and character of his humble parishioners, of whose industry, manly fight with poverty, excellent morality, quiet demeanor, and, above all, contentment and happiness, even in the hard lot which is theirs from childhood to age, he cannot speak too highly. "Happiness!" I echoed, as the word left his lips; for the suggestion seemed so incongruous. "Yes, happiness," was the emphatic rejoinder; "for though they are poor, they live healthy and independent lives, and, at the worst, they are better off than the poor of the towns." He is a sort of man-of-all-work, this honest and faithful priest. He christens, he marries, he buries; he admonishes and confesses; he counsels in difficulties and cheers in adversity; he directs the common conscience of the valley, so far as it is troubled by that awkward institution. He is also the schoolmaster: he "rears the tender thought," and "teaches the young idea how to shoot." The curriculum is not elaborate, though the priest saw no reason to apologize for this. "Reading, writing, and summing, with a little geography of Switzerland—that is all we do, but the children need no more."

On the remote Frutt Alp, high above the Melchthal, six hours and six thousand feet by steep track from the south bank of the Lake of Lucerne, the quaint custom of the "Alpine benediction" is still observed. Every evening after dusk, the patriarch of the valley chants a prayer to the hierarchy of heaven, entreating blessing and protection for the peasantry and their homes and chattels. I translate the versified prayer as repeated to me,

though without attempt at rhyme or rhythm:—

O praise, praise! In God's name,
praise!

O praise! praise! In our dear Mother's
name, praise!

May God and the holy Saint Anton,
and Saint Wendel,

And the venerable land-father Brother
Klaus

Protect to-night the dear homes on this
alp!

That is the word, as the dear God
knows well.

Here upon this alp stands a golden
throne:

Therein dwell God and Maria with
their blessed Son.

It is with many graces dowered,
And enshrines the all-holy Trinity.

The first is God the Father,

The second is God the Son,

The third is God the Holy Ghost.
Amen!

Ave! Ave! Ave Maria! Maria, God's
dearest mother!

Jesus, O Lord Jesus Christ! Beloved
Lord Jesus Christ!

Protect soul and honor, body and goods,
And everything that to this alp belongs.

O praise, praise! All that treads and
goes,

In God's name, praise! Ave! Ave! Ave
Maria!

Just a piece of doggerel, it may be,
yet interesting as a picturesque survival of the poetic past!

Decidedly the summer months are for the Swiss peasant the most tolerable part of the year, especially for such of them as migrate with their herds of cattle and goats to the higher "alps" in search of grass. This annual "alpgoing" is quite an event in the quiet annals of rural Switzerland. The date at which the exodus from the valleys takes place naturally varies according to the elevation of the country. It falls in June in some parts, in others it may be late in July. Several "Sennen" may "trek" to the same "alps"; but, arrived there, a common life is lived. They share the same huts, they

sit at the same humble board, their herds graze together, the milk is brought morning and evening to the same dairymen, by them to be promptly scalded and so turned into cheese. The whole business is done on a co-operative basis. Periodical tests of the productivity of the various cattle are made, and, according to the result, are the proceeds divided when the cheese has been sold to the factor at the end of the season. Every few days one of the "Sennen" descends to the valley from his highland home with the produce, which is kept in a warehouse or "lager" to ripen, a process to the perfection of which constant and unremitting attention is necessary. For three or four months, according to the favorableness of the season, these "Sennen" live a nomadic life. Directly the sparse grass has been cleared from one "alp," a move is made still higher or further afield; and here they settle again, until Nature's supplies are once more exhausted, on which fresh herbage is sought elsewhere.

Meanwhile, there is no idleness in the valley below. The summer is short, and into a few weeks have to be crowded a host of duties, the timely and scrupulous performance of which is imperative, if the peasant's household are to meet the inclement weather with stout hearts. From dawn to dark all hands are afield—husband, wife, children. Gaunt men and hollow-breasted women take their turn at the scythe and rake, as, later, at the box-like barrow upon which the dried grass is carried from field to byre. There are gaps to make good in the sod-bult fences which divide one holding from another. There is draining to be done, and very primitive it is. There is peat to cut and stack. There are holes to patch in wall and roof of the wooden dwelling. All these things and many others occupy such time as can be spared from the daily routine of the

farm. The boys and girls have their own work to do. Day by day you may see upon the mountain side their small stunted figures, as they bear upon their backs huge loads of small scrub and bilberry roots, which they have torn out of the ground by the help of small three-pronged forks. It is fuel for the coming winter, to be used when the peat runs low. Wood, let me say, is as often as not a great luxury, for it has to be fetched some miles' distance; and that means, not merely man's labor, which is plentiful enough, but money, which is pitifully rare.

A cloud as of some hidden sorrow rests upon these mountain maidens, to whom life brings so little romance, so much wearing, wearying, depressing actuality. Watch that bare-headed lassie, over whose head sixteen or seventeen dull summers have passed, as she struggles with her load. It must weigh at least half a hundred-weight; and how she slings the filled pannier upon her back is a mystery. But she does it, and then, with naked feet, picks her way slowly but surely along the hillside. Reaching her father's hut, the fuel is added to a pile at which she has been working since daybreak. But there is no rest: the empty pannier is shouldered again as at military signal, and she returns to the spot where mother and brothers are tearing up the scrub. Not a bright outlook for girlhood, perhaps, but such is the life of the peasant here! It is work, work, work—for the idle there is no place. Brave little soul, some day a swarth, sinewy son of the valley will find her beautiful; she will marry and bear children; and so this race of toil and poverty is perpetuated from generation to generation.

But the struggle with Nature takes forms and aspects still more trying to nerve and courage. The peasant has not only to contend with inhospitable seasons, with long drawn-out winters,

and fickle and uncertain summers; in his unequal struggle he is surrounded by forces against which, not merely human foresight and skill, but human life itself count as nothing. For, situated as his home is beneath the snow-capped heights, he is for ever menaced by the avalanche, which, falling perhaps without the slightest warning, is devastating in its effects, undoing in a moment the toil of years or of generations, and bringing desolation and sorrow to homes which, though humble, have been none the less instinct with the spirit of domestic peace and affection. In the midst of the Goeschene Valley there stands a pathetic memorial. It is a little cross, upon which is fixed a heart-shaped plate bearing this inscription in German:—

Ambrose Kiehlger,

16 years old,

came under an avalanche,
1883—R.I.P.

It is Nature's rough way: one life more or less matters little. Yet the story told by these simple words—so laconic, so half-humorously prosaic in their abruptness, the utterance of men who have no time for sentiment—is typical of the life and death struggle which the stout-hearted sons of the mountains have everywhere to wage. No wonder that, in the presence of forces against which they are helpless, forces which ever and anon assert themselves with disastrous and pitiless consequences, the spirit of superstition—which let none deride, since it is, after all, but an undeveloped religious instinct—is strong and powerful. Hence you will see, scattered about the plains and valleys, and even affixed to the dwelling-houses, of Roman Catholic Switzerland, quaint images of saints, and especially of St. Matthew, the protecting saint of all glacial districts, whose aid is thus invoked against the subtle dangers by which life and limb are beset in the regions of ice and snow.

As time passes, however, the Swiss are ceasing to rely solely upon the benevolent disposition of their tutelary saints. It has been found that protection against the avalanche may often be secured without putting faith unnecessarily to the test, and, so to speak, tempting Providence. In many places, as at the foot of the Furka Pass, near Realp, stone and earth-works have been built with a view to staying the course of a falling avalanche, or at least of diverting its course into indifferent channels; while, elsewhere, forests have been planted on a large scale for the same purpose.

It may be said, that such a picture of peasant life as has here been drawn is a depressing and sombre one, a picture whose heavy shadows are unrelieved by the sun-shafts of healthy human gaiety and joy. And yet even a life like this has, if not positive compensations, at least its redeeming ameliorations. Thrown upon each

other by the arduous conditions of their lot, cast together in a common struggle with adverse forces, there is developed amongst the Swiss peasants an elevated spirit of fraternity and helpfulness which, sooner or later, stands each and all in good stead; the very rigor of their existence fertilizes mutual sympathy, and draws from characters, rude and severe as the rocks which overhang their dwellings, those virtues which knit communities together and invest social life with dignity, benignity, and charm. The amenities of civilization, the fair fruits of culture, the softening influences of a large and full life—these things are not for the peasant mountaineer; but, thrown upon Nature as he is, he learns to know the common mother in all her changing moods, and to love her not less because the food and raiment which he receives at her hand are not a proffered gift but a wrested trophy.

William Harbutt Dawson.

The Independent Review.

MASTER OF DREAMS.

["Behold, this dreamer cometh."]

They stripped me bare and left me by the way
To pine forsaken in a lonely land;
They gave me to night-frosts and burning day,
To griefs none understand.

They took my silver from me and my gold,
The changing splendors of my rich array:
Night's silver rain of dew escaped their hold,
And the fine gold of day.

On the world's highway in vain pomp they tread;
By paths unknown I stray and hidden streams:
They took all else and left me there for dead;
They could not take my dreams.

Still, morning comes with marvel as of old;
Still in soft rose descends the eventide;
Still in the castle of my heart, grown bold,
The sweet swift thoughts abide.

Pass by, pass by, O clamorous folk and wild!
To this last fortress of the soul I cling;
Men gave me winter weather from a child,
But God has given me spring.

The Spectator.

Robin Flower.

THE HEART OF OLD JAPAN.

Kyoto, the ancient capital of the Mikados, unspoiled by Western influences, as though separated from the external world by her purple chain of guardian hills, remains the heart and centre of Old Japan. The province of Yamato was the earliest seat of government, but the actual site of the royal palace was changed under every reign, owing to the prevailing custom of discarding the dwelling of a deceased father. In consequence of this fashion a new capital, created by the needs of the court, sprang up round the imperial residence, until the eighth century modified the inconvenient practice. At this epoch the change of locality practically ceased, although the palace was occasionally rebuilt, for the dilated area of habitation and the consolidation of trade forbade the desertion of the populous city, and the Mikado's court, save for a few brief absences, remained there until his restoration to power on the fall of the Shogunate in 1868. Streets and palaces, composed entirely of wood, were frequently burnt down, but invariably rebuilt in the same style. Hierango (the City of Peace) became Miyako, or Kyoto, the former being the Japanese, the latter the Chinese term for a metropolis.

The enforced seclusion of the Mikado, worshipped as a god but retaining a mere shadow of authority, probably helped to consolidate the sacred capital, enclosed by a ring of noble temples under the shadow of those

solemn groves which individualize the ancient sanctuaries of Japan. The modern city has shrunk to half the original size, and from the lofty terraces of Maruyama, consecrated by a thousand deathless memories, a golden sea of ripening rice now sweeps from the foot of the mountains to the gray mass of broad-eaved houses. A shrunken river flows through an expanse of gravel, crossed by numerous bridges; the black gables and white walls of the Shogun's castle break the level outlines, and in the steep roofs of the ancient palace we trace that contour of a Shinto temple which associated the deified monarch with the myriad divinities of his ancestral creed. Here and there a scarlet gateway stands out against the blackness of cedar and pine, a gleam of gold or lacquer on architrave and cornice indicating some temple hidden in the deep shade of luxuriant foliage. Kyoto remains the priceless reliquary of Japan's golden age, when art and chivalry vied with war and conquest in moulding the fortunes of the nation. The annals of the past were often written in blood, but the cruelties blotting many a stirring record frequently resulted from that exaggeration of sentiment which turns a virtue into the correlative vice.

A shady walk extends for several miles under the pines and cryptomerias of temple grounds on the green hillside, surely an ideal haunt of forest-gods! Only a vague murmur

floats upwards from the city to these mossy terraces, cool and dim beneath the fretted boughs. A few pink lotuscups linger among their yellowing leaves on the sacred ponds crossed by hump-backed bridges, and the tall lanterns of stone and bronze, green with the damp and lichen of centuries, give an aspect of hoary antiquity to these groves of Old Japan. The aromatic fragrance of the slumbrous air, thrilled by a lulling melody as of murmuring harps, suggest a world of dreams and fancies; and the towering conifers, in their stately growth and pyramidal solidity, introduce an element of order and precision into the rocky landscape, rendering it a fitting frame for the solemnities of religion. These typical trees of Japan have been regarded as the divining rods of earth, which discover water in the thirsty wilderness, and, like the rod of Moses, smite the barren rock to reveal the living fountain. This natural truth underlies the Chinese proverb, that "The mightiest rivers are cradled in the needles of the pine," a conception originating in the fact of the forked boughs condensing and distilling the passing clouds which percolate the crags and flow in streams down the valleys.

The city of Kyoto attracted the entire resources of the empire, which consecrated art, genius, and wealth to the service of religion. All the rocky slopes of Maruyama are holy ground, and the further hills bristle with gray temples, red pagodas, and yellow-walled monasteries, approached by long avenues and mouldering stairways, still trodden by myriad pilgrim feet. The eastern and western Hengwanji, each temple a blaze of gold and vermillion, its carved brown woodwork picked out with white in the fashion peculiar to the Monto sect of Buddhists, contain state-rooms for the use of the Mikado. The screens and

scrolls of gold leaf adorned with symbolical flowers, water-birds, and snowy landscapes, display the utmost refinement of Japanese art. A certain delicate austerity belongs to these exquisite rooms, with their tender coloring and pale mats of finest workmanship but thickest texture. The Buddhist temples at the present day only number a third of the Shinto sanctuaries, which Government influence supports and encourages; but in spite of the two hundred thousand Shinto temples, and the eighty thousand shrines of Buddhism, the younger generation of New Japan, like that of India, loudly proclaims itself agnostic, or avowedly atheistic. The national love of flowers is immortalized on a hundred golden screens; lilac coils of drooping wistaria cover cornice and gallery; rosy plum-blossom, sprinkled with snow, alternates with the double cherry of the later spring-time; and life-size trees of reddening peach or scarlet maple, painted on oval panels, are encircled with willow and bamboo, forming rustic frames. Cruel vengeance and savage torture were integral parts of Japanese warfare and conquest; but in the intervals of calm between the frequent storms, the relentless warrior mused beneath the blossoming boughs, composed poems in their praise, and when nightfall turned his fantastic garden into a dreamland of sable and silver, sought inspiration from "moon-gazing," as he mounted a heap of sand placed for this sentimental purpose on the brink of a miniature lake. Religious feeling results in unfamiliar forms of self-sacrifice, and long black ropes of human hair swing from temple rafters, one huge cable, two hundred and fifty feet long, having been given by four thousand women of the province too poor to make any other offering at the shrine of faith. The cost of the sacrifice can only be estimated by the fact

that the uncovered chevelure, always elaborately dressed, is the pride of Japanese womanhood; and a different style of coiffure marks each special epoch of existence, as child, maiden, wife, or widow. Though dire poverty may forbid many innocent vanities of happy girlhood, and life itself be supported on starvation rations, money must be found for the hairdresser to mould the black tresses into the semblance of polished marble, with the camellia oil which keeps in place each shining loop in this crown of glory.

Tea-houses and baths creep up to the temple grounds, and below the great Gion sanctuary a pleasure fair is in full swing, that the worshippers may intermingle earthly delights with spiritual experiences. Flowers, incense-sticks, candles, and images stand amid peepshows and merry-go-rounds, a quasi-religious aspect belonging to the rows of targets, formed by brightly colored figures of Daruma, a celebrated Buddhist anchorite, who sailed across from Korea on a floating rush-leaf, and sat in contemplation until his cramped legs fell off. Archery, always a favorite amusement in Japan, borrows double zest from this pious association, and shouts of applause greet a skillful marksman whose arrow has lodged in the mouth of the long-suffering Daruma who now plays the part of a Japanese St. Sebastian.

Through green thickets of bamboo and camellio roped with twisting wistaria boughs, up noble stairways, and along mossy terraces, bordered by woodlands with imperial tombs in their shade, we reach the red pagoda of Yasaka, the bronze bells green with the rust of a thousand years, and the silvery verdure of a giant wistaria climbing to the gray tiles of the mossy roof. The lower slope of the hill crowned by the Klomidzu temple contains the many-colored porcelain shops of Teapot-hill, the narrow streets crowded with

gaily-clad pilgrims chaffering at cheap stalls for yellow Buddhas, figures of Inari, the Rice Goddess with her guardian foxes, or of the divine Kwannon, the popular Goddess of Mercy in her varying personality as the Eleven-faced, the Horse-headed, or the Thousand-handed, for the Klomidzu temple enshrines one of the thirty-three miraculous Kwannons of Japan. Priests in huge straw hats hold alms-bowls at the gate, and sell the rosaries hung round their necks by hundreds. Weary pilgrims sustain their devotions by minute cups of green tea from the straw-thatched sheds erected in the temple grounds. Girls, in gray robes open to show soft pink folds round each brown neck, are casting pebbles at a gray shrine, but the sacrilege is only apparent, for each stone represents a prayer. Happy indeed is the worshipper whose steady aim lands a pebble on the mossy lap or folded arms of the battered Buddha, for the petition he retains must needs be answered. The booming of the gongs sounds a melodious accompaniment to the murmur of voices in the crowded temple, where blue clouds of incense veil the golden face of the colossal Kwannon above an altar two hundred feet long. Young men and maidens leave the gentle Goddess of Mercy to the devotions of their elders, and flock to a second temple, dedicated to Amida, God of Boundless Light, but containing the trellised shrine of a minor divinity who guards the interests of faithful lovers. Folded strips of paper, inscribed with private prayers, are tied to the bamboo lattice; but if these love-lorn petitions be handled by other fingers than those of the writer, the supplication remains unanswered, for love is the secret of life, and no profane touch must tarnish the purity of the priceless pearl. The poetic idea appeals to the popular heart in this land of imagery and symbolism, for

poetry is the one indissoluble link whereby an ethical truth binds itself to the soul of the Japanese.

The great bell of the grand Chion Temple tolls a diapason to the tremulous echoes of the silvery gongs, but the colossal sanctuary above the moss-covered embankments is deserted in the glory of declining day, as we wander through the dusky splendor of the golden interior. Great monasteries flank the outer courts of hoary temples, the High Priest of the Monto Order being the seventy-third of his race to occupy this exalted position, belonging to the highest grade of Japanese nobility. This branch of Buddhism discards the asceticism of the original creed, but spiritualizes the doctrine of transmigration, and regards Nirvana as a state of conscious peace rather than of annihilation. The temples of Kyoto are legion, and only a brief notice can be given of those to which some special interest is attached in this city of ancient faith.

Beyond the curiously shaped Spectacle Bridge over a broad lotus-pool, a stone monument covers a heap of salted human ears, cut off by the Samurai of the Shogun Hideyoshi in Korea, and brought to Japan as a trophy of victory. In one of the beautiful Otani temples priests are chanting alternately Japanese and Chinese lyrics of divine and heroic exploits. In another gold-screened chapel nuns in blue and white sit at the feet of a yellow-robed monk, who reads aloud the Buddhist scriptures. The gilded Buddha of the Daibutsu temple is rivalled by the thirty thousand brazen images of Kwannon in the vast galleries of San ju-San Jendo, for Kyoto, as the Mecca of Japan, offers an endless variety of sacred and historic memorials for the contemplation of the faithful. At the autumn rice-harvest the first-fruits of this national staff of life are offered to the gods, not only in

Shinto temples, but by the Emperor in his palace chapel, and by all his subjects, from the proudest prince to the poorest coolie, who casts his handful of hardly earned rice on the little ancestral altar of his humble home, beseeching Inari to accept and bless the gift she bestows. The great Shinto temple of Inari at Kyoto is the model of all other shrines dedicated to this popular divinity, for on this lonely hillside twelve hundred years ago Inari was supposed to manifest herself to mortals. A colossal red gateway and a flight of moss-grown steps lead to the main entrance flanked by the great stone foxes which guard every temple of Inari, and symbolize the goddess worshipped under their form. Japanese superstition regards the fox with abject terror; his craft and cunning are celebrated in legendary ballads, and a condition of mental disorder known as "possession by the fox," is a common belief, bringing crowds of devotees to Inari's temples, either to pray for the exorcism of the demoniac influence, or to avert the danger of falling under the dreadful spell. Dark curtains hang before the mysterious shrine of the goddess: wire cages cover granite foxes on tall columns, that no bird may rest upon their sacred forms; and the metal mirrors of Shinto magic adorn the pillared portico. At either end of the long verandah, we trace in the gilt Komaina and Ama-ima, with their blue and green names, the prototype of the familiar Lion and Unicorn, evidently derived from an unknown origin of fabulous antiquity. Numerous smaller shrines crown pine-clad knoll and mouldering terrace, approached by flights of steps hollowed by the age-long ascent of pilgrim processions. Four hundred scarlet gateways form long colonnades for the ceremonial circuit of the mountain hollows, where numerous fox-holes denote the boldly

presence of the sacred animals. Moss-grown boulders, inscribed with prayers and marked by little gates as dedicated to Inari, deprecate the mental and physical ills attributed to the power of the fox; but even on this demon-haunted hill a straw-thatched tea-house stands in close proximity to every shrine, and offers a feeble but welcome solace to the terror-stricken worshipper, who frequently paces the red colonnade all night long that some wandering fox may hear the chanted litany and whisper it in the ear of Inari.

On the night of a temple festival the streets of Kyoto are ablaze with colored lanterns; the sacred pony of the tutelary god is ridden by the Shinto High Priest; long banners, red, yellow, and green, wave in the wind as their bearers dance in wild gyrations, the bamboo poles tipped with sparkling brazen ornaments and swaying in rhythmic movement. Stacks of lighted lanterns bearing the temple crest, generally a flower in red or blue, are borne in the gay procession; every house is open, the paper screens drawn to show the lighted altar heaped with offerings of rice and flowers to the guardian god, a gilded figure, further adorned with the full dress insignia of scarlet bib or pink pinafore. Strips of paper inscribed with prayers flutter from tall staves, and every man, woman, or child in the street adds to the feast of color by a brilliant lantern held on a stick, a gaudy kite, or a flag with the red disc of the Rising Sun, or the Imperial Chrysanthemum, traced on the white or yellow surface. Guitars twang in every verandah, alternating with the long-necked lute, the barbaric music blending curiously with the joyous voices of the processional throngs. Masked dancers vary the performance; drums beat, and children, running in and out of the ceremonial procession with the liberty always accorded to them in Japan, supplement

the performances of the authorized drummers by vigorous blows from tiny fist, lantern-stick, or fir-bough plucked from the roadside. Little faces are hidden by grim masks of gods or monsters, with red silk manes streaming in the breeze, and boys, carrying green branches, wear the white fox-head, the long ears and sharp teeth peeping through the rustling leaves. Amid the fantastic absurdities of religious ceremonial a mystic suggestion of remote antiquity underlies external frivolity. Mirth sometimes merges into the fear which it strives to drown, for the gods are watching with their thousand eyes, and the garnered influences of uncounted centuries still bind the soul of the populace with heredity's eternal chains.

The gold and silver pavilions, known as Kinkakuji and Ginkakuji, on either side of the city, were quasi-monastic abodes of the early Shoguns, who frequently ended a stormy career in the religious life. Sometimes the fortunes of war deserted the luckless Tycoon, and he sought a refuge from the world, owing to straits of poverty, or personal unpopularity, which rendered the insecure position of a usurper practically untenable. The dynasty of the Ashikaga Shoguns, who built these pavilions, began in the fourth century and lasted for two hundred years. During this period the long War of the Chrysanthemums took place, and though the memory of the artistic Shogun who erected the golden pavilion is execrated on account of his paying tribute to China, it is immortalized by his palace on the lotus-lake of the garden which serves as a model for the artificial landscapes of Chinese origin reproduced by Japanese horticulture. Rock, stream, and stepping-stones, dwarfed fir-tree, fairy bridge, and miniature cascade, often form sketches of some extensive landscape well-known and easily recognized. A tiny

Fujiyama is a favorite object in this quaint gardening, with lakes, rivers, and pine-woods on doll's house scale, like a small etching of a colossal picture. Beautiful Kinkakuji, shadowed by an immemorial pine-tree clipped into the shape of a green junk in full sail, is, however, eclipsed by the greater charm of the smaller Ginkakuji, the silver pavilion of a later date.

On an afternoon of a mellow October we set forth by a beautiful country road skirting the wooded declivities of the northern hills. Temples and monasteries, approached by moss-grown steps, hide in the shadowy aisles of cryptomeria and camphor trees, ringed with the records of buried centuries scored on red boles of enormous girth and height. At the great Kurodani monastery yellow-robed Buddhist novices are playing lawn-tennis in a stone court, where a fountain spouts from a dragon's moss-lined jaws into a carved basin lined with dripping fronds of pale green fern. Black ilex and reddening maple vary the dark verdure of the fretted pines, and beyond the latticed screens of a lacquered temple a golden Buddha dreams among the shadows of his dusky shrine. Arching vistas of feathery bamboo, with yellow stems bending in the breeze, border the terraced rice-fields which extend to the gates of Ginkakuji, whither the æsthetic Shogun Yoshimasha retired after his abdication. This two-storeyed silver pavilion imitates the older Kinkakuji, but offers a more complete illustration of contemporary ideas. Sliding screens of black and white, painted by medieval artists, enclose the Shogun's private apartments, and three modern chambers reproduce a decayed suite of rooms formerly used for incense parties and for practice in the æsthetic art of "incense-sniffing." Cream-tinted paper screens faintly traced with shadowy plum-blossoms, surround the famous tea-

room, wherein the great Yoshimasha evolved the stilted observances of *cha-no-yu*, the ceremonial tea-drinking, probably devised as a means of keeping the peace between the Shogun and his vassals, the formularies of the entertainment requiring undivided attention and scrupulous exactitude. A life-like statue of Yoshimasha, in sacerdotal vestments, gains additional importance from the surrounding emptiness of rooms only furnished with delicately painted screens, hanging scrolls grotesque but priceless, and straw-colored mats of finest texture.

After all this sight-seeing an offer of "*O cha* (the honorable tea)" was most welcome, and we subsided on the soft mats while the old priest who inhabits Ginkakuji prepared the ceremonial beverage. Tea-box and bowl, spoon and whisk, kept in silken bags, are of simple form, but of priceless value from age and association. The powdered tea, like green gruel, is served in red lacquer cups and beaten up to foam with the bamboo whisk. Little cakes coated with white sugar are offered by a kneeling novice on a scarlet tray. The old Buddhist appears somewhat weary of his oft repeated task, and the ignorance of the heretics suggests an abbreviated version of the ceremony though every turn of wrist and finger is the result of profound study. An authorized number of bows and sips is enjoined on the recipient, but the inflated emptiness of the performance in the hands of this prosaic exponent lacks the living interest lent to it by the graceful geisha of the Kyoto tea-houses.

The blue waters of Lake Biwa, so called from a fanciful resemblance to the long-necked native guitar, were famous under another name, as suggesting those Eight Beauties of Omi, continually painted on screen, fan, and scroll. These pictures are known as the Autumn Moon, the Sunset Glow,

the Sailing Junks, the Monastery Bell, the Breezy Sky, the Rainy Twilight, the Evening Snow, and the Flight of Wild Geese. The conventional subjects are adaptations of eight Chinese landscapes, for Japan, though phenomenally quick to follow, derives rather than originates her pictorial ideas. The fascination of Kyoto grows as the varied skein of history disentangles itself, and the manifold associations assume due proportions in the artistic whole. Religion mingles itself so inextricably with the story of Japan, that no clear outline of the past can be traced until this fact is assimilated. No arbitrary distinction can be drawn between the sacred and secular interest of the eastern capital, for the palace becomes a temple, and the temple a palace, in that interchange of ideas inseparable from Japanese royalty and priesthood, an example of Church and State in uncompromising form.

The Nijo castle of the Shogun Jeyasu, a mass of beetling gables and blackened eaves, is internally resplendent with gorgeous coloring; forked boughs of life-sized pines painted on a golden background of glittering walls and alternating with bamboo or plum-blossoms, the emblems of long life, met the Shogun's eye on every side. Suites of gilded rooms with red-lacquered steps mark the exact gradations of a feudal household, and beyond the ancient stage for the semi-sacred No Dance stands the Chapel of the Magic Mirror, known as the Fearful Place, where ominous shadows from the unseen world thronged the brooding darkness. The trefoil crest of the Tūkogawas is everywhere replaced by the Imperial Chrysanthemum, but the splendid rooms with their treasures of carving and metal work remain substantially unchanged in this noble relic of the feudal past. The Mikado's palace covered thirty acres of ground, though the dwellings of the nobles,

and the massive exterior rampart of the sacred enclosure, have been removed. Four suburb gateways, their black gables brightened with gilded chrysanthemums, pierce the yellow walls of the spacious area still retained; the southern gate being reserved for the Emperor, in accordance with the Oriental idea of guarding him from the evil influences borne on the northeast wind. English experience testifies to the physical ills of the black northeaster, but to the Oriental the fierce blast is only the outward expression of demoniacal force. The palace suggests a Shinto temple, for the divine Mikado must needs be lodged like a god, under the deep thatch and rough woodwork which retained, in sweeping roof and upcurved eaves rising above the surrounding houses, the immemorial type of a Tartar encampment. These sweeping curves, originally suggested by the folds of Mongolian tents, recall a nomadic past beyond numerical testimony, when some ebbing of that Western wave which bore the tribes of Central Asia towards the setting sun floated the aboriginal settlers of Japan to the eastern sea encircling their future home. The hair-cloth tent of the past takes permanent form in hut, palace, or temple, and remains the ineradicable architectural design imprinted on the native mind.

A wild cherry-tree and a wild orange-tree, of fabulous age, flank the entrance, and represent two ancient ranks of Samurai, long since disbanded, but memorialized by the living effigy of each military crest. Elaborate symbolism marks every detail of the rambling edifice. Two tall bamboos, signifying two vanished kingdoms of China, grow outside the Pure and Cool Hall, traversed by a brook and dedicated to ancestral worship. Nothing is modernized in this palace of hoary memories, and the shadowy halls, with their red colonnades and sanded courts

teeming with religious associations and Chinese influences, seem like vistas of dreamland. The ancient throne in the Audience Hall is but a silken tent, the heavy folds with their crimson bordering carrying out the traditional idea conveyed by palace and temple. The hieroglyphics on sliding screens are the autograph verses of court poets, but the treasures of porcelain and lacquer were removed when Tokyo became the capital of the restored monarchy, and the innumerable buildings of the Imperial Spread-out-House, covering a larger area than many a Japanese village, are now only the glittering caskets of rifled jewels. The painted crapes and cut velvets of Kyoto are famed throughout the world, and an afternoon in the shops of brocade and embroidery is a valuable lesson in the arts derived from China, but improved upon until the pupil surpasses the teacher. A strange charm belongs to the porcelain factories, where dusky rooms glow with the rich hues of cloisonné Awata, or Satsuma, and the blue-robed showman, not content with exhibiting the finished work, leads the customer through quaint gardens of dwarfed pines, rocks, and streams to the little houses with paper screens and latticed verandahs, where each process of manufacture may be studied. The potter with his wheel, the clay-grinder, the glaze-maker, are visited in turn. A row of kilns shows the different stages of firing, and in an open pavilion the evening light falls on a group of painters engaged on the floral decoration of exquisite vases, while a girl in a purple robe crosses the flat stepping-stones of the rippling brook to take a basket of richly gilt cups to the burnishing house, where wet cornellians are used to give the final polish. Japanese communities retain much of the medieval character which rendered every city self-sufficing, and in the silk industry we may again watch the pro-

cess from the worm on the mulberry-leaf to the floral brocade of some gorgeous robe, or the embroidered hangings of a Buddhist shrine. Screens and fans, armor and temple paraphernalia, offer a rich choice, but the jeweller's art is almost unknown, for the wearing of precious stones was forbidden to the higher classes, and, until the Restoration converted Japan to Western usage, jewels were the insignia of infamy. That is all changed now, and the Japanese lady succumbs to the subtle seduction of the diamond as readily as her European sister.

Temple ornaments, armor, and banners frequently display the mysterious *manji* or *shastika*, that hooked cross of Indian Buddhism, chiselled on Chinese joss-house, Egyptian monument, Etruscan tomb, and Greek altar. The Japanese Samurai bore it on warfan and breastplate, entitling his sacred talisman the Sign of Life, and the Barbaric Norseman carved it on the prow of his ship as the Hammer of Thor. Medieval fancy painted it in missals, or embroidered it on vestments, and Christian thought recognizes in the mystic symbol a foreshadowing of the divine Cross which should save the world.

The pine-clad gorges of the Oigawa, with their foreground of rosy maples, frame a rushing river swollen by tributary streams as it dashes down a deep descent between islets and boulders, with foaming cascades marking the declivities of the rocky stairway. The slight peril of shooting these numerous rapids is counter-balanced by the excitement of the little experience on this ideal river of story and song, the theme of a hundred ballads belonging to feudal days, but still chanted to the music of the guitar in the historic tea-houses at the water's edge. The Uji tea-district, famous for Japan's prize-beverage known as Jewelled Dew, extends in green undulations between

Kyoto and Nara, the cradle of Japanese Buddhism and the capital of the Empire for seventy years, though the old Imperial city has decayed into a sleepy provincial town. Amid the forest shadows and ancient temples of Nara the romance of an older world finds an ideal resting-place. Antlered deer lie in the deep fern under the mighty trees or bound fearlessly forward with doe and fawn, leaning graceful heads against us to be caressed, for since the saintly founder of the first Nara temple in the seventh century rode through the forest on a deer, the sacred herd has been cherished for his sake. Dim avenues lined with moss-grown lanterns lead into the heart of the wood, the giant trees roped together with gnarled boughs of silver green wistaria, which climbs round the red boles of black cryptomeria, and hangs in thick wreaths from the lofty boughs. Buddhist and Shinto worship exist side by side in the dusky glades of Nara, and the Goddess of the Sun shares her honors with Kwannon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy.

The streets of Kyoto, full of light and laughter, awake us from the dreams fostered by the forest shades

of Nara. Many-colored paper lanterns on gable and lintel illuminate the narrow ways, guitars twang and street-hawkers utter barbaric cries. The ancient home of the arts, though deserted by the Government, retains the impression stamped upon it in the centuries of occupation by the rival courts of Shogun and Mikado. Descendants of old-world artists practise their hereditary calling in the abode of their forefathers; the grace of the Kyoto dance dates from the days when court performances kept up the standard, and the Kyoto Geisha School still gives the ideal training in dance and song, flower-arrangement, and tea-ceremonies. As we bid a regretful farewell to the kindly and polished denizens of the city said to contain the finest flower of the Yellow Race, the radical divergence of thought and idea convinces us that sympathy and interest fall to bridge the gulf between East and West, or to afford an adequate clue to the contradictory character, at once fantastic and frivolous, subtle and profound, which underlies the versatile charm and plastic genius of the Japanese people.

E. A. R.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LAST TREK.

[Lines written for the funeral progress of Paul Kruger through Cape Town, on the way to burial at Pretoria, December 16th, 1904.—The funeral of C. J. Rhodes passed through the same streets April 3rd, 1902.]

Who comes, to sob of slow-breathed guns borne past
In solemn pageant? This is he that threw
Challenge to England. From the veld he drew
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause, aghast,
Before the bastions vast
And infinite redoubts of the Karoo.

"Pass, friend!" who living were so stout a foe,
Unquelled, unwon, not uncommiserate!
The British sentry at Van Riebeck's gate

The Last Trek.

Salutes you, and as once three years ago
 The crowd moves hushed and slow,
 And silence holds the city desolate.

The long last trek begins. Now something thrills
 Our English hearts, that, unconfessed and dim,
 Drew Dutch hearts north, that April day, with him
 Whose grave is hewn in the eternal hills.
 The war of these two wills
 Was as the warring of the Anakim.

What might have been, had these two been at one?
 Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,
 Taught strength to mate with freedom and beget
 The true republic, nor, till sands had run,
 Gripped close as Bible and gun
 The keys of power, like some fond amulet?

He called to God for storm; and on his head—
 Alas! not his alone—the thunders fell.
 But not by his own text, who ill could spell,
 Nor in our shallow scales shall he be weighed,
 Whose dust, lapped round with lead,
 To shrill debate lies inaccessible.

Bred up to beard the lion, youth and man
 He towered the great chief of a little folk;
 Till, once, the scarred old hunter missed his stroke,
 And by the blue Mediterranean
 Pined for some brackish *pan*
 Far south, self-exiled, till the tired heart broke.

So ends the feud. Death gives for those cold lips
 Our password. Home, then! by the northward way
 He trod with heroes of the trek, when they
 On seas of desert launched their wagonships.
 The dream new worlds eclipse
 Yet shed a glory through their narrower day.

Bear home your dead; nor from our wreaths recoil,
 Sad Boers; like some rough foster-sire shall he
 Be honored by our sons, co-heirs made free
 Of Africa, like yours, by blood and toil,
 And proud that British soil,
 Which bore, received him back in obsequy.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.*

"Edward himself," writes Lady Burne-Jones at the beginning of her second volume, "questioned the possibility of writing the biography of any but men of action. 'You can tell the life of those who have fought and won and been beaten,' he said, 'because it is clear and definite—but what is there to say about a poet or an artist? I never want a life of any man whose work I know, for that is his day of judgment and that is his doom.' . . . Yet he realized in late years that some memorial of him would certainly be written, and even spoke to me once of the possibility of my doing it. The reason he gave for wishing this was uttered almost parenthetically—'For you know': and although he never returned to the subject again those words give me courage." Indeed there was abundant reason why a life of Burne-Jones should be written, and why some fuller record of his career and personality should be provided than is supplied by the sum, great as it is, of his paintings and drawings, his decorations and designs, and those admirable productions in stained glass which may very possibly outlive all the rest of his works. For, artist, as he was to the finger-tips, he was much more. On the one hand he was one of the few modern artists of whom it may be said that he had constructed for himself a clear and consistent philosophy of art and life; a philosophy to which he gave expression in numberless conversations and a multitude of letters. Again, he was a leading member of a small group of men who made a deep mark upon the thought and culture of their time; and everything that throws light upon their mutual relations is

* "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones." By G. B.-J. Two vols. Macmillan. 30s. net.

worth recording. Moreover, he was a personality at once impressive and fascinating, beloved and almost worshipped by many friends; and to tell the story of his life in the full and authentic manner in which it is here told is, as it were, to bring a new and a wider circle under the charm. Lady Burne-Jones's volumes, following so soon upon Mrs. Creighton's memoir of her husband, will once more bring forward the question whether those of a man's household are likely to prove his best biographers. There is no general answer to the question; each case must be judged on its merits. If a wife, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, contrives "to mix her colors with brains"; if her capacity of intellectual detachment is great enough to control her natural sympathy, she will make the best conceivable biographer, for, as Burne-Jones says, "*she knows*." This was Mrs. Creighton's case to a truly remarkable degree; it is Lady Burne-Jones's case also, though not quite so unreservedly. We could have done, perhaps, with somewhat fewer details of family life, and of such troubles as are the lot of every young household; but this is a small blemish which scarcely detracts from the many and great merits of the book, and which may be easily forgiven.

The early chapters, which show us the boy in his lonely home in Birmingham, at King Edward's School, and in his rare country holidays, tell a story that is new; but the account of his early manhood—his days at Oxford and the beginnings of his career as an artist in London—have to a certain extent been anticipated by the "*Life of William Morris*," which, as every one remembers, was written by Mr. J. W. Mackall, Burne-Jones's son-in-

law, and is largely the record of a life passed by the two friends in common. But the account of the boyhood will be fresh to every reader. From it we learn that Edward Coley Burne-Jones was born in 1833 at 11, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham; that his mother died when he was but six days old; that his father was an odd little man of Welsh descent, who never made a success of his business as carver and gilder, but who retained his son's affection to the end; that Edward from the beginning was shy, delicate in health, charming in disposition, and that very early he gave signs both of a devotion to drawing and of an unusual power of thought on subjects quite outside the realm of art. As with so many English families, religion and theology greatly occupied the mind of the circle in which he moved as a boy; and here we have two letters on these subjects at the age of 15, which show a quite extraordinary power. It is strange, indeed, to think of the painter of "The Briar Rose" giving the best of his mind in early days to an analysis of the chief Christian sects and to a discussion of "the five points of the doctrine of Calvinism" (so he spells the word); but in point of fact, as his best friends always recognized, Burne-Jones had from the beginning to the end a real interest in metaphysical questions and a thoroughly logical mind. Till the middle of his Oxford time this interest directed itself through orthodox channels towards the ministry of the Church of England, for which his father destined him; then, as readers of Morris's *Life* will remember, there came a sudden change. The old beliefs relaxed their hold; beauty became a passion, and to realize beauty through art came to be the object of both their lives. Newman had left Oxford some six years before Burne-Jones entered, but the great man's influence had touched him

when he was a lad at Birmingham, in the manner that he thus describes some thirty years later:—

When I was fifteen or sixteen he [Newman] taught me so much I do mind—things that will never be out of me. In an age of sofas and cushions he taught me to be indifferent to comfort, and in an age of materialism he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well in me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply and it has never failed me. So if this world cannot tempt me with money or luxury—and it can't—or anything it has in its trumpery treasure-house, it is most of all because he said it in a way that touched me, not scolding nor forbidding, nor much leading—walking with me a step in front. So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped, and who put all this world's life in one splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream.

That is one side of the picture; another is given in a rare extract from a letter to his father after three years of Oxford, after incessant meetings of "the sect," as they called themselves (Morris, Fulford, R. W. Dixon, &c.), and incessant readings of poetry, philosophy, and novels. The letter of 1854 sounds a new note, for in the interval there has come to the young man the revelation that is to make him the artist that we know:—

I have just come in from my terminal pilgrimage to Godstowe ruins and the burial place of Fair Rosamond. The day has gone down magnificently; all by the river's side I came back in a delirium of joy, the land was so enchanted with bright colors, blue and purple in the sky, shot over with a dust of golden shower, and in the water, a mirror'd counterpart, ruffled by a light west wind—and in my mind pictures of the old days, the abbey,

and long processions of the faithful, banners of the cross, copes and croziers, gay knights and ladies by the river bank, hawking-parties and all the pageantry of the golden age—it made me feel so wild and mad I had to throw stones into the water to break the dream. I never remember having such an unutterable ecstasy.

We need not dwell upon the well-known story, here told at length, of the sudden shock of delight with which he first saw some drawings of Rossetti, how he went to the Working Men's College to see the great man, was kindly noticed by him, invited to the studio at Blackfriars, and adopted, if not as a pupil, at least as a younger brother in art. There is already a too copious Rossetti literature, and the poet-painter's reputation bids fair to be overlaid by fraternal tributes. But the occasional pages in which his relations with Burne-Jones are here described are of the greatest interest, and throw more light upon Rossetti's real position as an artist and as the inspirer of artists than almost anything else that has been published. For some years their intercourse was constant, and the debt owed by the younger painter to the elder was great indeed. Then came the tragic death of Rossetti's wife and his gradual decline in health and energy, till, in 1871, Burne-Jones writes, "as for Gabriel, I have seen him but little, for he glooms much, and dulls himself and gets ill and better and is restless, and wants and wants, and I can't amuse him." By 1880 he writes again to the same correspondent, Mr. Norton—"One night lately I spent the evening with Rossetti . . . he has given it all up and will try no more, nor care much more how it all goes. It's nine years since he came to the Grange . . . four or five times a year I go to spend a ghostly evening with him and come back heavy-hearted always." But the old brilliant days

and the inspired and inspiring talk were never forgotten. Morris remained, of course, and up to the end they saw one another weekly, if not oftener; but Morris, though a devoted friend and a keen sympathizer, was not that perennial fount of ideas which, as all the evidence seems to show, Rossetti had been till his powers began to waste away. Moreover, Morris, in the last ten years of his life, came to be more and more possessed by the passion of a militant socialism; and Burne-Jones, though a Radical, a Parnellite and a Little Englander was no socialist so that there grew up what the book calls a "heart's division" on the subject between the two old friends. Small wonder if, with Rossetti dead, Morris partially estranged, and Ruskin no longer in possession of his marvellous powers, the Celtic melancholy of Burne-Jones grew upon him towards the end of his life, and if, in spite of those flashes of fun which continued to make intercourse with him so delightful, there was a prevailing note of sadness about his works and ways all through the later years.

This, however, is to anticipate matters, for we have said nothing of those happy years which are described in the last half of the first volume—the years of his long engagement with Georgiana Macdonald; his early married life, with its struggles and first triumphs; the settlement at the corner of Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, and afterwards in Great Russell-street; the time spent with the Morrises at the Red House in Kent; the days of designing for "the firm," then beginning to make its first successful inroad upon the domain of the Philistines in art; the friendships, like those with young Swinburne the poet, who was as yet keeping for his friends the poems which were soon to electrify the world; and, finally, that move to Kensington-

square which the writer marks, not without regret, as the end of their first youth and of their Bohemian days. "De Morgan," she says, "sighed for the old Great Russell-street evening, when our little Yorkshire maid came in and asked, 'As any of you gentlemen seen the key of the beer-barrel?'" One does not mentally associate the painter of "The Days of Creation" with beer-barrels; but none the less these records show that the second generation of pre-Raphaelite artists, for all their idealism, loved the happy freedom of the Bohemian life as well as any of their brethren in Montmartre or Chelsea. To a certain extent the move to Kensington-square meant a loss of freedom; and so, two years later (in 1867), did the final move to the delightful house in North End-road, Fulham (they now call it West Kensington), which to the end of Burne-Jones's life was his home, his workshop, a place of happy resort for a long succession of friends, and a place of pilgrimage for acquaintances and hero-worshippers. There is no need to follow the chronicle of the work done here during thirty years, in the house-studio or in the garden-studio which presently had to be built; nor, indeed, does the biography encourage such a method of examination, for it is avowedly "Memorials," and neither a history of his art nor a *catalogue raisonné*. Nor is it worth while to make more than a passing reference to the chief outward events in Burne-Jones's career; the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, when he, who had till then been called the artist of a coterie, suddenly came forward and captured a great public that was ready for him; his election as A.R.A. in 1885, his resignation eight years after, and the reasons of it (here indicated with sufficient point); the Graham sale in 1886, when for the first time it was proved that pictures by Burne-Jones were as

eagerly desired as pictures by Millais; and, finally, the exhibition of "The Briar Rose" series in Bond-street in 1890. These are historical facts, no doubt, but they are external to the real Burne-Jones, and it is not for them that one turns to such a biography as this. The special and, as may truly be said; the unique interest of the book lies in the letters and conversations, fragmentary at best, but all of them of the most self-revealing kind, which are to be found scattered up and down the volumes, especially during the later pages. The difficulty for the reviewer is to choose among them so as to illustrate the many sides of this rich nature—his passionate devotion to his art; his doubts whether the world would accept it or any other poetic revelation as a corrective to materialism, selfishness, and prose; the overflowing humor which made his letters, whether illustrated or not, a joy to those who received them; his fine taste in literature; his acuteness in philosophical discussion; and, not less than any of these, his devotion to his friends. Nowhere does one get nearer to the real man than in the remarkable specimen of the conversations which, towards the end of his life, he used to hold with one of the latest of his friends, Dr. Sebastian Evans, poet and journalist, with whom he had invented a method of what they call "talking after the manner of the ancients," which the biographer explains as "speaking to each other as clearly as possible on things close to their hearts." The quasi-Socratic dialogue given in Chapter XXV., and dating from Burne-Jones's sixtieth year, shows the man and his philosophy with perfect clearness, and here is the striking passage with which it concludes:—

What you have to do is to express yourself—utter yourself, turn out what is in you—on the side of beauty and right and truth, and, of course, you

can't turn out your best unless you know what your best is. . . . What I am driving at is this:—We are a living part, however small, of things as they are. If we believe that things as they are can be made better than they are, and in that faith set to work to help the betterment to the best of our ability, however limited, we are, and cannot help being, children of the Kingdom. If we disbelieve in the possibility of betterment, or don't try to help it forward, we are and cannot help being damned. It is the "things as they are" that is the touchstone—the trial—the Day of Judgment. "How do things as they are strike you?" The question is as bald as an egg, but it is the egg out of which blessedness or unblessedness is everlastingly being hatched for every living soul. Of course you can translate it into any religious language you please; Christian, Buddhist, Mahometan, or what not. "Have you faith?" I suppose means the same thing. Faith, not amount of achievement—which, at best, must be infinitesimally small—that is the great thing. Have *you* faith, my dear? Do you ever think of this poor old woman, our Mother, trudging on and on towards nothing and nowhere, and swear by all your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day, with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children that love her and she loves? I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters; they seem to me "Mother"—more nearly Mother than Mother Nature herself. To me, this weary, tolling, groaning world of

The London Times.

men and women is none other than Our Lady of the Sorrows. It lies on you and me and all the faithful to make her Our Lady of the Glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? Will she? She shall be, if your toil and mine, and the toil of a thousand ages of them that come after us can make her so!

This passage, perhaps better than any other, reveals the secret of Burne-Jones's inmost belief and the motive power of his painting. Its eloquence is striking; it shows that on occasion he could use words as effectively as he could use his brush. The time has not come to decide the question whether he succeeded, we will not say in carrying his beliefs into practice, but in leading mankind, or the better part of it, to see with his eyes and to feel as he felt. He himself, as we have seen, often experienced towards the end of his life the "sense of loneliness" which so often besets the serious artist. It is true that he founded no school and that the main current of art seems to be setting away from him. But man cannot live by realism alone, and—if we may adapt a phrase of Matthew Arnold—Burne-Jones and Watts, and the other poets of the brush, are sure of recognition because their influence will be kept alive by a force which does not fail—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

A LITTLE CHILD.

Our darling loved the meadows and the trees;
An alien in the stir, the noise, the press,
Great London jarred him; he was ill at ease
The city vexed his perfect gentleness.

So, loving him, we sent him from the town
To where the autumn leaves were falling brown,
And the November primrose, pale and dim,
In his own garden-plot delighted him.

There, like his flowers, he would strive and grow.
 We in our fondness thought. But God said: No,
 My way is best—to give him Paradise.
 Your way is loving, but not wholly wise;

Elizabeth Rachel Chapman.

SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

The husband had only just got into work again after three months without employment, and that was why they did without a doctor, depending only upon the assistance of a woman who had had much experience in that over-populated district. That, too, was why the mother tried to get about too soon, and, thanks to a premature morning at the wash-tub, was thrown back in her recovery for weeks. But the baby thrived, and in due season Mrs. Hawkins brought herself to be church-ed and her child to be christened, and so, without benefit of god-fathers, he received the name of Albert.

Albert's vocation for the next three and a-half years was to be in the way, and he discharged his responsibilities in this respect with a devotion which left nothing to the imagination. By this time, however, he was mature enough to sit on a doorstep, to play in the street without being run over, and to act as nurse to his little sister, whom he tried in vain to initiate into the mysteries of the changing fashions. Hoops, it is true, were a little beyond him; nor was he able to protect his property from the clutches of a monster of six from a neighboring district, who triumphantly trundled away Albert's hoop round one corner just ten seconds before Albert's father turned the other on his way home from the gasworks, whereupon Albert was chastised, which seems unfair; but he developed a fine taste in marbles, and

his grotto, made of mud, scallop-shells, bits of slate, faded flowers, and old tram-tickets, was a thing of beauty and a joy till kites came in again, and grottoes were forgotten.

Then scarlet-fever broke out, and there were two cases in the house next door. One of the children was detected by an eagle-eyed vestry official and promptly despatched to the fever hospital; but the other was secluded by his mother till peeling-time, when he resumed his play in the streets. Not unnaturally, Albert sickened shortly afterwards, and by the time that he had been fetched away in a queer four-wheeled cab with ground-glass windows, a nurse in attendance, and a driver wearing a hat embroidered with the initials M.A.B., his sister was ill too. Her illness did not last long, for a week later another queer vehicle drew up at the door, and, amid the sympathetic comments of a crowd of neighbors, her little body was drawn away to be laid to rest in a grave where twelve others already slept. Albert's parents could not afford a private grave.

Meanwhile, Albert, unconscious of the gap in the circle at home, was having a perfectly splendid time in the hospital. He was a bright little chap by nature, and, under the fostering influences of good nursing, wholesome feeding, and plenty of happiness, thrived as much in five weeks as he had thriven in five months at home.

Albert returned, and lonely enough

he found it. Loneliness resulted in bad behavior and the frequenting of unruly company, and it became clear that something must be done. "Why don't you send 'im to school?" asked a stout neighbor, mother of thirteen children, seven of whom were dead, as she discussed the matter with Albert's mother. "'E's too little," replied Mrs. Hawkins; "they won't take 'em at the Board School till they're four." "Oh, yus, they will," said the neighbor. "You go and see Mrs. Mackintosh: she'll put 'im with the bybies." Thus it came about that Albert first went unwillingly to school.

But after two or three days the unwillingness ceased, for school among the babies turned out to be organized play, with occasional romps. The teacher in charge of the tiny tots was an elderly woman, who in a motherly way taught her little charges how to behave, and laid the foundations of sound discipline with unvarying kindness. Morning by morning Albert was impatient to be gone as soon as ever his mother would take him; afternoon by afternoon he had heaps to tell her when she came to fetch him home. Wet days and Saturdays were sad times, and holidays seemed hideously long, but the return to school was always welcomed with uproarious joy.

So the swift months passed by, and the day when Albert was five took everybody by surprise. This birthday was marked by his promotion in school from being a baby to being an infant who learned real lessons, said "ullo!" with engaging confidence to all grown-up strangers whose business brought them within his school playground, and looked with a certain disdain upon babies who only played. Albert began to develop an ambition, which was to obtain an attendance medal. According to the custom of elementary schools every scholar who was neither late nor absent morning or afternoon for a

whole school year won a bright medal, which simple trophy was much coveted. "Please, teacher," said Albert during his second year with the infants, "how many more years shall I be at school?" The teacher gave the problem the consideration which it deserved, and returned the correct answer to the inquirer. "Then," said Albert emphatically, "I shall get nine medals." But he didn't. One year it was measles, another year it was mumps, a third year it was snowy weather and an absence of boots (his father being out of work), that dashed his hopes to the ground; and once he got safely to within three weeks of the end of the year when an unlucky piece of orange-peel sent him crawling home in bitter tears—tears that were shed more for the lost medal than for the pain in his ankle. Indeed, it was not until he was eleven, and fairly high up among the big boys, that Albert was called up before the School to have the shining thing pinned over his beating heart by the School Board member for the division in which the school was situated.

Life in the boys' division was sterner but more glorious than it had been among the infants. There were no women teachers here, but men, and over all the great head-master himself—Mr. Braid. Mr. Braid had been head-teacher of the boys' department ever since the school had been built, in what was then a rough neighborhood, three-and-twenty years before. Often enough opportunities had been his of taking charge of newer and more palatial schools, but he felt that his vocation lay in the place where he had worked so long, and remained at his post watching, with no pang of jealousy, the appointment of younger and less capable men to coveted positions. Perhaps he had his reward. Years before, shortly after he came, it had been his duty to give sharp punishment to

an ill-behaved youth. Next day a half-drunken gas stoker burst into the room, strode up to the head-teacher, and felled him to the ground. It was the culprit's father, who swore that no teacher should lay finger on son of his. Happily the other masters rushed to the rescue, and Mr. Braid escaped with his life and with a scar that he will carry to the grave. It was a crisis in the history of the school and of the district, and Mr. Braid proved equal to it. Instead of calling in the police, he went, as soon as he was well enough, to the man's house, found him sober and ashamed, and spoke to him as man to man. "I've got my duty to do," he said, in conclusion, "and I'll do it if I die for it; and, what is more, I look to you parents to help us teachers, not to make things harder for us." They shook hands at parting, and from that hour Mr. Braid had no firmer supporter than the man who had half killed him. No such incident would be possible now. Most of the younger men in the district have passed through his hands. The parents know that their lads are safe in his care. The managers of the school have implicit confidence in his judgment. The clergy consult him in their perplexities about Sunday-school and choir practice. Often you will see a tanned soldier or a nut-brown sailor making his way to the head-master's private room; it is one of his old pupils come to shake hands with Mr. Braid, and, perhaps, to become his disciple in harder questions than can be solved by the rule of three.

It was seldom enough that Albert came into official contact with the head-teacher, for most of the instruction was given by the assistant-masters; indeed, Albert could have wished that the occasions had been even less frequent. To tell the truth, Albert was approaching the awkward age, and the interviews took

place for the most part after school hours, and were painful to both parties. "I should be sorry to rule by means of the cane," said Mr. Braid once, "but I should be sorry, indeed, to have to rule without it," and a certain set of boys, of whom Albert was an admiring follower, gave the master ample opportunities of putting his theories into practice. But, in spite of these interludes, school-time was happy enough, and our young scapegrace learned many a thing which he was destined to forget as soon as school years were ended. Of these elementary arithmetic was not one; the lad kept his calculating powers bright by exercising them upon certain simple sums connected with the betting odds.

It was at this time of his life that Albert first made his real acquaintance with the country. Of course, he had spent various hours at the seaside and in Epping Forest on the occasion of Sunday-school treats, and he had once been by steamer to Hampton Court when the annual choir excursion took that direction, (shortly afterwards his brief career in the choir ended ingloriously owing to a rash indulgence in cigarettes in the vestry), but he had never spent a night out of London. One day in the late spring, however, Mr. Braid came into the class-room and said: "If any of you boys want to go into the country this summer by means of the Children's Country Holiday Fund you must give in your names before the end of next week." It suddenly occurred to Albert that he would like to go, and he easily succeeded in badgering his mother into giving the required permission and into putting by the necessary pence to pay the small sum required of him towards the expenses.

The eventful day of departure arrived, and Albert found himself with forty other youngsters in the school

playground. After a searching examination by the district nurse, which resulted in two unfortunates being detained to work out their destiny in measles at home instead of carrying destruction to the countryside, the whole crew were packed into a borrowed coal-van under the charge of one of the local committee, to be conveyed to the railway terminus three miles away. Each child had a large pink ticket of identification pinned on the breast, a bundle of some kind containing a more or less sufficient change of clothing, and a proper bag of provisions meant for the journey, but consumed before the school was out of sight; each was pale with the summer heat of London; each was wildly excited; and the unhappy gentleman sitting in the coal dust with his legs hanging over the tailboard had a singularly interesting time. But somehow or other they were all despatched safely by train, and the conductor made his way to the nearest "wash and brush up, 2d.," with a sense of relief in his heart and lifelong vows trembling upon his lips.

Albert's letters home during the succeeding fortnight were scanty and formal. They made no mention of the terrible day when the good farmer's wife with whom he was lodged was within an ace of sending him straight home; nor, indeed, did they tell of that adventurous sail across the duck-pond on a flimsy raft, which resulted in the complete ruin of the three pairs of trousers belonging to the three sailors; nor yet of the hasty visit of the doctor to deal with an anguish born of green apples. Something leaked out later concerning Albert's terror lest cows should bite; and the day when the pigs unlatched the gates of their styes and had to be caught and driven home by Albert (that was how he explained matters) is still remembered in the village. All that is

certain, however, is that when the too brief fortnight ended, and a fat red-cheeked Albert, many times too stout for his waistcoat, had to return, his hostess was in tears at the thought of separation, and sent him home laden with good things packed in a great big basket; and that thereafter kindly letters were exchanged between town and country; and that Christmas brought the twin brother of the August hamper.

The lad had to help to swell the family income before he left school for regular work. The number of his brothers and sisters had grown steadily, with the result that whereas Sunday saw a magnificent hot dinner, which usually lasted through most of the afternoon, and Monday and Tuesday were marked by the rapid disappearance of the remnants of Sunday's feast, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday were kept as days of abstinence. During the last half of the week the children's dinners consisted of a slice of bread and a farthing to buy sweets, the mother living on bread soaked in tea that her husband might have sustenance enough to keep him going at his heavy work. In the winter things were harder, and many a time did Albert go blue and hungry to school, till the family pride gave way and he was suffered to breakfast on the mug of cocoa and the hunk of bread which certain poor but charitable folk enabled the vicar to supply, morning by morning, to a hundred children.

Fortunately it happened that the local barber's business was growing, and, after a brief and businesslike conversation between the barber and Mr. Hawkins, Albert took up his duties out of school hours as lather-boy at the haircutting saloon. The busiest times were Saturday night and Sunday morning, when the little shop was packed with the men of the district, each of

them armed with a black clap pipe, a week's growth of beard, and a newspaper. In turn they dropped into the shaving-chairs and lay back luxuriously while Albert, whom they humorously designated "Young Sweeney Todd," lathered them in preparation for the barber's operations. It was a perfectly scientific instance, had they but known it, of economic division of labor.

Occasionally there was a press of business on the other days of the week, and on such days Albert was absent from school, while one of his brothers carried a note with a trumped-up and very transparent excuse to the head-master; but Mr. Braid knew his district, and a glance at the broken boots of the messenger told him all that he required to know of the real necessities of the case.

One day Albert came home with a queer feeling of mingled desolation and expectation; schooldays were done. His mind was running on a few words of excellent advice from his head-master, and he carried in his pocket a few lines of recommendation from the same friend, which enabled him to get a place with the news-agent in the main thoroughfare. He had entered, at fourteen, upon man's estate. Man's estate did not prove, in practice, to be singularly eventful. Work began at half-past six with selling the morning papers to workmen as they hurried to catch the early trains; it continued with sweeping out the shop and delivering more morning papers at the houses of a few resident subscribers; it ended whenever the last edition of the latest evening paper was got rid of. Albert was not sorry when he was old enough and big enough to get another place.

This time it was outdoor work. There were a few small factories in the neighborhood, one of which supplied a hungry world with pickles and the surrounding population with pun-

gent fumes. The company's goods were distributed by vans, and Albert entered the pickle business as a van-boy. His chief duties were to sit on the back of the van and perform extraordinary balancing feats in crowded traffic, to goad stout 'bus-drivers to madness with personal remarks, and, on pain of skilful lashes from his driver's whip, to unload the pickle-jars and deliver them at retail shops without undue delay or breakages.

The days were pleasant enough, for there was little actual work to be done, and Albert was perfectly happy when swaggering in his apron of sacking and learning his way about London. The evenings were the dull time. Work was generally over by six or seven, and when he had washed and had had his tea there were still three or four hours to be got through before bedtime. It was no good staying at home, for there was hardly room for a lad of sixteen in that place of washing and bed-going children. There remained only the street corners and the society of other youths of like age and in the same predicament. But street corners pall; when the betting calculations based upon the evening paper's recommendations are consummated in a slip of paper and a coin handed furtively to the bookmaker's tout as he strolls by, and when the same old conversation has been repeated for the fifteenth evening in succession, it only remains to attract the policeman's attention, with a view to hasty flight round two or three streets, and then the possibilities are exhausted.

Once or twice Albert sneaked into a cosy-looking, well-lighted publichouse, encouraging himself with the reflection that his money was as good as anybody else's, and that he had as much right there as anyone; but the first time that he tried the experiment the older men who frequented the place frowned him out—they wanted no

saucy boys there, and let him know it—and the second time funds were low, and it was conveyed to him that he could not expect to have the run of the place for unlimited hours on the strength of one glass of beer.

It was this monotony that led to the great expedition. "Look 'ere, you blokes," said one of the bigger lads one dismal evening "let's go to the fair." There was a permanent fair, held on an uncovered piece of ground in a neighboring parish a mile or two away, which was famous for the hideous noises of its roundabouts and the rowdiness of the youths who thronged it. "Don't forgit yer belts, lads, they might come in 'andy," chimed in another boy, and the party, fifteen strong, set off. The policeman at the corner eyed them as they passed; but it was no business of his, and he could do nothing but murmur, as he saw the direction which they took, "Gawd 'elp some one."

The fair proved to be amusing and lively. There were cocoanuts to be shied at, girls in twos and threes to be laughed at, (Albert was too bashful to take much part in this sport), bottles to be fired at. Presently Albert found himself with only two or three of his companions in a dark corner of the ground. Near him, lurking in the shadows, was another band, and he suddenly felt afraid. Half unconsciously he began to unbuckle his leather belt, then, looking round and finding himself deserted by his friends, turned to flee. It was too late. Strangers were all round, and before he knew what was happening the mob was upon him. "Come on, blue boys," yelled some hero; "there's only one of 'em; give 'im 'ell!" Albert aimed a wild blow with the buckle of his belt, and saw a line of red suddenly flare out on a white face. Next moment, with a skill born of experience, some one behind swung a more heavily

loaded belt and laid Albert's face open from temple to jawbone. With a shriek, offspring of terror and livid pain, the boy sank to the ground. Happily for him help was near. "Now then, move on there," said a gruff voice; and a huge policeman, who knew nothing as yet of what had happened, but guessed that the riotous amusement (of which he took Albert's yell to be a sign) might easily degenerate into trouble, came slowly up. "Edge on out of it," he added more sharply, as the mob drew closer together and his suspicions began to be roused. "You there, Mike, if you don't clear I'll soon put you where I can find you. . . ."

It was a bow drawn at a venture, for he could distinguish no face clearly; but there happened to be among the gang a sweet youth named Mike, whose conscience had reason enough to make a coward of him. With a cry of "Copper!" Mike took to his heels, followed by the rest, whose flight was assisted by one or two well-directed blows of the constable's heavy folded cape. "Nice lot," muttered the man as he turned; and in turning tripped over the prostrate Albert. "'Ullo!" he added, "what's up?" "My Gawd, my Gawd," was the moaning reply. The constable flashed his lantern on the mangled face, then, dropping on his knee beside the lad, lifted him gently up, and made a rough-and-ready bandage of his handkerchief to staunch the bleeding.

By this time a small crowd had collected, and somebody volunteered to help to carry Albert to the nearest doctor. When the red lamp was reached the doctor proved to be out, but his assistant was there, and hastily patched up the wound. "This is a hospital job," he said, forcing a reviving draught down his patient's throat. "Get him to James's as quick as ever you can. There are trains

every twenty minutes, and you'll just catch the next one. The station isn't three minutes away."

The next thing that Albert knew at all clearly was that some one was in pain—bad pain. It dawned on him that he was himself the sufferer, and he opened his eyes. He was in a narrow bed in a great strange room, his head swathed in bandages, and a nurse was standing by his side. "Don't move, eleven; keep quite still and don't try to talk," she said gently. Albert did not try to talk, but he tried to sit up, being in a state of bewilderment, only to sink back with a feeling as if a red-hot iron were being thrust through his face. Somebody tore the bedclothes from his chest, something like a needle stabbed his arm, and, with a blessed relief from agony, Albert sank again into unconsciousness.

The first tidings reached his anxious parents next day, when, on his looking at his evening paper, the father's eye was caught by frantic headlines, "*Hooligan Outrage*," followed by an animated but inaccurate account of what had happened.

Some days elapsed before Albert was sufficiently recovered to be able to take much interest in his surroundings. Then, one afternoon, the nurse approached his bed. "Here's a visitor to see you, eleven," she said; and added to the newcomer, "you must not stay long enough to tire him, please." Albert looked up inquiringly, for it was not visiting day. "Why, it's the new curick," he muttered half aloud. "That's right," said the visitor, "I'm the new curate, and I've been meaning to come and see you ever since I heard of your mishap. May I sit down?" He drew a chair to the bedside. "It's so hard to see some of you youngsters when you leave school," he proceeded; "you're at work all day, and you're out all night, and you don't come near

us on Sunday, so that it's only when you're ill that we ever come across you. How on earth did you get into this scrape, eh?" Albert had decided by this time that the curate was of a friendly disposition, and the two soon began to get on well together. Their first interview, however, was not of long duration, for the nurse began to hover ominously in the neighborhood, so that the clergyman hastily took his leave, promising to come again the following week.

Next week Albert was stronger; he was, indeed, allowed to sit up in bed, leaning against pillows, so that conversation could be carried on more comfortably. "What do you do with your spare time?" asked the visitor soon; "and how do you amuse yourself?" Albert described the street-corner evenings, modestly omitting all reference to the betting-slips. ". . . Sometimes we play mouthorgins till the copper moves us on; sometimes we go to the Branch and make a noise in the gallery; on Saturday afternoons we play football on the brickfields, only Jim Rivers always spoils it. 'E's a boxing man, you know, sir, an' thinks 'e can do what 'e likes, and there's none of us as can stand up to 'im except the Pigeon, and the Pigeon and 'im is pals." There was a pause. "Tell you what, sir," went on Albert, with sudden enthusiasm. "There was a waxwork show off the Bridge Road a few weeks back; my, it was class. There was a tabloo of the 'Unting Lyme murder. Oh, you ought to go an' see it! There was the gell with 'er throat cut from ear to ear, an' the bloke sneakin' off, and the keys what the tecs copped 'im by lyin' just as they dropped on the ground."

The curate shuddered, not seeming to relish the picture. "Why don't you come and join our club?" he said. "The vicar has asked me to start one, you know, for you lads; and you'll

find it far better than loafing round street corners."

"Oh, I don't want none of yer clubs," said Albert; "you get all the collar-an'-tie boys there, bible-class boys, an' all that. They don't want us, an' they'd get sniggerin' an' makin' remarks till some one got 'is 'ead broke."

"Not a bit of it; this new club is just for you lads—you and your friends. Tom McCarthy and Harry Franks and two or three more have promised to come. Won't you come too?"

"Oh, well, if Tom an' 'Arry are coming . . . I'll think about it," replied Albert; and the subject was dropped. Apparently he thought about it to good purpose, for the very night that he came out of the hospital, his head still in bandages, he presented himself shyly at the door, and, screwing up his courage, asked for the curate.

"Tell him to come in," said that gentleman loudly from within; and Albert entered.

About twenty lads, most of them smoking cheap cigarettes, were massed in a small room. It had at one time been a shop, and the old furnishings came in handy. The shelves, between which could be seen in places the vivid advertisements which ought to have saved the last proprietor from ruin, held a few books. The counter was used as a table for games and illustrated papers. From one of the hooks in the ceiling hung a heavy bag of sand, upon which Jim Rivers was giving a scientific display of punching. "'Ere, you 'ave a go," he said, taking off the dilapidated pair of gloves, which had protected his knuckles from the rough sacking, and giving them to a boy who was looking on open-eyed and open-mouthed. The boy hit hard, but stopped short after the first blow with a smothered oath. "Found it, did you?" said Rivers, with a grin. "I 'ad an idea there was a bit of brick

stuck in it, and I 'it 'igh, myself." It was no good for the youngster to protest; but a champion appeared in the person of the redoubtable Pigeon. The Pigeon, as was known to the initiated, was so called from his uncanny luck in betting on pigeon-flying, and was, if not so clever a boxer, a far more terrible fighter than Rivers. "Wot a blackguard you are, Jim," he said pleasantly; "you might 'urt some one badly with that fool's trick, and it might 'appen to be me."

Rivers shrugged his shoulders, and commenced to chew a fresh straw as Albert passed through the glass-windowed door at the back of the shop into the little room beyond, where the curate was playing cribbage. "Why, Albert!" said the clergyman, looking round, "how are you? Out of the hospital again? That's good. I've been round to your firm, and they've got a job open for you, so you needn't worry about that." He did not realize as yet that such a remark, made out loud in mixed company, was a breach of etiquette; but his good intentions were evident. All settled down to their games again. Albert recognized two or three intimates, and entered into eager talk with them about his troubles at the fair, and so slipped easily into club life.

For some time to come every evening found him waiting at the door for the club to open, and among the last to leave. The nights were cold, the club was cosy, not to say stuffy, and there was always a welcome there. One night his place was empty. Time passed by, and no Albert appeared. Late in the evening there was a timid knock at the door. "Please, sir, you're wanted," and the curate stepped out to find Mrs. Hawkins in tears upon the doorstep.

"Please, sir, they've locked up Elbert"—his father always called him just "Bert," but his mother thought it

more respectable to give him his full title of "Elbert"—"and 'e'll be charged to-morrow, and will you bail 'im out? Which 'e never done such a thing; it was all them boys as 'e gets mixed up along with; and if 'e'd only gambled inside the club like the rest of 'em, 'e'd 'ave been all right, but 'e wouldn't do that, not 'im. 'E 'as too much respects for you, sir. . . ."

It seemed, after patient investigation, that Albert had been caught red-handed playing nap under the street lamp. Consequently the club was closed early—it was not yet deemed safe to leave it alone and unattended to its own devices—and the curate hastened to the police-station, wondering uneasily as he went what might be the significance of Mrs. Hawkins's remark about "gambling inside the club like the rest of them."

Bailing out was simple, and Albert was presently set at liberty with strict injunctions to report himself next day at ten o'clock. The boy was very silent as the two walked homewards, but from the little that he said it was clear that he had no intention of denying his act. "Can I do anything for you?" said the clergyman. "No, sir; except if you'd come and speak for me," answered Albert as they parted.

Next morning the curate was early at the court. His principal impression was an overpowering one of carbolic acid. The court was like a small hall, with a raised platform at one end upon which the magistrate's desk and seat were placed. The floor of the court was divided into various panelled compartments for various officials. At one side, near the magistrate's seat, was the witness-box; facing it was a place for the clerk. The whole was a harmony in drab, the only relief in the color-scheme being afforded by the royal arms. In front of the bench was the dock, a railed gangway, and behind a barrier at the back of the

court was an open area for the interested public. Among these the curate took his place, but was soon spied by a policeman, who asked him, politely enough, if he had special business there. "One of my lads is in trouble," he replied, "and I have come to see if I can do anything for him." "You'd better come and sit down here, sir, out of the crowd," said the policeman, indicating a seat in one of the compartments, "and I'll see if I can get his case pushed forward."

He disappeared through one of the doors, and there was time to look round. Suddenly a door behind the magistrate's place was opened. "Silence in court!" said a majestic voice. Everybody rose, and the magistrate, an elderly gentleman with a shrewd, kindly face, stepped in, bowed, and took his seat.

A little time was spent in his giving advice to a number of women who came one by one to the front with whispered tales of trouble, and then began a long procession of prisoners, each bearing a strong resemblance to the rest. "Drunk and disorderly" was the charge in nearly every case. Some were men, some were women, some looked sullen, some looked bored, some argued a little, most pleaded guilty, some had many convictions against them, some only a few, some consequently got heavier sentences than others. It was all sordid and vicious, the only rays of humor coming from a witty cab-driver, who was in trouble for leaving his horse and cab unattended. At last Albert was ushered in, and took his place in the dock, looking wonderfully young and innocent after the long series of brutalized faces. His mother had evidently tidied him up, and he was wearing a decent collar and tie for the first time for years.

A policeman stepped into the box, kissed the Book with a smack, gave

his name and number to the clerk, and proceeded with his evidence in a monotonous sing-song voice which betrayed an indifference oddly out of keeping with the prisoner's miserable excitement.

"Have you any questions to ask the constable?" said the magistrate to Albert, when the evidence was closed; but the boy did not seem to hear. "Have you any questions to ask the constable?" echoed the burly warder standing at the end of the dock. "Guilty, please my lord, sir," said Albert, with a break in his voice.

The magistrate looked round the court with a slightly perplexed air, and the curate perceived that the moment for his intervention had come. He stepped forward with an effort, said, "I should like to speak on the prisoner's behalf if I may," and found himself in the witness-box without quite knowing how he got there. The magistrate's glance gave him courage, however, and he managed to put in a plea for leniency, promising that he would do his utmost to keep Albert out of mischief for the future. The magistrate leaned forward and gave the

boy some good advice, blended with sharp reproof; but it was evident that he was glad of an excuse for not convicting, and a few minutes later Albert and the curate were in the street together.

"You have been a young fool, Albert, and you have had a lesson. Take my advice, and drop gambling." But it was very hard to screw up a sermon to the still trembling lad; and they parted with mutual expressions of goodwill.

It was Sunday evening a few weeks later that the curate was walking wearily home after the end of the last service, when, as he made his way through the crowd in the great thoroughfare, he met Albert, whose arm was linked in the arm of a pleasant-faced girl. "Hullo!" said the curate to himself. "Albert walking out with Jessie? Well, she'll keep him straight if anybody can."

The curate had by this time experience enough to know that an influence had come into Albert's life, the ultimate issues of which no man could foresee.

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H. G. D. Latham.

MOZART AS A DRAMATIC COMPOSER.

I.

It has been claimed for Richard Strauss, that he is the one great successor of Richard Wagner; the revealer of new possibilities in the "Music of the Future," the finder of a way out of the *impasse* in which that great master left his disciples. The second Richard is, however, rather the supplanter than the follower of the first. His true descent is from Berlioz and Liszt, whose "symphonic poems" the

titanic music-drama of Wagner overshadowed in their life-time. But now their revenge is at hand. Music-drama is now, for the advanced critic, as dull as ditch-water, as commonplace as a symphony of Haydn, as obvious as Italian opera.

But even the symphonic poem, in which supreme form Berlioz and Liszt expressed the passion of the modern soul, must now, we are told, suffer change into something *supreme* still. Strauss has found the secret of

"realistic" art in music, adopting "a medium of expression into which the voice with its limiting associations does not enter." He represents a new movement towards naturalness. His genius is for the literary rather than for the architectural or sculptural. Even in his songs, "the magic and power come from the sense they give of absolute emotional veracity," and in them he attains "not the rapturous abandonment of poetry, but an eloquent, impassioned, heart-searching prose." But is Strauss the first composer who has found the narrow way of emotional veracity? There may be something fine and stern in this deliberate seeking first for truth of conception and sincerity of expression, and treating beauty as the final grace of truth. But to Mozart, as to Keats, beauty and truth were one. "Emotional veracity" led him instinctively to beauty of musical form.

Strauss, like Wagner, is, therefore, for his disciples, not primarily a musician but a philosopher. He has laid violent hands on Music to make her the Pythoness, not of Apollo and the Muses, but of some Polyphemus of "eloquent heart-searching prose," who finds in the modern orchestra "a pipe for his capacious mouth." He has freed himself from the illusions of romance, and he is elaborating a technique which rejects not merely the old "architectonic" forms, but all the old musical conventions in melody and harmony. He is an iconoclast who demands for discord equal rights with his sister, concord.

All this eager struggle to escape from the thralldom of the old musical forms, to evolve expressive rhythm from irregular accentuation, harmony from a basis of unfettered discord, is a perfectly logical development of certain tendencies in modern music. It corresponds to similar tendencies in modern French painting and sculpture. The

experiment Strauss is making was inevitable, and the sooner he accomplishes his work of destruction and reconstruction, the better. He can destroy nothing good, and anything he invents will extend the keyboard for the next romantic dreamer to make vocal with "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." Why should we quarrel about *realism* and *idealism*—vague, pedantic words to express that spiritual rotation of crops by which art gets the best harvest from the crude stuff of life supplied by nature? The artistic convention changes as man's imagination gains a new point of outlook, and demands a new method of recording its impressions—that is all.

But what has all this to do with Mozart? Simply that I wish to call attention to what may seem at present but a back-eddy in the onward current of musical development, but which may in time unite with and greatly modify the main stream. This back-eddy is caused by the decay of Wagnerism as a fashionable cult. Now that Wagner has taken his place among the immortals, it is possible even for his admirers to judge him more dispassionately, to recognize his limitations, and to acknowledge the merits not merely of Mozart, whom for a while he eclipsed, but of the old contrapuntal method of treating a dramatic subject musically upon the stage. Mozartian opera was not killed by Wagnerian music-drama, any more than that has been killed by the symphonic poem of the present day. *Die Entführung*, shelved for nearly a century, has recently been revived at the Grand Opera in Paris, side by side with *L'Etranger*, a music-drama of ultra modern type.

"Programme music" is not a new invention. It began with the tribal songs and dances, in which the words of the chant and the movements of the

dance gave more precise significance to the emotion excited by the music; and in more recent times every mass, every cantata, every opera, is a piece of programme music, in which the words explain the occasion of the emotion expressed in the music. Music is the most abstract of the arts in its material, and the most logical in the evolution of its forms. But it is also the art which most intimately reflects all the subtleties of human emotion; but so subtly that, even to those gifted with musical "ear," it seems to reflect them vaguely. The *nuance* of emotion may be caught, yet the actual occasion of it remains undetermined when the clue is not given by words or their equivalent. Hence, ever since instrumental music developed along its own lines, independently of the voice, in suite, sonata, symphony, there have been attempts to make this "absolute music" more intelligible—to give the hearer some more definite notion of what it was all about. The symphonic poem or "prose," is merely the latest fashion in programme music. The explanatory text has the merit of assisting the hearer, especially the unmusical hearer, to understand something of the emotional significance of the music, as the thematic index enables him to comprehend its structure. But the music itself remains absolute, whether thus explained or not.

Wagner, in his music-drama, revolutionized dramatic music by throwing the chief burden of expression on the orchestra, and making the vocal parts musically subordinate. It is, in form, as in subject, a very German equivalent for Greek drama, in which the chorus, represented by the orchestra, utters an endless stream of musical declamation, through which the Protagonists shout their explanatory rhetoric in grandiose recitative. There is no nimbleness of movement, no lightness of touch. The action moves

slowly as on buskins. It is really symbolic epic on the stage, and is more in the spirit of oratorio than of opera. The slowness of the action is not necessarily tedious, when the convention is frankly accepted. When not excessive, it gives a certain dignity to the situations.

Much of Wagner's music is hysterical in its piling of the agony, and hysteria is always self-conscious, self-explanatory—in a word, rhetorical. Hence that coarseness and want of subtlety of expression in portions of his work, however complex in scoring, as compared with that of the great masters of pure musical form. He was a man of his age, affected by that semi-mystical hysteria of the intellect so prevalent in the nineteenth century—that century of problems, sexual and social, always in search of some regenerating enthusiasm. But his greatness depends on the fact that he was a poet, and remains mysterious in spite of his self-analysis.

Now, I have no quarrel with either Wagnerian music-drama or with the symphonic poem, novel, or picture, with its explanatory text. But I venture to think that the reign of annotated symphony as the sole form in which musical salvation is to be found will be a short one; and that Strauss, who has been called the modern Bach, may prove to be the herald of a modern Mozart. He has, it is said, discovered that the true method of writing music is not *vertically*, by the piling up of column after column of harmony, but *horizontally*, by the setting of melody against melody. That is to say, he has rediscovered the backbone of music, counterpoint. If this be true, it marks a return to musical sanity, a point of pause in the plunge into the hysterical chaos of vague impressionism; he would seem to have his knife at the throat of the invertebrate music of the day. But to be a great contra-

puntist a man must be a great melodist, as Bach was, as Handel was, as Mozart was—as who is now?

Mozart was a born melodist, and the instinctive ease with which he thought and wrote in counterpoint enabled him to develop, from contemporary Italian opera, a form of music-drama more lyrical than that of Wagner, because primarily based on the human voice, and more capable of sane, vigorous, and various development, because it was not an abrupt departure from those old musical forms which modern impatience of restraint tends to destroy rather than develop. The genius of music has more in common with the genius of architecture than with that of painting; and the structural element, melody, is sacrificed to the color element, harmony, at the cost of the permanent vitality of the piece. Good melodic construction in music leads to economy of material and breadth of treatment in decorative details, just as good construction in architecture does; and construction in both arts should be stern, clear, and majestic, rather than licentious, vaguely complicated, and meretricious. Wagner's structural use of the *Leitmotif* was the saving grace of his scores—his equivalent for the old counterpoint. There is some evidence that a reaction from the hysterical, blatant, amorphous modern music which has almost destroyed purity of tone, expressive phrasing, and beauty of style in singing, and which bids fair to make the huge modern orchestra a madhouse of hideous noises; and a return to the saner methods of the older composers, may be expected before long. In all forms of art there come periods in which, after rapid development in one direction, there comes a pause, a looking back, a taking stock of results, a finding again of some strand lost or obscure for a time, but now felt to have gained a new importance in the great web of invention. If

music is to live another century, we must learn to temper our craving for flamboyant originality with reverence for the laws of composition and harmony gradually evolved by the older masters.

Now, Mozartian opera was the first beautiful flower of a form of music-drama capable of indefinite development, and applicable alike to tragedy and comedy; and there is no reason whatever that its seedlings should not grow and live side by side with the latest fashions in symphonic poetry or prose. It is only faddists who believe that the human voice is a despicable instrument for the expression of human emotion; that a "literary" symphony is a more satisfactory musical form than such an opera as *Don Giovanni* or *Fidelio*, or that picturesque realism is more "natural" than the older melodious reveries of absolute music, which are not clamorous with the sickly cry: "O, that I were understood!" but go on their way rejoicing or sorrowing, for those who have ears to hear.

II.

Mozart's reputation as a dramatic composer must chiefly rest upon his two great operas *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*, even though Beethoven hailed *Die Zauberflöte* as the first flower of true German opera; while Weber says that "in *Die Entführung*, Mozart had reached the full maturity of his powers as an artist, and that his further progress was only in knowledge of the world." But charming as this romantic opera is, it cannot be compared with his later works as an example of his mature dramatic power. It was written when he was about twenty-five; *Le Nozze* in 1786, when he was thirty; *Don Giovanni*, the next year; and four years later he was hastily thrown into his pauper's grave, the exact locality

of which has never been ascertained. In these last-mentioned operas, the subjects of which were chosen by himself, he at last not only found themes that gave full scope to his genius, but *libretti* that were good stage plays. It is strange how seldom composers realize the fact that, however good their music may be, it depends finally upon the *libretto* whether an opera will keep the stage or not. Mozart had already suffered at the hands of his "poets," but now he found in the Abbate Da Ponte a sympathetic collaborator, and anxiously superintended the production of the text himself. To Da Ponte the world owes a debt of gratitude for the rare excellence of his work. Goethe, in writing to Schiller, who hoped that opera might help to develop a nobler conception of tragedy, says: "Your hopes for the opera are richly fulfilled in *Don Juan*, but the work is completely isolated, and Mozart's death frustrates any prospect of his example being followed." Goethe had himself desired to see his *Faust* treated as an opera by Mozart.

Like Wagner, Mozart was an innovator in his day, but it was his fate to die in his adolescence, before he had time to develop that perfection of dramatic technique he attained in *Don Giovanni*. He was still hampered by certain mannerisms in the musical forms of his day, and by the demands of the singers for conventional passages of display. There are too many repetitions of words and musical phrases in his operas for our modern taste, although these are not necessarily vain repetitions. The same words frequently acquire a new emotional value from a variation in the setting, and the same musical phrase may sound pathetic in the mouth of one of the personages, full of mocking irony in that of another; the orchestra emphasizing the change of feeling.

But any slight blemishes a modern

critic may find in his scores are not due to a defect in his dramatic instinct, which is always sure, but are merely mannerisms of the period he had not yet outgrown. His merits have of late received but scanty recognition, for while Wagner was in the ascendant they were regarded as too obvious and commonplace for lofty forward-looking souls to concern themselves with. To understand and appreciate them we must accept the conventions under which he worked. These are much the same as those of the old Italian opera. He made frequent use of *recitativo secco*, an excellent form of passages of rapid explanatory dialogue; of *asides* and *soliloquies*; of the more emotional accompanied recitative for passages of an interjectional or transitory kind, leading to sustained lyrical outbursts in *aria*, *duet*, *quartette*, &c., and also of that very important and charming musical convention, in which a number of persons can speak at once upon the stage without becoming unintelligible, and not merely without offending the ear, but with a gift for it of fresh delight. This beautiful form which Wagner uses timidly and half-heartedly, Mozart revels in; and his concerted pieces are dramatic in a more subtle and intimate way than those of any other composer. Every strand of the harmony expresses not merely the emotion of the person who utters it, but his character as well. It is not merely a counterpoint of musical phrases, but a counterpoint of passion and character. He does not need the intellectual device of the *Leitmotif* to label a personage or symbolize an idea; he instinctively endows each of his characters with a rhythmical language that most delicately fits his personality, while it expresses the emotion of the moment. This should be the method of every dramatist. It is the method of Shakespeare, whose characterization greatly depends on subtle variations of rhythm

and phrasing in the verse. Coriolanus speaks a different musical language from that of Macbeth or Richard II.; Juliet from that of Imogen or Perdita. There is a similar difference between the music given to Don Juan, Don Ottavio, and Leporello, to Almaviva and Figaro, or to Donna Anna, Elvira, and Zerlina, the Countess and Susanna. It is manifest in their solos; it gives vitality to the concerted pieces in which they take part. Mozart is the one great composer whose characters live and move upon the stage with almost as vivid a personality as those of Shakespeare or Molière.

In some ways *Le Nozze* is even more wonderful than *Don Giovanni*. The plot is too complicated for opera, but it gave Mozart his first great opportunity of dealing with a number of characters in rapid motion. Situations which a less skilful contrapuntist would reject as too complex for musical treatment, he attacks with the ecstatic audacity and workmanlike craftsmanship of a Nelson. Let any number of persons come upon the stage, each with something different to say, and he will find them characteristic music to say it in; and yet, somehow, by what seems a divine accident, all these different strains blend in one tissue of satisfying harmony. The stage pictures change like dissolving views, but the composer is always equal to the occasion. And how briskly and well it all goes on the stage! The pedantic realist may tell us that "opera is a false form of art" that singing and acting interfere with each other. This is sophistry. Dramatic music provokes dramatic action, and the singer who can act is more at his ease on the stage than in the concert room. Some of the best acting I have ever seen has been in opera, and especially in Mozartian opera.

In his treatment of Beaumarchais's brilliant comedy of intrigue, Mozart

has raised the emotional plane of the situations, and created a poetic drama of rare beauty. The marriage of Figaro in his hands becomes a type of the triumph of love over sordid intrigue; and when in the end the evil designs of the Court are frustrated, and he appears as the dupe of his own mean suspicions and jealousies, and is at last made to feel a touch of honest shame, the *finale* takes the shape of a hymn to love and joy, in which all the voices blend lyrically in one harmony of forgiveness and reconciliation.

But up to this point, how the music grips each dramatic situation, and vivifies each character! The gentle Countess lives in her two solos *Porgi amor!* and *Dove Sono*, and no less vividly in the concerted pieces, as in that phrase on "*Ah, la cieca gelosia!*" in her duet with the Count, when in search of Cherubino, he is about to break into her dressing-room—lives with that sweet and pure life with which Mozart, not Beaumarchais, has endowed her. And in Cherubino he has created a new and charming ideal of boyish romance. He is the embodied spirit of a boy's first passion; and in his two airs with their lovely accompaniments Mozart has probably expressed his own first love for the unresponsive Aloysia Weber. Susanna is the most complex character in the piece, and every phase of her personality—her ready wit, her quiet humor, her self-respect, her flashing scorn, her commonsense, which sees clearly where Figaro's knavery is at fault, her fidelity to this smart fellow, whom she loves with all her heart, with a secret rapture that she pours forth in her one lovely solo in the garden-scene—finds expression in turn in the music of her part. As for Figaro himself, he pervades the opera with his light-hearted self-confidence and brisk good humor. The idle self-indulgent Count, who "gave himself the trouble of being born,"

and lives in his aristocratic glass-house—"throwing stones like an ostrich with his head in the sand," as Mrs. Malaprop might say—is but his nimble valet's foil. There is a fine absence of humor in his music, for he takes himself seriously. Even the minor personages are distinctly drawn: Basilio's cynical character is epitomized in that one phrase, "*Costi fan tutte le belle, non c'è alcuna novità*," in the armchair trio, while the young girl Barberina, whose very innocence makes her the *enfant terrible* of the plotters, is admirably sketched in her one little air, as she mourns over the lost needle that plays an important part in the *dénouement*.

Much of the charm of *Le Nozze* is due to the fine humor quietly smiling in the music: a humor genial and kindly, Italian rather than German, in its easy briskness and lightness of touch; but with a tender, sympathetic quality raising it to an emotional plane far above the coarser fun of *opera buffa*. In spite of its complexity of dramatic counterpoint, the score is simplicity itself in the harmonies used. A modern Academy student would be ashamed to use such a profusion of the commonest of common chords in such an "obvious" manner. This tonic and dominant business, this keeping to the key and its nearest relation bar after bar, is quite childish and commonplace to the ambitious young composer who fancies himself in the van of progress. But by no means so obvious is the felicity with which Mozart uses these chords, the value of which he knew much better than the modern men know the value of their discords and clever modulations. By them he obtains that splendid sonority, that broad magnificence of rich and changing color, that mystery of light and shade so characteristic of his work, and only to be obtained by that dexterous weaving together of gracious melodies in which he excelled. There is a stately

reticent eighteenth-century quality in his music, a sane and self-respecting enjoyment of life, of which we seem to have lost the secret. Its very rhetoric is fused in poetry, as in the best passages of Shakespeare. He never tears a passion to tatters, as Wagner often does. He sings first for himself, like a bird in his closet of green boughs; and if he dreams of an audience it is of that "fit audience, though few," of sympathetic spirits, who alone can overhear and appreciate him; while Wagner seems to strive and cry like a prophet with a message to a forward generation. There is an enormous waste of force, as of material, in modern music, which is a spendthrift living on its capital, that it may make a great show of wealth before the world. Mozart husbands his resources like a man who has inherited a great estate, yet can live in noble style well within his income. He makes his old-world harmony a more exquisite instrument of expression than the modern composer finds in his polychromatic scoring, because his harmonic coloring is made significant by the melodic pattern, and the simplest discords are made poignant by the instinctive skill with which they are used. Yet he can be daringly inventive when the emotion demands something strange and unexpected; and he never fumbles, never wastes a phrase or a chord, but in one swift flash of intuition the right form of expression is found, and each detail placed in due relation to the whole.

III.

The atmosphere of *Don Giovanni* is very different from that of *Le Nozze*. With a few bright intervals, the air is sultry and thunderous from the first scene, in which the deep note of tragedy is sounded, to the end; and in the orchestra, which is handled with

consummate power as an instrument of dramatic expression, there is mysteriously conveyed a haunting sense of fate. It is as if, even in the most mirthful scenes, the spirit of the Commendatore was present, waiting for vengeance on his murderer. The musical color is deeper, richer, and more sombre than in *Le Nozze*. The personages seem to move magnificently in the mellow and glowing light of a picture of Titian.

The handling of the eight persons of the drama, five men and three women, is most masterly. They live in the music with an immortal life. Don Juan himself is not a melodramatic monster, but a man whose fate excites the tragic pity and terror. He moves before us with the quiet arrogance of a dominant nature, the lithe grace of a predatory animal. He is a cynical voluptuary, yet with a fiery energy underlying his joy of life. He has the courage of his vices, and there is a Pagan grandeur in his stoical pride when he stands face to face with horror in the statue-scene. He is a man of the Renaissance, with that Bacchic frenzy of animal spirits which surges in the swift and strongly accentuated rhythm of his "*Finch 'han dal vino*." He is capable of better things, but content to be a brilliant master of the art of amusing himself in petty adventures. He can unbend without loss of dignity, and meet any *contretemps* with a smile, because he is secure in his power of seduction. His facile and persuasive love-making owes its fascination to the fact that he plays the lover so well that he almost deceives himself. He has the art of the unabashed adventurer who manages to preserve the sympathy and admiration of his victims. Don Ottavio is a man of a different type, an indolent man, a romantic dreamer, with a chivalrous euphuistic love for Donna Anna, rather than a profound passion. His sym-

pathy with her is of a polite, conventional, not very intelligent kind. The tragic death of her father rudely breaks his dream, and he is only goaded into such action as he takes by her ardent appeals, to which he responds with cooling tenderness. There is a delicious languor in his two solos, "*Dalla sua pace*," and "*Il mio tesoro*," in which he daintily caresses his emotion. Leporello is drawn with a breadth and raciness of humor only equalled by Cervantes in his Sancho Panza. Folly, knavery, a frank, abashless poltroonery, and a spice of sly drollery, for each of which, alone or in combination, we love him, make up his delightful personality, perfectly portrayed in the music assigned to him. Masetto never oversteps the limitations of his nature; his simplicity, his gullibility, his self-importance, his rustic love and jealousy, are all felt and graphically sketched in. His air of jealous rage, "*Ho capito, signor sì!*" with its gusty bursts of vituperation of Zerlina, is a rare little bit of characterization.

The three women are drawn by Mozart, as he draws all his women, with fine insight, and there is a perfect dramatic unity in the music given to each. In Donna Anna we have the Spanish patrician lady, gentle and retiring until roused by passion. Then she is all on fire to avenge the death of her father. Her love for Ottavio brings out the gentler side of her character. She has constantly to spur him to action, yet she never loses faith in him. Haughty as she is, and capable of taking her own part on occasion, she is tender and almost submissive to him, yet firm where her own sense of right is in question. Few things, even in Mozart's music, are more true in delicate pathos than the recitative and air "*Non mi dir*," in which she repudiates Ottavio's conventional charge of cruelty when she has

refused to marry him until her father is avenged. She is hurt by his want of feeling for the strange horror of her situation, and for the purity of her motives; but her love remains deep and trustful as ever, and the music follows every change of emotion indicated by her words. Donna Elvira is a woman without the elevation of character that makes a heroine. Her wrongs have made her shrewish, as her air on first coming on the stage plainly shows. She regards herself as Don Juan's lawful wife, whether the marriage contract be valid in law or not. Her sharp tongue is his scourge, and she is always spoiling his schemes. Yet she loves the man who has deserted her, with a bitter and relentless love, does her best to save him from the consequence of his crimes, is ready to forgive him at the first hint of returning affection, and she is true to him to the last. Here, again, the music is the garment of emotion revealing her character. Zerlina is—no one but Zerlina, the most fascinating of village coquettes. There she lives and breathes in the innocent gaiety of the music that dances with her as she comes dancing on to the stage; in the reluctant yielding of "*La ci darem*"; in the coaxing rogulshness of "*Batti batti*"; in the anxious timidity of the short duet with Don Juan, when he has pounced upon her just before the ballroom-scene; in the comforting motherliness of "*Vedrai, carimo*."

This is Mozart's greatest opera, not merely in its purely dramatic qualities, but in the solemn grandeur of its general effect, the pervading richness of tone in which all the varying scenes of tragic horror, pathos, bright comedy, and racy humor, are blended into one great harmony of impression. It satisfies the imagination, as some finely-conceived building satisfies the eye by the simple dignity of its main lines when seen at a distance, and as you

approach reveals new beauties of construction and decoration—each detail exquisite in itself, and so perfectly adapted to its place that the whole fabric seems to have sprung up like a flower, without hesitation and without fault. Mozart's work has the inevitableness of the works of genius, which, like the works of nature, grow by some inward logic of vital law.

The simple and strongly-marked rhythm of Leporello's opening air awakes expectation. Something ominous already seems to underlie the timorous lantern-bearer's comic ill-humor. What produces this feeling? He has begun the opera in the key of F, the key in which in the last scene he announces the arrival of the Statue to supper; and in the accompaniment to this first air the *forte* of the orchestra on the last note of each phrase of the first part anticipates the Statue's loud knocking at the door, which is emphasized by exactly the same notes with almost the same instrumentation. The tragedy follows upon this with startling rapidity. The short struggle between Don Juan and Donna Anna, the ensuing duel, at first contemptuously refused, then accepted, with cold-blooded ferocity by Don Juan; the grim trio of male voices expressing the gasping agony of the old man, the cynical coolness of his slayer, and the horror of Leporello, are all most dramatically handled; and who but Mozart could crowd so much tragic passion into so short a time? Yet he misses nothing—all is intense, direct, and expressed with perfect simplicity. Then follows Donna Anna's recitative, so full of poignant pathos, when she finds her father slain, precluding her duet with Ottavio, "*Fuggi, crudele, fuggi!*" in which she first thrusts her lover away, then asks his pardon, then turns with an agonized cry to look for her father's body, then calls on him to avenge the murder, which he swears to

do in sentimental fashion—by her eyes! Every phase of each speaker's emotion is expressed in turn with felicitous ease by the music, in this as in every subsequent scene. Mozart's method is of course quite obvious and obsolete: common chords, counterpoint, and little else, except genius. 'Tis as easy as lying.

To attempt any detailed study of Mozart's scoring, to show by examples with what economy of means he produces his effects, would need musical type, and Gounod has already made such a study in his little book on *Don Giovanni*, especially pointing out his masterly use of the different instruments in running commentary on the vocal parts. In his analysis of the instrumentation of Leporello's air in the catalogue-scene, for instance, he notes the cynical remarks of the hautboys and bassoon, and "the fresh and youthful laughter of the flute" at the words, "*Pur che porti la gonnella, voi sapete quel che fa,*" as the perfection of musical comedy. "Observe," he says, "the treatment of the orchestra here, with its exact balance between what is necessary and what is sufficient, fulfilling its true mission, that of participation, not self-assertion."

But this fine balance between voice and orchestra and reserve of force, is found all through this great opera, in the stately succession of its vivid scenes one of the noblest poetic dramas in existence. I cannot now dwell upon the remainder of the first act, which contains so many beautiful things, such as the masked trio, with its lovely accompaniment of wind instruments alone, one of Mozart's divinest inspirations. The last scene in the ballroom, with a crowded stage, and a fine dramatic situation, is treated with easy mastery and perfect lucidity. It culminates in the spiritual thunder and lightning of the "*Trema, Trema!*" perhaps the finest finale for intensity of

passion and magnificence of musical sound ever written.

The second act opens with the twilight of Don Juan's last day on earth growing pale over the plaza, where Donna Elvira's house stands. Of the trio, "*Ah, taci ingiusto core!*" Gounod says: "I do not think there exists any piece of music more perfect than this." It has the rich sensuous beauty of a nocturne, and with its bewitching accompaniment seems to breathe the passion of a southern night, though Don Juan's seductive pleading is but a ruse. For mingled pathos and humor this scene is exquisite. In the scene beginning with Elvira's *arietta*, "*Solo, solo, in bujo loco,*" we are plunged into the darkness of night, the orchestra groping with Leporello as he seeks some way of escape. In his master's disguise, he becomes the terrified hero of the ensuing sextett, and his pleading for mercy when, threatened with death, he reveals himself, is a delightful piece of comedy. But in the churchyard scene the comedy is thrilled with tragic horror, when Don Juan's cynical jesting is cut short by the marble voice of the Statue: "*Di rider finirai pria dell'aurora!*" accompanied by the wind band and double basses, now first reinforced by three trombones. In this well-imagined scene a new note of grotesque horror is struck in Leporello's trembling address to the Statue, and his gasping mimicry of its nod in answer to his invitation to supper. Don Juan reiterates the invitation, and the Man of Stone replies in a single long-drawn note of acceptance, accompanied by the horns.

The final scene is magnificent from first to last. It is a supreme instance of the tremendous power of emotional expression music can give to words, when handled by a composer of genius. In the brilliant opening the note of fate is conspicuous by its absence. All is careless revelry, and even Leporello

enjoys the music of the band, and his maccaroni, until Elvira enters with a sudden outburst of appeal. Her pathetic earnestness; Don Juan's light badinage, ending with a mocking drinking-song, "*Vivan le feminine!*" when she begs him to reform; and Leporello's pity for the woman whose love finds no response in her husband's "heart of stone," give rise to a most animated piece of dramatic music, leading up to her terrified flight, followed by the guests and musicians; and the impenitent sinner is left to meet his fate.

From this point to the end there is a *crescendo* of horror, at first grotesque in the abject terror of Leporello, but changing in character when the Statue is ushered in by its undaunted host. As it enters, a cold and gruesome supernatural twilight seems to emanate from it, gradually surrounding Don Juan and isolating him from Leporello, his last link with the world of men. Mozart has invented for this terrible guest a grave and awe-inspiring language, aloof in chilling calm from the language of men. Its first speech is emphasized by short blasts from the trombones at intervals of a bar; it has come to keep its tryst. Don Juan, still defiant, orders Leporello to fetch new dishes. But in the next solemn utterance of the Statue, "*Non si pasce di cibo mortale,*" the horror of its presence is spiritualized with a more mysterious awe. It has come not as a ghost demanding vengeance, but as the messenger of Heaven; and at the words, "*Altre cure più grave di queste,*" &c., the orchestra breaks into what Gounod calls "those affrighting scales, ascending and descending." Then follows a duel, spirit against spirit, between the man and the divine messenger, who in turn invites his host to sup with him; and here there is a new and sinister progression of harmonies in full chords. Don Juan proudly accepts, and gives his hand in pledge.

Then, though he feels an icy cold clutching his heart, he desperately refuses the reiterated demand that he shall repent. His fierce pride, his gasping agony, and the majestic indignation of the Statue are marvellously expressed; and the stormy agitation of the orchestra with its alternate *fortes* and *pianos*, ending in sobbing *sforzandos* enforces the ghastly climax. There is something almost fatuous in the doomed man's last weird *allegro*, when the Statue sinks, and he is surrounded by demons. His pride has collapsed, like the devil whom Dante saw fall "like a sail when the mast is broken," at the rebuke of the angel; but there is one grimly pathetic touch, not noted by Gounod, in his repetition of a phrase which occurs in Elvira's air, overheard by him, as she comes upon the stage in the first act. In this phrase she speaks of the man whom she has loved to her shame, and who has broken faith with her: it is now used by Don Juan to express his torture and madness when seized by the horrors of hell.

Mozart's power of dealing with all kinds of situations on the stage, simple or complicated, is largely due to the fact that he was a great contrapuntist. To any musician all the action of his operas is as clear and intelligible as one of those delightful seventeenth-century pieces for "a chest of viols," which Mr. Dolmetsch has made familiar to those who care for such dainty things, so beautiful in their perfect craftsmanship that in hearing them you feel that in their best work these old masters of counterpoint have never been surpassed and rarely equalled. To any one who holds, as I do, that Mozart, not Wagner, should be the model for future dramatic composers, and that he is now about to enter upon a new phase of influence, it was a pleasant sign of the times that when *Don Giovanni* was last per-

formed in London, very inadequate as that performance was, it was received with enthusiasm by the audience; and even the critics have rediscovered the fact that the personages live upon the stage in music perennially fresh in its sincerity of emotion and beauty of form.¹

The Fortnightly Review.

John Todhunter.

WAYFARERS.

Across the moorlands and the open wind-swept spaces
And country commons unenclosed,
Past field and farm, hedgerow and fruitful orchard places,
The quiet lanes ran by,
And the great roads,
Wherefrom the wanderer's eye,
Made free of beauty, roams in ecstasy
O'er sea and sky to clear delight composed.

Smile the near woodlands, all their starry heart revealing,
And far-seen, through the chance hedge-gap,
Hill-gleams of shimmering blue, mysterious depths concealing;
Or where calm valleys break
The windy ridge,
Lo! each a golden lake,
Ripens the treasure that by toil men take
From earth's ungiving, unwithholding lap.

Stir of the woods, airs of the moorlands still untaken
By man's indomitable toil,
Breathe the breath of the wild in the ordered fields, and waken
In hearts that understand
Life to be lived;
And on the ancient land
Joy as of endless morning lays her hand,
And youth undying springs from this dear soil.

Ways ever open, ever free for such communion,
With what despair your pilgrim sees
Where man has wrought and Nature joined in loveliest union,
Upraised a stubborn wall;
Knows parked and pent
Beyond his utmost call
Things best beloved; only where trees are tall
May guess the flower-starred depths, the freshening breeze.

Comrades and lovers! O beloved on my life's wayfaring!
Your hearts are what the woodlands show:
Your love the airs that from the mountains breathe, repairing

¹ Since this paper was written Dr. Richter, in his production of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze" at Covent Garden, has shown his most

earnest desire to interpret the dramatic intention of the composer in every detail of the music.

The labor and the stress,
The road's fatigue;
Draw near again to bless,
Though jealous walls, the woodland past, oppress,
And bar your access to the way I go.

I hear you, though the appointed barrier stands unbroken
That bids us leave a world unsaid;
Clear call, I hear you—watchword cried afar for token
That parted ways shall spell
Meeting at last,
The heart its burden tell.
O comrades, forward! On the open fell
No wall debars; the road is free to tread.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Leonard Huxley.

THE PEASANT CASTE IN RUSSIA.

Among the scenes of weird symbolism which have made Ibsen great in his generation, one of the most striking is the nightmare of a struggle between Peer Gynt and his past, the nebulous "Böjgen," in which all the weaknesses, vices, and crimes of former life have accumulated to a gigantic might. It seems almost as if the Russian people were, even now, engaged in such a momentous struggle. The ways to greatness and prosperity are blocked by the accursed inheritance of past ages; and it will require all the strength of a gifted and enduring nation to get rid of the nightmare, and to rise once more to hopeful and productive activity. One of the means of salvation is the clear consciousness of peril. The symptoms and causes of decay must be discovered and denounced on every occasion; and it is the painful duty of Russian patriots to tell the truth loudly at home and abroad, whenever there is a chance of obtaining a hearing. In ordinary circumstances, one feels inclined to keep silence as to the shortcomings of one's own people, espe-

cially in conversation with strangers. But the present state of affairs in Russia is not an ordinary one. Her deformities have become a household word everywhere; and they are magnified to downright hideousness by the hypocrisy of her would-be advocates, who pretend not to notice them. It is not the aggression of foreigners which constitutes the real danger for the progress and existence of Russia: she need not stand in fear of anybody but herself. The efforts of her friends must be directed against her own suicidal policy.

Happily, there are many signs to show that public opinion in Russia is quite alive to the magnitude of the questions at issue, and to the right course to be pursued by the nation. True that the Government is still bent on a policy which involves the weeding-out of the best men of the country, the destruction of independent political ideals, and the spread of hatred and civil strife, as a means of strengthening the Empire. But, though the ghosts of historical despotism are still

powerful in Governmental palaces and offices, everywhere around people rise in rebellion against their sway.

A striking instance of the conflict between deep-rooted administrative habits and public opinion is afforded by recent developments in the treatment of the greatest problem of the day—the “peasant question”—on the right solution of which depends the fate of four-fifths of the population of the Empire, the solidity of the mainstay of its power. There can be no doubt that “something is rotten in the State of Denmark” in this respect, even in the eyes of the official world. As far back as in 1872, a Commission was formed, under the presidency of Valuyeff, to inquire into the state of agriculture and of the rural class. In 1883, another Commission, with State-Secretary Kachanoff in the chair, investigated the administrative institutions by which the peasants were ruled. In 1894, the Ministry of the Interior examined the legal condition of the peasantry by the help of special inquests in the provinces. At the same time, the Ministry of Agriculture collected materials on the economic condition of the rural population from provincial *Zemstvos*—the County Councils of the Empire. Since then, the “decay of the centre” has been under discussion, both in the Press and in Government Boards; the Minister of Finance has warned the Council of State, in a special memoir, that the paying strength of the nation is strained to the utmost; the Controller-General has expressed an unfavorable opinion on the economic condition of the Empire, in a Report on the revenue and expenditure of the State; and, quite recently, in 1902, a “Special Consultation” was opened, under the presidency of M. de Witte, to inquire into the needs of rural husbandry and the way to meet them. This last body addressed itself for information to “Local Consultations” summoned in the

districts and in the provinces of the Empire, and has collected materials, printed for private circulation in fifty-eight volumes. These “Consultations” have produced a considerable stir in society, and called forth a whole crop of literary productions to summarize and vulgarize their results. I will just mention the best of these summaries—a collection of essays on the *Needs of Village Life*, written by distinguished lawyers and literary men.

No wonder so much attention should be given to such subjects. All these discussions are prompted, not merely by the wish to improve the existing state of things, but by material distress of the most uncontestable and appalling kind. Even those citizens of the West who are most ignorant as to Russian affairs have read in the papers of famines, such as are, happily, unknown in their own countries, but visit Russia from year to year, and of agrarian riots, for the like of which one has to turn to the history of the sixteenth century in Western Europe. Those who are a little more conversant with the facts of the case, are well able to substantiate these general observations by many characteristic details. They know that a famine apart from the havoc it occasions in the economic and sanitary condition of broad tracts, may come to cost the Empire 179 million roubles in subsidies in a single year; that, in order to collect the 2,000,000,000 roubles of a Budget inflated by huge military expenditure, strategic railways, etc., the State has to strain the resources of its subjects to such an extent that in many places, in spite of all pressure, some 150–200 per cent. of the tax is reckoned as arrears; that the twenty years from 1880 to 1900, which witnessed a tremendous increase of Governmental revenue, are also marked by a constant decrease in the welfare of the people—such a decrease, indeed, that, *e.g.*, in one of the most

favorably situated provinces (Pultava) about 30 per cent. of the peasant holdings are left without horses or cattle, and about 20 per cent. are possessed only of one head per household. This looks very much like consuming capital, instead of drawing revenue from income; and we are told, over and over again, that the peasants in various provinces are paying in taxes a good deal more than their land is able to give them, and that they do not always succeed in squaring accounts by the help of additional work in factories, in town callings, as agricultural laborers, and the like. Altogether, the fact of the gradual decay of the peasant class in the greater part of Russia is established by testimony coming from all sides. There is difference of opinion, not as to the fact itself, but only as to its causes. In the eyes of some few representatives of the so-called Conservative Party, the root of the matter consists in the lack of discipline, the sloth, the predatory habits of the peasantry. The villagers are depicted as savages and animals; and a return to the "useful features" of serfdom is recommended as a cure against these evils. It is curious that those very people, who treat 80 per cent. of their nation with such unmitigated contempt, when they speak of them as laboring "hands," are generally very loud in declamations about the might and virtues of the Russian nation, when it has to play the part of a bugbear to foreigners. On reflection, it is not difficult to reconcile these seemingly contradictory feelings; a herd of cattle may excite the enthusiastic boasts of its driver, who would be much astonished and incensed, nevertheless, if the meek beasts claimed anything like independence and consideration. Still, even from the point of view of the cattle-driver, it ought to be remembered, that "you do not trammel a horse, if you want it to run."

The number of cattle-drivers is not great, and their opinions would not carry any weight, if, unhappily, the Government had not been apt to take its inspiration from them. The first fruit of the renewed interest in the condition of the peasantry in the 'eighties was, not the endorsement of the recommendations of the liberal majority of the Kachanoff Commission, but the Law of 1889 substituting for the Justices of the Peace the Land-Captains (*Zemski natschalniki*), with discretionary powers, the reform of the Provincial Councils on the basis of a class system which thrusts the interests and opinions of the peasantry entirely into the background, etc. Even when the hard facts of the case had convinced the most obtuse bureaucrats that something had to be done, the usual expedient of a series of Commissions and "Consultations," with pompous starts and infinitesimal results, was resorted to, as if the only object was to let all the energy of reformers "run out into sand," according to the well-known German saying. In the "Consultations" initiated by M. de Witte, good care was taken to gag the experts, in such a manner that their voices should not swell to an outcry. Not the regular Councils of Districts and Provinces were asked, but specially packed inquests, in which the Land-Captains, the Revenue Inspectors, and other officials, obtained more than their fair share of a hearing; the Presidents were entrusted with wide powers to stop unwelcome discussions; and the Ministry of the Interior even went the length of exiling two of the experts called up to offer their candid advice to the Government.

And still, in spite of such unmistakable symptoms of the official temper, notwithstanding all the pressure brought to bear on provincial society, the answers of the local bodies have been, on the whole, remarkable for

their boldness and unanimity. It is especially to the District Consultations that we have to look for the expression of public opinion; the Provinces were too much under the thumb of their Governors to speak with freedom, although even there many cases of outspoken and determined opposition occurred, as, for example, in Moscow, Tambov, Voronezh, Tshernigoff, &c. It would be impossible in a short paper to give an adequate idea of the District Reports; but I should like to call attention to the treatment of at least one momentous question, on the right solution of which a good deal will depend in the future. I mean, no less a question than the legal status of the Russian peasantry as a class.

"One of the chief causes of the decay of rural economy is to be found in the uncertainty of property and social relations. This uncertainty is called forth by the incompleteness of the enactments in regard to rural population, and even more by the fact, that these enactments are insufficient to guarantee a firm rule of law. The incompleteness and the defects of the statutes cannot be amended by special alterations, but require the solution of questions of general principle; and from such a solution all further law-making must proceed." These words are quoted from a Report presented by M. de Witte in 1899.

The corner-stone of the peasant problem in Russia seems to be the fact that the peasants, who form four-fifths of the population of the Empire, were only partially emancipated in 1861; they were freed from personal dependence on the Squires, but, in the eye of the law, they remain members of a servile caste, severed from the rest of society by humiliating disabilities and peculiar institutions.

The stamp of a debased condition is

clearly seen in the difficulties attending the passage from the peasant class to other orders of society. It is only by renouncing his share in the land of a village community, without compensation, that a peasant is enabled to emigrate, to become a Government official, or a trader. If the son of a peasant achieves success in a liberal profession, or in trade, if he gets the diploma of a university, or the standing of an "honorary citizen," he is bound to leave his order. "Such rules are the outcome of a view according to which the fact of belonging to the peasant class is considered debasing: a peasant is unworthy to take a place among those who stand on the lowest rung of the bureaucratic ladder, or who are preparing themselves to ascend it." (Report of eighteen members of the Moscow Consultation.) "Is it not inconsequent to complain that the milk is thin, when the cream has been skimmed?" (Eletz District Report.) We shall not wonder that the limits of the class are so sharply determined, when we come to consider the legal conditions laid down for the peasantry.

The legal reform of 1864 abolished corporal punishment in the practice of ordinary tribunals; and the Council of State fully realized that "corporal punishments are distinctly injurious, because they are an obstacle to the spread of humanity among the people, and to a heightened sense of honor and duty, which form a better safeguard against crime than stringent measures of criminal law." Flogging is, however, still employed in the case of obdurate convicts, and in the case of peasants. The latter may be sentenced to corporal punishment by their special officials and courts.¹

Other citizens are supposed to be protected in their personal freedom, unless they are put into prison or exiled

¹ The special liability of peasants to suffer corporal punishment has been at length abolished

on the occasion of the christening of the newborn Csesarevitch. Better late than never!

for considerations of State. The uncertainty of personal condition is even greater in the case of peasants; the village community has the right to send any one of its members to Siberia without trial, merely as a vicious and harmful individual.

In ordinary cases of breach of contract, the party who does not keep the agreement is liable to be sued for damages; but, if it is a case of peasant laborers throwing up their work, they are prosecuted and punished as criminal offenders. The usual distinctions between law and morality, crime and vice, are recognized in a general way by Russian law; but not in the case of peasants. The providential ruler of the village, the Land-Captain, has to look after the morals of his flock, and may send to prison people whose conduct he disapproves, as spendthrifts or drunkards.

The civil laws of the Empire do not apply to the dealings of the peasant class. Not only is the village community, the famous *mir*, a peculiar institution, which treats property in land from a point of view directly opposed to the rules prevailing among other classes. There are quite a number of other characteristic peculiarities of peasant law. Suppose, as it often happens, a man wants to leave his home and to look out for occupation abroad, as a factory workman, a servant, and the like, he will have to obtain the consent of the head of his household—his father or elder brother; and he may be thwarted by their refusal. Even if their consent is forthcoming, a second ordeal has to be gone through in the shape of a permission from the *mir*; and this can be obtained only if the petitioner is found to have acquitted himself fully in regard to taxes. If all this does not amount to servile ascription to the tenement, it is, at any rate, very like it; and the District Consultations enter energetic protests against

the survivals of serfdom—survivals, it may be added, which have been rendered especially galling by an enactment passed in 1894.

The head of the household plays such a prominent part in this business, because another Law (of March 18, 1886) has taken undivided households under its special protection. When the owner of a share in the village dies, his family remains by right undivided, and has to go on with the common management of family property. If the co-heirs find that such an arrangement works badly, and wish to separate, they have to go through the arduous process of obtaining leave from the *mir*, and a confirmation of this licence from the Land-Captain. The fiscal point of view is quite apparent again, only those being permitted to separate who have paid off all the taxes. This legislative attempt to stop the course of divisions is, however, unnatural to such a degree, that, in spite of the statutes, the household groups do get broken up by mutual agreement; but these separations, though extremely numerous, are extra-legal, and the divided households have still to hold together in the eye of the law and of the tax-collector.

That the village community itself is very much treated as a means for enforcing fiscal claims and a subject of tutelage, is apparent from the Provisions of 1893 (June 8 and December 19) against the frequent recurrence of re-divisions of the arable, and the alienation of holdings by sale. A provident Administration takes care that the peasants should not weaken their rural economy by frequent divisions and sales. A period of twelve years has been fixed as appropriate for re-divisions all over the Empire; and the Land-Captain has to watch over their regularity and fairness. The same Land-Captain controls the *mir* in its dealings with single householders, and is bound to prevent the alienation of hold-

ings to strangers. It is hardly needful to add, that wholesale emigration is forbidden, unless it can be shown that the old community has given its consent, and that no arrears are charged against the would-be emigrants. But, in spite of this restriction, crowds of people are constantly leaving their old homes in despair, and trending their weary way to the East, in search of fields where they hope to be less harassed by natural difficulties and Governmental requirements.

As the Common Law regulating the relations of other classes does not apply to the peasants in their dealings between themselves, a special body of law and special legal and administrative institutions have to be found for them. The peasants are supposed to be ruled by local custom, as mediæval villains were ruled by the custom of the manor. The task of formulating and applying these customs is entrusted to the *volosts*, local divisions usually composed of several villages, and numbering from 300 to 2,000 members. The *volost* bears the stamp of the low caste in its organization. It includes merely the peasant population; and persons belonging to other classes stand outside its jurisdiction when they dwell within its territory. From an administrative point of view, the *volost* is less a unit of local government than an instrument employed by State officials of all kinds for the transmission of their orders and requirements; the headman of the *volost* and his subordinates, the *tythingmen*, are constantly engaged in collecting taxes, superintending the mending of roads, providing horses and carts for Government officials, assisting the police and the Justices in their investigations as to criminals, &c. And these headmen playing the part of constables are not only sent about on all sorts of business by the Government, they are treated in the most high-handed way by their

superiors. No wonder that, notwithstanding some remuneration, it is by no means considered a privilege to be appointed headman. Well-to-do and influential individuals are loth to accept the office; and it devolves, naturally, on men of humble disposition and low character. In the absence of real leaders, the moving spirit of the *volost* is generally found in the person of the clerk, in most cases a half-educated, corrupt, pettifogging official, who is well able to avail himself of his scanty knowledge of law, on the principle that, among the blind, the one-eyed takes the lead.

The standing of the judges of the *volost* is not higher than that of the headman; a popular saying comparing them to wooden stumps. Between the intellectual superiority of the clerk and the official supervision of the Land-Captain, there is not much room left for wisdom and dignity in the administration of rural law. Everything is confusion and contradiction in the local customs, as laid down by the judges of the *volost*; in one case they recognize one rule for dividing goods among heirs, and in another case they set up another; in some localities they admit testamentary dispositions, and in neighboring places they do not admit them. It is all very well to talk of the development of vernacular customs, suggested by the requirements of life and shaped by the common-sense of the people; as a matter of fact, it is impossible to shut up the life of the peasantry in an air-tight compartment—or to prevent all kinds of influences from obtaining access to it; and, in reality, the so-called customary law of the peasant is permeated by fragments of Imperial statutory law, and by distorted principles of general jurisprudence. To make confusion still greater, it has not been thought necessary to lay down any definite rules of procedure for the present courts. One

may fancy what curious conceptions as to evidence crop up under the circumstances. It has happened that the litigants in a case of disputed possession were directed by the court to prove their claims by single combat, and that, one of the parties having refused to have recourse to this form of trial, decision was given against him. Appeals from these illiterate tribunals are to be lodged, not, in the ordinary way, before higher courts of justice, but before District Sessions, in which the administrative elements predominate and trained jurists are in a helpless minority.

The disorder and ignorance of village courts, and the primitive conditions of communal husbandry, are supposed to be counteracted by an administrative providence embodied in the person of the Land-Captain. This official was put in the place of the Justice of the Peace in 1889, with the avowed object of dispensing with ordinary rules of law and justice. He is a representative of discretionary power in local administration, and, as such, he exerts his interference in all the affairs of the villagers, has supervision over all the decisions of rural meetings and *volost* courts, practically nominates the *volost* clerks, drives all village elections according to his wishes, acts as a magistrate in subordinate civil and criminal cases, &c.

One of the most striking expressions of the arbitrary rule of this local potentate is his power to inflict punishment without trial on all peasants within his jurisdiction (the famous section 61 of the Law of 12 June, 1889). He is to judge for himself whether it is lawful for him to make use of this discretionary power; and there is no appeal from his decision. The practice of this incredible rule is in keeping with its theory. It has happened in the province of Nijni Novgorod that a Land-Captain has sent to prison an

entire village meeting, composed of several hundred persons, because they were remiss in paying a rate which had been imposed by this very Land-Captain. Again, another Land-Captain of the same province enforced the execution of a decision of his which had been repealed by the District Sessions, by merely declaring the case to be an administrative and not a judicial one.

In fact, the cry for social order which called forth the institution of Land-Captains has had the curious effect of entrusting the care of land to a power which is constantly breaking the law. No wonder the peasants do not believe any more in the existence of such a thing as law. "Law is like a shaft," says their proverb; "it goes where you push it." "If one speaks to a peasant about law," remarks a former Land-Captain, "he will reply: 'You can do everything.'" What ideas and feelings crop up on this soil of lawlessness and ignorance may be gathered from the following occurrence. In a case of "resistance to authority," tried in Voronesh, the witnesses explained to the court why the accused villagers thought that a piece of land belonged to them and not to the Squire. They were convinced that the estate in question could not have been granted by Emperor Paul to Count Besborodko, because, in their opinion, public domains cannot be made the subject of grants: there had been only a grant of superiority, with a right to rule the inhabitants "in the same way as we have been granted to the Land-Captains." The "darkness" in the minds of the peasants, and the lawlessness of their life, account unquestionably for a good deal in the agrarian upheavals which of late have become of every-day occurrence in Russia.

Professor Kusmin-Karavayeff has stated the net result of these facts in the following words: "The local representatives called up to work in the Dis-

strict Consultations have spoken loudly and definitely on the causes of the helplessness of the village. These causes must be sought deep. It is not a case of ploughs, three-field shifting, broken ground and sand, not a case of railway tariffs and insufficient influx of money, not even a case of want of land and of communal ownership.

. . . *The peasant is a thing.* Ages of serfdom have accustomed us to look on him in this way, and have taught him to think of himself in the same manner. For ages he has been an object in the hands of the Squire, an object, bereft of rights, of property, of self-providence, of the necessity to look ahead instead of following the passing day. The Manifesto of February 19 declared him to be a man, and thereby gave him the chance of becoming a man. But, in order to become a man in reality, many other things were wanted. It was necessary that the former slaveholder should recognize the personality of the peasant, and that the latter should be conscious of rights and duties. The absence of such a consciousness in the peasant is the real need of rural husbandry."

Or, as peasants themselves express it, the "chief cause and fault consists in the fact that we are always under guardianship. . . . What sort of people are we? We are deemed husbandmen as to our land, but we are unable to dispose of ourselves. It is the same in our courts; we know little

The Independent Review.

of the law, and dare not speak; we stand in awe of the Land-Captains."

It is difficult to believe, though it is a fact, that in official circles projects of strengthening the laws as to the "separate condition" of the peasantry are still openly hatched. But the voices of local men from all parts of Russia join in demanding for the long-enduring peasant equality of rights, real self-government, and education. These claims are self-evident for Europeans; and the characteristic feature about contemporary Russia is, that such things have to be discussed and urged. Sometimes natural considerations dawn on the minds of the officials themselves, as, for instance, when the majority of the 1884 Commission expressed its opinion that "the introduction of the Land-Captains would lead to such a *régime* of discretion in the country that nothing would be left for people but to fly from it, not to speak of the condition in which the peasantry would be placed." But the Imperial Government thought it best to avail itself of the period of political appeasement which followed the terroristic onslaught, by strengthening the principles of social inequality and arbitrary rule. The results are well known, one of them being the creation of "rightless individuals and lawless crowds." It is to be hoped that the very excess of misery of madness will at length open the eyes, even of those who do not want to see.

P. Vinogradoff.

IN THE THROES OF COMPOSITION.

That the work of composing is not affected by time, or place, or circumstance was one of Dr. Johnson's dogmatic assertions. He snorted scornfully at Boswell's contention that the

weather has an irresistible influence upon the mind, especially in the case of writers of weak frames and fine sensibilities. "A man," said he, "can write just as well at one time as at another,

if he will only set his mind to it." "To temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence," he writes in one of his *Idler* papers. "He that shall resolutely excite his faculties, or exert his virtues, will soon make himself superior to the seasons, and may set at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp, the blasts of the east and the clouds of the south."

Johnson had a robust common sense and a penetrating understanding which enabled him usually to get at the right in an argument. But the spirit of contradiction or sophistry occasionally took possession of him, and when in the mood of contrariness he would bring all the powers of his mind to the support of a contention which he knew in his heart to be wrong; so that, as Boswell says, it is not easy to arrive at his real opinion on subjects unconnected with the great truths of religion and morality, on which alone he was always serious and consistent. His contention that the mind of a writer is ever in working order, that composition is merely a matter of sitting down at a table, pen in hand, with paper and ink, and writing one's thoughts, is sadly contradicted by the history of literary achievement. Is it not the common experience of all who write, to find themselves at times in so barren a condition of mind that it is with pain they can think of something to say on the subject with which they propose to deal, and that when the laggard thought is at last forthcoming, to give form and harmony to the sentence in which they endeavor to body it forth on paper is a work of irritating labor? The powers of speculation and invention lie dormant. The lamp of imagination has burned out. The brain is dull and heavy, and seems absolutely incapable of originating a thought. Language is halting and commonplace. There is no "go" in the sentences; they positively

refuse to march. The very pen, whose touch in the moment of inspiration is thrilling seems weighted with lead.

Owen Meredith sings:

Talk not of genius baffled; genius is
master of man;
Genius does what it must, and talent
does what it can.

The genius who is a writer will, it is true, eventually deliver himself somehow of his message to mankind, no matter what difficulties may be in the way; but it is an exaggeration to say that even he is master of time and place and circumstance. Take Carlyle, who as a writer was a genius if ever there was one. In time he succeeded in sending his message forth in thirty-four volumes. What a prodigious amount of work! Yet composition seems to have been a torture to him. In 1824, in the very glamor of the beginning of his literary career, he said: "Certainly no one wrote with such tremendous difficulty as I do," and he added wistfully, "shall I ever write with ease?" The effort of writing was always laborious to him. He wrote, as his brother John so well expresses it, "with his heart's blood"; and as Froude adds, "in a state of fevered tension." In his "Journal" he thus soliloquizes after he had completed "The French Revolution" in 1837:

I have felt in a general way as if I should like never to write any line more in the world. Literature! Oh, Literature! Oh, that Literature had never been devised! Then, perhaps, were I a living man, and not a half-dead, enchanted, spectre-haunted nondescript. On the whole, however, resting and "lazily simmering" will no longer do. This day I must begin writing again—article, bad luck to it! on Sir Walter Scott for "Mill's Review." I return, not like a warrior to his battle-field, but like a galley slave scourged back by the whip of necessity. Surely, in a few years I shall

either get out of this dreadful state by some alleviation, or else die and sink under it. I feel, in a general way, that my only hope is to die. Take up the oar, however, and tug, since it must be so.

On the other hand, when Anthony Trollope decided to write a novel he first fixed its length—so many thousand words; and allowed himself a certain time—so many months, in which to complete it. His average output was forty pages a week, with 240 words to a page. "I have prided myself in completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions," he says; "but I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time." It was his practice, when at home, to be at his writing-table every morning (Sunday excepted) at half-past five o'clock. He paid his groom 5*l.* a year extra to call him about five o'clock and bring him a cup of coffee. He turned out his allotted amount of composition with amazing ease and regularity before he ate his breakfast. For him there were no such torturing questions as "How shall I begin?"—"What on earth shall I say?" For him there was no nibbling at his penholder, no vacant gazing out of the window. He had always something to say and words to express it with clearness. He acquired such a facility as a writer—or rather he was endowed with so rare an intellectual and physical equipment—that he dashed off the chapters of his novels with astonishing rapidity. He timed himself in composition as with a stop-watch—so many minutes, so many lines. His rate of writing was 250 words for every quarter of an hour. He composed with his watch on the table before him, and found invariably that the 250 words were forthcoming regularly as the minute hand reached the quarter.

As a surveyor of the Post Office he had to travel in the provinces a good deal. The hours he passed in a rail-

way carriage were equally fruitful in literary work. "I made for myself," he says, "a little tablet, and found after a few days' exercise that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as I could at my desk. I worked with a pencil, and what I wrote my wife copied afterwards." If he slept a night in London, he would be found in the early morning in the long drawing-room of the Athenæum turning out his inevitable 250 words every quarter of an hour. Even during a terribly rough voyage between Marseilles and Alexandria—when he had to visit Egypt on the business of the Post Office—he wrote the allotted number of pages every day. "On this occasion," he says, "more than once I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my state-room." What a triumph of the mind over physical disability! The average man oppressed by sea-sickness could not write a sentence if it were to calm the raging storm.

Trollope derided the idea that a writer should wait until inspiration moved him. "When I have heard such doctrines preached I have hardly been able to repress my scorn," he said. "To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting." "I was once told," he also said, "that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in cobbler's wax much more than in inspiration." "It can be done anywhere," he declared, referring to composition; "in any clothes, which is a great thing; at any hours—to which happy accident in literature I owe my success."

We have in Trollope, then, a man who, in Johnson's words, could write just as well at one time as at another; but the truth is that Trollope was, in that respect, a phenomenon in literature. Johnson himself was so consti-

tutionally indolent, and found the labor of composition so hard, that when placed by his State pension in 1762 above the necessity of writing for a livelihood, his literary output shrank considerably, and, in fact, "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" and "Lives of the Poets" were the only works of any importance from his pen during the twenty-two years of life that remained to him after he came into the possession of 200*l.* per annum. But Trollope had an amazingly healthy mental and physical equipment, a cheerful temperament, grit and determination, a keen delight in literary labor; and his mind, being a perfect piece of mechanism, worked with the ease of a machine. These gifts, mental and physical, he probably inherited from his mother, who, in her way, was a very remarkable woman. Her husband failed in everything to which he put his hand, and she was over fifty years old when compelled to take to literature to support her family. She continued writing until she was seventy-six, and in those twenty-five years she produced as many as 114 volumes. At Bruges, whither the family accompanied the father, who had to fly from England to escape arrest for debt, Mrs. Trollope nursed her dying husband and son, and wrote her novels at the same time. "The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's rooms," says Trollope. "I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son." "She was at her table at four in the morning, and had finished her work before the world had begun to be aroused." "Of all people I have known," Trollope also says, "she was the most joyous, or at any rate the most capable of joy." That, in truth, was the secret of the industry and the ability to write under any circum-

stances of both mother and son—high spirits and good health. For them, happily, composition had no throes. They wrote serenely, without any worry or fretfulness.

Sir Walter Scott said he had never known a man of genius who could be perfectly regular in his habits; whilst he had known many blockheads who were models of order and method. If Anthony Trollope was not a genius he was by no means a blockhead. As to the quality of the fiction which he turned out so mechanically, there is the enthusiastic testimony of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, in his novels and in his method of composition, was the very antithesis of Trollope. "Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?" he writes. "They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their dally business and not suspecting that they were being made a show of. And these books are just as English as a beef-steak."

It was in his "Autobiography," which was published after his death, that Trollope made this frank and perhaps cynical but certainly most interesting disclosure of the manner in which he wrote his novels. Among the comments by literary men which it evoked was one by Freeman. "I myself know what fixed hours of work are and their value," said the historian, "but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appian Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still, it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing." But,

surely, Freeman forgot the difference in literary workmanship between historical writing and fiction. Freeman could not have evolved from his inner consciousness William Rufus or Appius Claudius, as Trollope brought forth the famous Archdeacon Grantly in "The Warden" without ever having met an archdeacon or ever having lived in a cathedral city except London. The historian deals with real persons and events; the novelist is concerned with fictitious characters and experiences which he can mould as he pleases. Imaginative writing is perhaps the highest form of literary effort; but it is also the easiest—easiest, that is, to a mind equipped for such work with the qualities of observation, insight, and imagination. To a man like Trollope, with exuberant productive powers, the writing of a novel was easy and swift of accomplishment. To write history as Freeman wrote it—scientifically, with profound accuracy, involving as it does study, research, and investigation—must necessarily be slow and toilsome work. The oblivion which has, to some extent, fallen upon Trollope's works has been ascribed to this confession of his mechanical method of composition. The suggestion appears to me to be far-fetched. Surely the interest of the reader in a book would be whetted rather than dulled if he knew that the author spent a month over each sentence, or wrote a chapter in the twinkling of an eye. If Trollope's novels are now neglected it is not because he turned them out with clock-like regularity, but simply and solely because, in the ever varying taste of readers of popular fiction, they have ceased to be interesting. For my part, I never think of the fertile and industrious Trollope without mourning over his lost opportunities. Such was his marvellous fecundity of mind, that if he had called in the aid of a shorthand clerk he might have dictated one novel

to his secretary while he himself simultaneously wrote another, or he might have cultivated the trick of writing fiction with his left and right hands together. Certainly, had he lived in this day of the typewriter he could have doubled his literary output at least.

Southey was another methodical and rapid literary craftsman. "I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed, regular as clockwork in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path," he wrote to a friend. But his method was by no means simple. He was a poet, an historian, a critic, and a miscellaneous writer, he turned out an enormous quantity of matter, and succeeded in doing so by working fourteen hours a day and diversifying his labors within his daily round. He had six tables in his library. He wrote poetry at one, history at another, criticism at a third, and so on with the other subjects upon which he was engaged, and when he was tired of spinning his brains into verse he turned to history and criticism.

There is a story that he once described to Madame de Staël the division of his time—two hours before breakfast for history, two hours for reading after, two hours for the composition of poetry, two hours for criticism, and so on through all his working day. "And pray, Mr. Southey," queried the Frenchwoman, somewhat unkindly, "when do you think?" But surely he did well to follow the bent of his mental idiosyncrasy? "Don't swear and bid me do one thing at a time," he wrote to a friend. "I tell you I can't afford to do one thing at a time—no, nor two neither. It is only by doing many things that I continue to do so much, for I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself; and so I do everything by heats; then, by

the time I am tired of one my inclination for another is coming round."

Is there a remedy for the barren or inactive state of mind which comes to all writers who are not Trollopes or Southey's? Can the reluctant and sluggish brain be whipped into activity? Some writers found in alcohol the quickening spirit which kindled their torpid imaginations, and aroused to full activity their drowsy powers of mind. Moore, who was fond of wine, sings:

If with water you fill up your glasses
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

Sheridan needed the cerebral excitement caused by wine when engaged in composition. "If an idea be reluctant a glass of port ripens it and it bursts forth," he said; "if it comes freely a glass of port is a glorious reward for it." With Sheridan, indeed, it was easy to provide "an excuse for the glass." Hollands was Byron's favorite drink when he desired to set his mind on fire. "He assured me," writes Medwin, "that gin and water was the true hippocrêne, and the source of all his inspiration." Fielding "got up steam" by a glass of brandy and water. Wilkie Collins put himself in the mood for writing "The Moonstone" or "The Woman in White" by doses of champagne and brandy.

"Claret is a liquor for boys and port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy," said Johnson. Yet he compiled his Dictionary on tea. "A hardened and shameless tea drinker," he called himself, "who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." He did not believe in exciting the imagination by intoxicants. He held that wine gave a man nothing, but only put in motion what had been locked up in frost. "A man," said he, "should so cultivate his

mind as to have that confidence and readiness without wine which wine gives." A good deal depends upon the individual temperament. In the case of Charles Lamb indulgence in beer or wine thawed his frost-bound mind. "It lighted up his fading fancy," says one of his biographers, "enriched his humor, and impelled the struggling thought or beautiful image into day." To Lamb and Burns, as well as to most writers noted for their fondness for alcohol, drinking was more an intellectual than a sensual pleasure. The literary temperament, nervous and highly strung as it usually is, and a prey to black despair, often finds in alcohol the fairy which lifts it on its airy wings out of the depths of mental depression and barrenness to the heights of intellectual exaltation and literary activity. Thomson frequently composed with a bowl of punch before him, for he found the spirit quickened the action of his intellect and made his thoughts run brisker. There is a story related of Addison that he often composed walking up and down the long drawing-room of Holland House, with a bottle of sherry and a glass at each end, and when his creative faculty flagged he sought for "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" in the wine. In Scotland, we are told, literature is cultivated on a little oatmeal. Yet James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, went so far as to declare that a man who did not drink could not be a poet, or in other words that a sober poet was an impossibility. While Hogg was at Keswick, Southey, at his invitation, called to see him at his inn. "I was a grieved as well as an astonished man," says Hogg, "when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon, and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent

poetic genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot." The first time that Hogg dined with Walter Scott he advanced in familiarity, as the wine passed, from "Mr. Scott" to "Shirra" (Sheriff), "Scott," "Walter," and finally "Waltie," till at supper he convulsed everyone by addressing Mrs. Scott familiarly as "Charlotte." Scott himself drank whisky rather than wine. "He sincerely preferred," says Lockhart, "a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious liquid-ruby that ever flowed in the cup of a prince." But perhaps the only great poet who was intemperate was Burns. Wordsworth—to quote but one of many examples of great poets who were abstemious—pleads guilty to having got drunk only once. In "The Prelude," describing a visit to Milton's room at Cambridge, he says:

O temperate Bard,
Be it confest that for the first time
seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations to thy memory, drank till
pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour or since.

Milton himself said: "He who would write an epic for the nation must subsist on vegetables and water." Shelley and Chatterton were also water-drinkers as well as vegetarians, not, however, because they agreed with Milton, but because they had no taste for strong drink or flesh meats. They could not enjoy the delicacies of the table. Good things, in the way of eating and drinking, would have been wasted upon them.

Various, indeed, are the means to which writers have recourse in order to ease the throes of composition. Coffee is commonly indulged in as a stimulant for a tired brain, especially by literary night-workers. Some

writers take a brisk walk or a ride or some other form of outdoor exercise before sitting down to work. Others during urgent and continuous labor wrap wet towels around their heads. I know one writer who has a profound belief in the efficacy of a cold bath as an aid to composition. I know another who keeps his feet in mustard and water at his writing desk. Darwin found a literary stimulant in snuff.

Probably most of the literary work by men is turned out in clouds of smoke. "In common with nine-tenths of my literary brethren I am a constant smoker," said James Payn. "I smoke the whole time I am engaged in composition (three hours *per diem*) and often after meals, but very light tobacco—*latakia*. That it stimulates the imagination I have little doubt, and as I have worked longer and more continuously for thirty years than any other author (save one), I cannot believe that tobacco has done me any harm." Milton, though a water-drinker and a vegetarian, smoked. Tobacco undoubtedly conduces to thinking. It is also a sedative. Charles Kingsley often worked himself into a white heat of composition over the book upon which he was engaged, until, too excited to write any more, he would calm himself down with a pipe and a walk in his garden. "There are two things for which I never grudge money—books and cigars," said Buckle, the historian. But tobacco is perhaps best suited for the poet. Carlyle said that smoking brought to him "ideal cloudy dreams," and partaken in repose and inaction—when it is most thoroughly enjoyed—tobacco is, indeed, conducive to "sweet thoughts and quiet breathings." Ten-nyson was an inveterate smoker. Byron, however, preferred to chew tobacco rather than to smoke it.

Hawthorne, it will be remembered, said of Trollope's novels that they seemed to have been "written on the

strength of beef," and that they are "as English as a beef-steak." Is the stomach, then, the seat of literary power? Does thought vary with the kind of food that is eaten? If this were true, it might be possible so to cultivate the mind by a system of dieting as to make it bring forth its best powers in literary composition. Skill in the treatment of land has been brought almost to perfection. The agriculturist knows well how to make poor soil and rich soil alike yield their best by manuring, and the rotation of crops. May not a system of farming be applied also to the brain? May not the faculties of reflection, and reasoning, and imagination be developed by a steady course of certain dishes? This much, at least, is generally believed, that some foods are more conducive than others to mental activity. It is said that phosphorus is the light of the intellect, and that a liberal diet of fish, which is supposed to be richer in phosphorus than any other food, is essential for the repair of the wear and tear of the brain. An abnormal fondness for fish is a sure sign of the young literary aspirant. He stands enraptured before the marble slab of a fishmonger. It contains, in his opinion, the raw material of deathless verse and prose! That haddock, selling at a few pence per lb., might lead, if properly assimilated, to the production of another "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," or "The Origin of Species." From that trout or plaice might spring another "Deserted Village," or "Ode to a Skylark." There are potentialities of a "Hamlet," a "Don Juan," or a "Jane Eyre" in that salmon. Indeed, this belief that the eating of fish stimulates the flow of thought, and calls up appropriate words for their expression, lingers occasionally beyond the aspirant stage of literature. I know an old journalist who seeks inspiration for his nightly "leading article" in a supper

of stout and oysters, or salmon mayonnaise, or lobster salad. I cannot, however, say that there is much phosphorescence in his effusions. They are more solid than brilliant.

Still, one does not find that the authors of books which continue to arrest, through the centuries, the attention of the world, were remarkable for a fondness for fish. It is true that stewed lampreys was the only dish that would tempt Pope to get out of bed for dinner when he stayed at Lord Bolingbroke's, but that fish was regarded as an epicurean treat, rather than as the physical basis for the "Essay on Man" or the "Rape of the Lock." Moore tells us that Byron informed him he preferred fish to flesh. "The noble poet," as Moore was fond of describing him, had a notion that animal food debased character and intellect. "I remember one day," writes Moore, "as I sat opposite to him, employed, I suppose, rather earnestly over a beefsteak, after watching me for a few seconds he said in a grave tone of inquiry, 'Moore, don't you find eating beefsteak makes you ferocious?'" Byron—"to attenuate and keep up the ethereal part of me," as he puts it—lived principally on biscuits and sodawater.

But Dryden, accepting an invitation to supper, unpoetically wrote: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach." Johnson also possessed a taste for coarse dishes such as boiled pork, and veal pie stuffed with plums and sugar; and, like George III., had a voracious attachment to a boiled leg of mutton. Boiled beans and bacon was Thackeray's favorite dish. In all these cases the gratification of the appetite rather than the stimulation of the intellect was the object in view. We know that Macaulay had an abhorrence of cold boiled veal, for he

wrote to his sister in reference to John Wilson Croker: "I hate him as I hate cold boiled veal;" and Goldsmith's dislike of cold mutton is apparent from his line that Edmund Burke was doomed to "Eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a razor." Curiously enough, Tennyson had a liking for "boiled salt beef and new potatoes." When his friends joked with him on his peculiar taste, he would reply good-humoredly, "All fine-natured men know what is good to eat." But what he regarded as a perfect dinner, according to his son, was "a beef-steak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe, never a cigar," a meal which at least was in harmony with his powerful physical frame, if not with his poetic temperament. One evening that Tennyson and Thackeray dined together, the poet declared his love for Catullus, and quoted some of his lines. "I do not rate him highly; I could do better myself," said the novelist. Next morning, Tennyson received a letter from Thackeray, humbly apologizing for his boasting. "When I have dined," he wrote, "sometimes I believe myself to be equal to the greatest painters and poets." He added, "That delusion goes off, and then I know what a small fiddle mine is, and what small tunes I play upon it."

It would seem, too, that the green-grocer runs the fishmonger and the butcher close in providing the writer with material for the up-keep of his brain. Sir Isaac Newton wrote his "Principia," in which he explains the laws which govern the universe, on a scanty daily allowance of vegetables, bread and water. Was there ever a more notable example of plain living and high thinking?

Shelley was of opinion that abstinence from flesh meats clears and subtilises the intellectual faculties. He never had regular meals; he ate only when he was hungry, and often at the

end of the day he would say to his wife, "Mary, have I dined?" Bread was literally his staff of life. "When he felt hungry," his friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg writes, "he would dash into the first baker's shop, buy a loaf, and rush out again bearing it under his arm; and he strode onward in his rapid course breaking off pieces of bread and greedily swallowing them." Professor Dowden in his biography of the poet says: "Around the seat on which he read or wrote a circle of crumbs and fragments would lie scattered on the floor. He made his meal of bread luxurious by the addition of common pudding raisins, purchased at some mean shop, where, customers being few, he might be speedily served, and these he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket." It would seem, therefore, as if the reasoning and imaginative powers can be as active on salads or cereals as on soles or steaks.

Indeed, I have heard it asserted by a poet that the physical basis of all good poetry is starvation. It is my friend's experience that after an excellent dinner his fancy is humble and earth-crawling; but that by abstaining for a day or two from food he falls into a sort of intellectual trance, and, like the ascetic monks of old, sees visions which he is able to describe in inspired phrases. Again, some of our greatest writers were martyrs to delicate and infirm stomachs. Carlyle, we know, was a life-long victim of dyspepsia. "A rat gnawing at the pit of my stomach" is his terrible description of his disorder. However, dyspepsia is by no means the certain sign of literary ability, nor can it be conducive to inspiration in composition. A genius of course may write and write and be dyspeptic. He can rise superior to the chronic pangs of indigestion as to every other form of intermittent physical pain and discomfort. But for the average writer successfully to grapple

with the throes of composition there must be no rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach. Still, indigestion has its literary uses. I know writers who are so incorrigibly cheerful, optimistic, and high-spirited by temperament that when they are required to look out on the comedy of life with a jaundiced eye, for literary purposes, they steep their minds in the necessary gloom and become moody and irritable by bringing on a bad attack of indigestion.

Absolute silence is essential to most writers if they are to preserve a calm and unruffled temper in the throes of composition. "I require quiet, and myself to myself, more than any man when I write," said Tennyson. The slightest noise stopped the flow of Carlyle's ideas. Even the crowing of a cock drove him to distraction. What an inscrutable mental and physical equipment was his! To me it seems that the crowing of a cock heard in London would light the lamp of imagination in the most prosaic of men—such are the associations of home and the atmosphere of the country which cluster round the shrill chanticleer—and transform him for a few glorious moments into an inspired poet. Carlyle, in order that he might be enveloped in silence profound while he wrestled with his messages to humanity, had a soundproof writing room—double-walled with a space between to deaden external noise—erected on the top of the residence in Cheyne Row. The workmen engaged in the construction of the chamber made chaos of the house during the operations of building, and Carlyle sought refuge in bed from the hideous clamor, with what result he thus relates: "One Irish artist, I remember, had been ignorant that lath and plaster was not a floor; he from above, accordingly, came plunging down into my bedroom, catching himself by the armpits, fast swinging astonished in the vortex of old laths, lime, and dust." And when

the "sound-proof room" was finished it turned out to be "by far the noisiest in the house," "a kind of infernal miracle." What untold sufferings the sage endured—if we are to believe him—in the throes of composition! Here is a characteristic heart-groan over the slow progress he was making with "Frederick" in 1861. "Seldom was a poor man's heart so near broken by utter weariness, disgust, and long-continued despair over an undoable job. The only point is, said heart must not break altogether, but finish, if it can."

The slightest noise had an irritating effect also on George Eliot. In the early years of her career she and George Henry Lewes lived at Richmond, and had only one sitting-room in which they did their literary work together. The scratching of Lewes's pen used to affect her nerves to such an extent that it nearly drove her wild; and when their circumstances were improved by the remarkable success of her novels she treated herself to a separate study in which she wrote alone with closed doors.

Goldsmith, on the other hand, was indifferent to time, place, and circumstance. He never wrote with more natural and unaffected grace and charm than in the days of hard fortune when he starved in his wretched room in Green Arbour Court. Percy visited him there in March 1759, and found him writing his "Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning." There was but one chair in the room, which he gave to his visitor, while he deposited himself in the window. "As they were conversing," we are told, "some one gently rapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behavior entered, who dropping a curtsy said: 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'" It was in this tenement lodging that Goldsmith

wrote his delightful essays for "The Bee." Sometimes he was found wanting; his copy was not forthcoming on the day appointed, but his remissness apparently was due rather to indolence than to lack of inspiration. One day a gentleman called on the landlady of Green Arbour Court and desired to be directed to Goldsmith's room. The good woman was alarmed to hear the door of the room locked the moment the visitor entered, followed by the noise of a rather angry altercation; and her apprehensions were only increased by the perfect silence which followed for three hours. She was immensely relieved, however, when the door of Goldsmith's room was again opened, and the gentleman, in high good-humor, gave her money to fetch supper for her lodger from a neighboring tavern. The visitor was the editor of "The Bee," who compelled his laggard contributor to sit down, in duress and under a threat of a thrashing, to write the essay perhaps on "Happiness in a Great Measure Dependent on Constitution," or "On the Instability of Worldly Grandeur," or "Of the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People."

Jane Austen, a perfect literary artist, like Goldsmith, wrote her novels without strain or stress in the common sitting-room of the family with the domestic life in full swing about her. The only interruption the gentle lady dreaded was the untimely appearance of a visitor. Not that it dried up the flow of ideas, but she was ashamed to be known as a writer, or "a blue," as literary women were then derisively called; and so to save her reputation she would throw her handkerchief over her manuscript till the visitor had departed. Mrs. Oliphant, the author of more than one hundred novels, also wrote in the midst of her family. Referring to her habits before her marriage she says:

I had no table even to myself, much less a room to work in, but sat at the corner of the family table with my writing-book, with everything going on as if I had been making a shirt instead of writing a book. Our rooms in those days were sadly wanting in artistic arrangement. The table was in the middle of the room, the centre round which everybody sat, with the candles or lamp upon it. My mother sat always at needle-work of some kind and talked to whoever might be present, and I took my share in the conversation, going on all the same with my story, the little groups of imaginary persons, those other talks, evolving themselves quite undisturbed.

After her marriage she wrote with her children playing about her, peeping over her shoulder and even playfully snatching the very pen out of her hand. She would pause in her composition to kiss the little ones; and then, as she expresses it, "thus refreshed in heart and spirit" she would placidly return to her work. "It would put me out now," she wrote in the years of her widowhood, "to have some one sitting at the same table talking while I worked—at least I think it would put me out, with that sort of conventionalism which grows upon one. But up to this date (1888) I have never been shut up in a separate room, or hedged off with any observances. My study, all the study I have ever attained to, is the little second drawing-room where all the (feminine) life of the house goes on, and I don't think I have ever had two hours undisturbed (except at night, when everybody is in bed) during my whole literary life." Leitch Ritchie, the author of "Weary Foot Common" and editor of "Chambers's Journal," said to James Payn: "As a young husband I have often written for the Press for hours, while at the same time my foot has rocked the cradle of a child." Composition—especially invention—in such circumstances seemed to Payn to be an impossi-

bility, and he said so to Ritchie. "And yet necessity, my young friend, is said to be the mother of invention," was Ritchie's half gay and half grave reply. "You do not know what it is to live by your pen *only*!" Another writer who found nothing uncongenial to literary work in the full swing of domestic surroundings was Charlotte Brontë. The female servant of the family, eighty years old, was feeble and dim of vision. She peeled potatoes for the dinner imperfectly; and Charlotte Brontë, engaged in the kitchen on the composition of "*Jane Eyre*," irritated by the sight of the specks on the vegetables, would lay down her pen and complete the peeling, and then, without any check to her inspiration, resume the thread of her narrative.

Sir Walter Scott, like Anthony Trollope, seems to have never known what it is to bite his nails for a thought or a phrase. The moment he sat down at the table and lifted his pen, he was possessed, as it were, with a whirlwind of inspiration. He composed with such marvellous rapidity that rarely was his pen stopped for want of a word. If the word did not come readily he left a blank, to be filled subsequently, and sped on with the work. He was also totally indifferent to his surroundings. His study was always open to his children. "He never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy; he was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or legend, kiss them and set them down again to their marbles and ninepins, and resume his labors as if refreshed by the interruption."

What an extraordinary scene of literary work amid harassing physical discomfort is that which Fanny

Kemble describes in her "*Records of my Childhood*":

I can never forget the description Sir Adam Fergusson gave me of a morning he had passed with Scott at Abbotsford, which at that time was still unfinished, swarming with carpenters, painters, masons and bricklayers, and surrounded with all the dirt and disorderly discomfort inseparable from the process of house building. The room they sat in was in the roughest condition which admitted of their occupying it at all; the raw, new chimney smoked intolerably. Out of doors the place was one mass of bricks, mortar, scaffolding, tiles and slates. A heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of lovely Tweedside, and distilled in a cold, persistent and dumb drizzle. Malda, the well-beloved staghound, kept fidgeting in and out of the room, Walter Scott every five minutes exclaiming, "Eh, Adam, the puir beast is just wearyin' to get out!" or "Eh, Adam, the puir creature's just crying to come in!" when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw chilly air for the wet muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, with his face swollen with a grievous toothache, and one hand pressed hard to his cheek, with the other was writing the inimitably humorous opening chapters of "*The Antiquary*," which he passed across the table, sheet by sheet, to his friend, saying, "Now, Adam, d'ye think that'll do?"

Scott was a man of robust physical constitution, with a passion for active life out of doors, and he had a brain just as clear and strong and powerful. But, nevertheless, he must have had his hours of gloom and depression, in which composition is indeed a hard and bitter task, for in his "*Life of Dryden*" he speaks of "the apparently causeless fluctuations of spirits incident to one doomed to labor incessantly in the feverish exercise of the imagination." The throes of composition are, indeed, better faced, as Bulwer Lytton faced them, alone in a peaceful study with

nothing to distract one's attention. Lytton's richly furnished room, with its pictures and laden book-shelves—potent inspirers to the literary man as he looks about for an idea or an expression—was isolated from the rest of the house, so that the least noise, which would have irritated him in the extreme, might be intercepted. Undoubtedly the most perfect atmosphere for a literary worker is that of a quiet study, with drawn curtains, a bright lamp, and a cheerful fire, in the long winter evenings.

How Charles Lamb and Mary Lamb worked together in the writing of the "Tales of Shakespeare" is thus described by Mary in a letter to a friend: "You would like to see us as we often sit writing at the same table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it." Lamb, despite the apparent spontaneity of his writings, found at times composition intolerably slow, and the labor of producing it exhausting. He complained in a letter to Bernard Barton in 1824 that he had been for weeks "insuperably dull and lethargic"; and calls his attention to what he describes as "a futile effort" in the "London Magazine" "wrung from me," he groans, "with slow pain." This is the charming essay entitled "Blakesmoor," which to the reader has nothing forced, and possesses all the ease, grace, distinction, and inevitableness of the genial essayist.

To Lamb a walk through crowded and bustling Fleet Street proved a stimulus to his jaded faculties. Barry Cornwall also found not distraction but inspiration in the roar of London. The poet composed best when alone in a crowd, and on a line or a couplet strik-

ing him he would go into a hallway and jot it down. Dickens suffered from sluggishness of mind out of London. In a letter to John Forster from Lausanne, in 1846, while engaged on "Dombey and Son," he complains that he was not getting on rapidly with the novel. "I suppose," he adds, "this is partly the effect of two years' ease, and partly of the absence of streets and numbers of figures. I can't express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose. For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place (as at Broadstairs), and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labor of writing day after day without that magic lantern is immense!! I don't say this at all in low spirits, for we are perfectly comfortable here, and I like the place very much indeed, and the people are even more friendly and fond of me than they were at Genoa. I only mention it as a curious fact which I have never had an opportunity of finding out before, *My* figures seem disposed to stagnate without crowds about them. I wrote very little in Genoa (only the 'Chimes'), and fancied myself conscious of some such influence there—but Lord! I had two miles of streets, at least, lighted at night, to walk about in; and a great theatre to repair to every night."

If some writers can successfully wrestle with the throes of composition in any place, at any hour, or at any season, most writers undoubtedly are influenced by their surroundings, and their varying idiosyncrasies in this respect afford a curious study. To some the moments of rarest intellectual exaltation come when they are in the country, in the spring or summer months, amid brilliant sunshine, and glowing flowers, and singing birds, and leafy trees, and emerald fields. Other writers find the rigid concentration, the

intense thinking essential to composition, impossible amid rural sights and sounds. The singing of a bird, the sunshine gleaming on the meadows, the tapping of a leaf on the window pane, the buzzing of a bee, the vivid coloring of a passing butterfly's wing, have a disturbing and distracting influence—the irresistible voices of nature rendering composition an intolerable labor—and it is only in London, amid the rumble and roar of the crowded traffic, the whirl and jingle of the hansom, the blatancy of the piano-organ, the ceaseless clatter of the 'buses, that they find the repose, the restfulness, and the stimulus for literary work. "One thing about London impresses me," says Lowell in an eloquent passage, "beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air; it is not a mere accident, like a tempest or a cataract, but it is impressive, because it always indicates human will, and impulse, and conscious movement. And I confess that when I hear it I almost feel as if I were listening to the roaring loom of time." Standing by the Bank, Heinrich Heine declared he heard the world's pulse beat audibly. Surely most writers whose lot is cast in London must find inspiration in the audible beating of the world's pulse, or the sound in their ears of the roaring loom of time—in the metaphorical roar of London, that is, if not in its literal noise. As Cowper writes:

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of
retreat
To peep at such a world. To see the
strife
Of the Great Babel and not feel the
crowd.
To hear the roar she sends through all
her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying
sound
Falls a soft murmur on the injured ear.

It is generally agreed that the morn-

ing or the afternoon is the best time of the day for literary work. But that again depends a good deal upon mood and habit and temperament. Brinsley Sheridan's best hours of composition were at night, and he required a profusion of lights around him while he wrote. "I work best by candlelight," said Southey. Mrs. Oliphant stated that for many years it was customary with her to write until two o'clock in the morning. "It is past three at this moment, May 19th, 1895," she added in her "Journal," "but this is no longer usual with me." Thackeray said his best work was done before ten o'clock in the morning, at which hour he breakfasted. He usually devoted the rest of his day to his family and friends. But it was in the middle of the night that the title for his most famous novel "Vanity Fair" suddenly occurred to him. "I jumped out of bed," said he, "and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair! 'Vanity Fair! 'Vanity Fair!'" The story goes that Mrs. Emerson was sometimes startled at night by her husband rising to write down a "happy thought" which came to his mind. "What is the matter? Are you ill?" she would inquire; and the philosopher's soft voice would answer, "No, my dear, only an idea."

Scott in the first years of his literary career wrote generally at night; but on the advice of his physician whom he consulted for nervous headaches, from which he was suffering, he adopted habits of early rising and early work. He was out of bed by five o'clock all the year round, at his desk by six, and by the time that his family and visitors assembled at breakfast, between nine and ten, he had "broken the neck of the day's work." Dickens, on ordinary working days, would write between breakfast and luncheon and devote the afternoon to the correction of what the morning had seen developed. Bulwer Lytton also worked in

the forenoon. "Nobody considers," he wrote, "how much writing may be done between the hours of ten and one if the mind be steadily fixed on the work. When the mind is at ease, the subject clearly laid down, and the heart of the writer in the work, a volume a month—an amount that might frighten a beginner to think of—is mere relaxation." With a serene mind, and high spirits, and a full knowledge of the subject, composition is, perhaps, easy at any time of the day or night. But often the mind is dullest and the spirits heaviest in the morning hours. Cobwebs of sleepiness still hang about the brain. "The morning is my writing time, and in the morning I have no spirits," said Cowper. "So much the worse for my correspondents. Sleep that refreshes my body seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with us whom they call nervous."

It is curious, too, to note the little superstitions of writers as to the use of particular pens, paper, and ink being conducive to the flow of thought. One can work only on paper of a certain quality and size. Another finds his mind barren of ideas unless he has his favorite pen in his hand. Dickens wrote on blue paper with blue ink. There is the curious case of Pope, "paper-aping Pope," as his friend Swift described him. He wrote best on scraps of paper. The original copy of his translation of the "Iliad," which may be seen at the British Museum, is a strange spectacle. It is written almost entirely on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the very lines of the letters themselves. Bacon while in the throes of composition had music played in the room adjoining his study. Some writers before sitting down to work light the lamp of their imagina-

tion at the torch of their favorite author. Gray, for instance, always read Spencer as a preliminary to composition. Other writers find the spark to set fire to their intellects more readily in passages from their own pens. "I read my own books hardly at all after once giving them forth," says George Eliot, "dreading to find them other than I wish." But I doubt if that is a very common experience. The average writer finds in some of his own passages the light that lifts the gloom which enshrouds his mind; and like the poet he wonders in his uninspired and commonplace moments at the thought and music which once emanated from his brain:

And when his voice is hushed and dumb,

The flame burnt out, the glory dead,
He feels a thrill of wonder come

At that which his poor tongue has said;

And thinks of each diviner line—

"Only the hand that wrote was mine."

An intellect which will work independently of time and place and circumstance, and of the accidents and worries of life, is a priceless possession to professional writers, who at times must ply their pens, whether or not they feel inclined for literary composition. Unhappily it is not given to all. Force of will, the rigid concentration of the mind on the subject in hand, work wonders in the case of the practised writer to whom the spur of necessity is applied. But the most common experience is that the mind has its variable moods. Even the writer with something to say, and feeling impelled to say it, often sits down at his table and finds himself unaccountably baffled at the moment he puts pen to paper. Distinction, freshness, charm, individuality—all are wanting in the sentences which, after much labor, he succeeds in composing. Intelligence, insight,

and knowledge are still his, but for the moment the free and joyous play of his well-equipped mind is wanting. The literary impulse is gone; the literary afflatus is fled. For the moment the nerve centre of the brain seems paralyzed. Some force is needed to set the intellect in motion. Suddenly the imagination is set on fire by some mysterious electric spark—through the agency, it may be, of a cigarette, a

The Cornhill Magazine.

cup of coffee, a glass of champagne, or a glowing passage from a favorite poet. The jar and fret of nerve is over. The cloud is lifted from the mind. The feeling of mental exhaustion gives place to a conviction of literary power. Ideas come with a rush. This indeed is the literary mood. This, indeed, is the moment of literary inspiration. And composition, losing its throes, becomes a positive rapture.

Michael MacDonagh.

THE RELIGION OF THE RESPECTABLE POOR.

Under the title of "respectable poor," I include all persons who, in the expressive phrase so common among them, "keep a home together."

My friends often say to me: "How terrible it must be to work in the slums." I reply (when I have time), "I do not know exactly what is meant by a slum. I have seen collections of dwellings that seemed to me painfully poor and crowded, but they were homes to the people who lived in them. They even spoke of their 'comforts,' and meant what they said in a literal way."

"Oh!" (in flat and disappointed tones) "I suppose you have never worked in really bad places?"

"I have worked in every district of a large seaport town, in an inland town, in the country, and in what are considered the worst parts of London. I have worked—often after dark and sometimes in the middle of the night—in alleys where I was told that no policeman dared walk alone in broad daylight. But the people who told me that had such obvious enjoyment in the tale that it was probably an ancient legend. Bad and sad things often are. Only the other day I picked up an appeal that came from a well-known and

very worthy charity, but I was not a little scandalized to find it baited with anecdotes which, though I do not doubt their original truth, are literally the same that made my blood run cold twenty years ago."

"But to go into places where there is no religion, where the name of God is never heard!"

"Ah! I have certainly never been there. I remember one small district where, in the course of several months, I only once saw anyone go to church or chapel, and then it was a little ballet girl from Drury Lane, leading a still smaller sister; but I have never entered a lane or an alley, scarcely a single room, where religion was not to be found."

"Then you have only worked among the respectable poor?"

"I have only worked among the poor whom I respected. It is true that I do not know the homeless poor. A district nurse can of course only work where there is *some* kind of a home. She could not, for longer than it would take to fetch an ambulance, nurse a man lying under an archway or by the roadside."

And then my friends turn away disappointed, but exactly why they might

find it as difficult to explain as I to understand.

To count up the churchgoers and chapelgoers, compare the resulting number with the population, and then, if there should be great disparity, argue that the neighborhood is without religion; or to estimate the proportion of children and young persons in places of public worship and then say, "religion has no hold on them when they get older," is a most serious error. It is a confusion of formal outward signs and inward spiritual graces. Many of the poor rarely attend church, not because they are irreligious, but because they have long since received and absorbed the truths by which they live. Many, on the other hand, attend regularly because they have not yet found these truths, and hunger for them. It is acknowledged that there are those in all classes of life who go to church constantly for reasons which have no connection with personal religion. It is too difficult to believe that there are those who attend irregularly, or remain away altogether, not because they are persons of evil courses, or dead to things of the spirit, but because their inward religious life is so strong and so simple that they are independent of any "assembling of yourselves together?" A patient whose life had been one long series of illnesses and troubles said to the clergyman who visited her, "I go to the Fountain Head for strength and guidance. God has always sent it to me in His good time."

To such persons it seems as natural that the young should go to church or chapel, and the middle-aged and old remain at home, as that children should go to school and grown men to the workshop. Often I have seen toilworn men and women smile with indulgent humor at zealous curates and deaconesses—Nonconformist ministers, I must own, are generally quicker to recognize the signs of spiritual experience—pre-

senting to them the crudest forms of elementary truths, and ask, after they had bidden them a courteous farewell, "Do they suppose that my soul is of so little value to my Maker that I should have been left seventy years waiting in darkness for *them*? Do they think there was no teachers when we was young? Things is changed, but there was always ways o' learning, and there always will be."

We are led too much by words and our own interpretations of them. I once ventured to say to a vicar who knew about as much of his poorer parishioners as the typical military governor of sixty years ago knew of his prisoners, that several of the chapels in the town exercised a strong and wholesome influence in some of the most poverty-stricken districts. "How can that be?" he asked. In all the worst and roughest houses I enter, they tell me, "we're dissenters," and I have to clear out before I'm made!" It seemed a revelation to him to learn that Nonconformists are not in the habit of calling themselves Dissenters, but Wesleyans, Baptists, etc., and that the people who had made use of the expression meant, in a few cases, "We are unbelievers," and in most, "We don't want you coming in here just whenever you choose. If you had any manners you'd know when to come."

In face of all the controversial bitterness aroused by the Elementary Education Act, it is curious to observe that my patients and their friends, almost without exception, are not so much indifferent to the dogmas of religion as unconscious of their existence. Even Roman Catholics have asked for my prayers. On the lips of all who are seriously ill I hear but one name, and notwithstanding the strong influence that one would imagine to be exercised on this point by Salvationists, revival meetings and popular hymns, that name is the First Person of the Trinity.

So far is it from being possible to detect the special teaching of this or that sect, that the phrases they utter might come with equal propriety from Jew, Mohammedan, Christian or Hindoo. At other times paucity of language and uncouth expressions exaggerate differences of faith, or create fresh ones. "My religion ain't in these parts," I was told by one very intelligent woman. I listened respectfully, secretly wondering to what strange sect she could belong that found no other adherents in a town of 200,000 inhabitants. I subsequently learnt that the only meaning in the statement was that she had been in the habit of attending the parish church, but having moved beyond walking distance was no longer able to do so.

There is a curious anxiety among the least educated of the poor to secure the services of the vicar or rector in times of illness, however little they may like him, in preference to those of the curate, however earnest and devoted he may be, and even if he should happen to be considerably older and more experienced. It is partly due, no doubt, to the same feeling that makes a pillow laid in place by a ward sister infinitely more restful than the same pillow arranged by the kindest and most skilful nurse; but there is some idea of superior sanctity in the office of a beneficed clergyman, some doubt as to whether a curate is really a priest—a doubt which, strangely enough, never attaches to the position of pastor, however young he may be, or however obscure the sect to which he belongs.

One obvious superiority of Nonconformist ministers in the eyes of the poor is their trained ability to offer up prayers which are at once full of the customary religious phraseology, and yet have some clear bearing on the cases in question, a power which is to a great extent developed in earnest Dissenters, and which is commonly too

much neglected by the clergy of the Established Church. I shall never forget the dull hopelessness with which a dying man listened to an excellent clergyman "reading prayers," and the comfort and spiritual joy that shone afterwards on his face when a young barber's assistant, hearing of his hour of need, came in hastily with his apron still round him, dropped on his knees by the bedside, and uttered a long but simple and heartfelt prayer that at eventide there might be light.

The fear of death endured by this man is very rare among the poor. It is rather the certain hope of death that makes life tolerable to them both in its bitterest moments and in its long-drawn-out struggles against weakness, poverty, ill-health and sin. Often what is called their callousness to the sight of death should rather be traced to envy of those who are dead and at peace. Have they shed few tears? For themselves they wish none to fall.

Heaven is something real, almost tangible, to the poor. "Mother," said a little man of six, worn out with more physical suffering than most of us are called on to endure in a life of ten times the length, "Mother, I want to die." "You can't, Willy. There's—there's—no room for you yet." "How can you say so, mother? Just look how big the sky is!" Yes, the streets were cruelly narrow, the rooms tiny, the gardens a mockery, but mercifully the houses were low, and in the sky he had found his symbol of infinite space and freedom.

Here and there the doctrine of hell fire (for others) is clung to with fierce intensity. I said once to a vigorous and clear-minded though long bed-ridden woman of seventy-six, "You tell me that your mother was good to you and that you loved her; you tell me that you are 'saved' and she was *not*. What happiness, then, can there be for you in heaven?" "Oh, nurse, when

I'm in heaven I shall be so purrfected I sha'n't care *where* she is!" This may be religion, but it seemed to me an intensified form of "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

In popular history the Roman Catholic Church is the one and only persecutor, and among a large section of the English poor it is greatly feared, and any supposed approach towards its practices is viewed with shrinking disapprobation. "Mind you," said a woman to me a few months ago, almost blocking the doorway, "I wouldn't never let none of you in, not if you had no religious ambles." "Quite right, quite right," I said vaguely as I slipped quickly in to the invalid for fear closer scrutiny should reveal anything unsatisfactory in my gait. In the process of attending to her manifold needs it suddenly dawned upon me that the things deprecated were *emblems*.

At the same time the Roman Catholics are the one religious body in England to which members ever fear to own their allegiance. The Anglican, the Jew, the Salvationist, the Bible Christian, the Christadelphian, the Catholic Apostolic, hasten to inform me of their special shades of belief, but if I see reason to think that any poor person is a Roman Catholic, I dare not put a direct question for fear of meeting with a hasty denial. When it is necessary to know, I have to ask some question that takes the leading fact for granted, "How long is it since Father L. was here? Is it Father Z. who visits in this parish?" We pride ourselves on being a tolerant nation, but such timidity looks like the result of very recent persecution.

Few things are more touching, and at the same time more encouraging to all instructors of the young, than to find how the lessons learnt at Sunday School and Bible-classes are valued and remembered in later life. Quite recently an old woman wrote down for

me from memory a religious poem which had been taught to her nearly seventy years before, and which she said she "had always thought of." Her recollections of what she wore, and what the teacher wore, were so keen that I can picture exactly the bright-eyed, spasmodically attentive little creature she was, and what small hope the teacher had that she was doing anything more than, temporarily and imperfectly, "keeping her out of mischief." "Lady Sister, will you read to me?" said a merchant seaman dying a lingering and painful death in a London hospital. I asked what I should read. "Read 'There's a Friend for Little Children.'" I knew something of a sailor's life, and the experiences that probably lay between him and the days when he repeated "Hymns for the Young," but for him all that intervened had been swept away.

A year or two ago I said to a mother, four of whose children had been removed to hospital suffering with typhoid fever, while the three youngest were being nursed at home with the same complaint, "You are having a terrible time of work and anxiety, and it seems to me to make it all the worse to know that the disease was contracted at the factory. You have always kept their home so beautifully for them." "Yes," she said simply, "It's been a hard time, but I've had much comfort in my own mind. Many of the things that I learnt at school, and which had no great meaning to me then, all come back to me now, and it's a great help." One day a speechless and paralyzed lodging-house keeper pointed to her prayer-book and signed that she wished me to read to her. I held the volume before her while with the one hand, over which she retained some control, she found the portion she wished to hear. It was the *Benedictio Omnia Opera*. As she lay there in the pretentious "best-bedroom" of the house

she had so laboriously furnished, it seemed to me even a greater triumph of faith than that of another bedridden sufferer in a wretched cottage on a wind-swept moor three miles away, often left half the day while her feeble old husband toiled into the town to fetch their few necessities, but who told me with solemn gladness, "I am never alone."

Faith in the efficacy of prayer is very strong among the poor. Recently, at the end of a historic commission, a petty officer, distinguished among brave men for unselfish, instinctive heroism, said to his mother, one of my patients, "I served Long Thomas all the time, and I never got a scratch. Were you praying for me? I *knew* you were!" And I was equally certain that the mother's faith in prayer was of such a spiritual nature that it would have been no whit shaken if at the end of one of those terrible days her son had been counted among the dead.

I speak of spiritual religion among the poor merely to imply that it has little need of outward ceremonies, for it is a religion that takes not only the form of submission, or the nobler one of fortitude, but of everyday effort and selflessness through a lifetime of poverty, suffering, toil and deprivation. It is a religion which makes devoted parents say to one another over the deathbed of their only child, "It is the will of God"; a religion which enables a woman of eighty-four years, filled with hardship and good works, to bear a death of slow agony with unbroken sweetness and serenity, and a religion which made the landlady and her husband, though she could only pay them

a tiny pittance, wait on her day and night, absolutely refusing to allow her to be removed to the workhouse infirmary.

For six years I have watched the un-failing patience and courage of a woman who during the whole of that time has been nursing a paralyzed and unconscious husband, has been responsible day and night for an epileptic step-daughter whose conduct is so violent that we dare not leave our cloaks in the room with her for fear she should tear them to pieces, and who has had to eke out their scanty means by poorly-paid sewing. I do not know of a single pleasure or relief that she has had. It was only last week that she told me the source of her strength to fulfil an unceasing round of repulsive duties. She said, "Every one of my trials is sent to me by God. It is my duty to bear them and do the best I can." There are people who do not hesitate to class her as irreligious because she never enters a church, and immoral because there are doubts as to the validity of her marriage, and it is probable that neither the paralytic nor his afflicted daughter has any legal claim upon her.

Many years' experience of the poorest of the respectable poor have convinced me that deep and true religion is commonly found among them, the chief tenets of which are: The existence of a Supreme Being intimately concerned with the life of men and best served by loving submission and faithfulness to the homeliest duties; the spiritual efficacy of prayer, and triumphant faith in the immortality of the soul.

M. Loane,

Superintendent of District Nurses.

FOR A GRAVE.

Pansies first and violets blue,
While our thought is full of you,
While they name you soft and low,
Lest the heart should overflow.

Roses in a little while,
When we learn again to smile,
When our sorrow finds relief
In the sympathy of grief.

Lilies last in later years,
After time has dried our tears,
Such as brother Lippo paints
In the hands of happy saints.

Remcell Rodd.

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY.

A CONVERSATION WITH COUNT VON BULOW, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

For many months—nay, for the last few years—the belief that Germany's Kaiser and Chancellor have been, and are still, playing a hostile game against Great Britain, and are cynically laying an elaborate plot for the ultimate ruin of our country's power, has been gaining ground in all spheres of British society, and not amongst the masses of unthinking people alone, who, perhaps, take their cue from the unreliable lucubrations of sensational journalism. The cultured classes of the United Kingdom also have become impregnated with similar views, and many persons from among the intellectual portion of the King's subjects speak of Germany as England's bitterest and most dangerous foe. In very exalted circles, too, we find persons who think they are justified in believing that Germany wants to rule the North Sea; to wrest the whole shipping trade out of our hands; to invade England; and to

annihilate the world-power of Great Britain. For the attainment of these ends German diplomacy is said to be everywhere angling in turbid streams, and to be intriguing against England in all the capitals of the world.

Some writers have recently gone so far as to denounce every Englishman who ventures to doubt the sufficiency of the grounds set forth in support of such insidious designs as too optimistic, or a simpleton—or even as a partisan of Jewish bankers. And yet, as a distinguished French diplomatist not very long ago remarked to me, “*Il faut être un peu optimiste dans la vie.*” But for the encouragement of optimism, how would countries ever be able to bury their animosities? Austria would never have become reconciled to Prussia; Great Britain would still be at loggerheads with the United States and with France. If one did not cherish a hope for better relations be-

tween Great Britain and Germany, one would have to throw up the sponge and abandon the task of striving for them. But no sane person can pretend that it is in the interest of our country, whose foreign policy is and must be determined by our commercial interests, to continue a campaign of insult and mischievous suspicion that in the long run would infallibly prove disastrous, whichever way it ended. Nor is one a simpleton for supporting such views; and even a Jewish banker can assuredly lay claim to political judgment.

The causes of controversy with Germany that have been exciting the passions of both Germans and Britons for so long should be removed, and we should start with a clean slate. In trying to effect so laudable a consummation, there can be no abandonment of either our intellectual or political independence. A perpetual cannonade of the same unproved statements, based on mere suspicions, produces an unhealthy condition of things; and a campaign of this kind is unworthy of a great and free people.

Whenever an incident unpleasant to England happens in any part of the globe, a German diplomatist or the Central Government in Berlin is said to be behind it. Could anything be more fatuous than to attribute so much power to German diplomacy; or could anything be less complimentary to the representatives of Powers that are friendly disposed to us than to insinuate that they are completely under the thumb of their German colleagues?

If we look at the matter from an unprejudiced and business-like point of view, we must surely admit that nothing is more mischievous than to convert a rival into a bitter enemy. If some very serious international question were to arise whilst the peoples of two great Powers like Britain and Germany are being wilfully kept asun-

der by fomenters of international hatred, the situation might suddenly become fraught with untold danger; for the existing friction between them could easily develop into a complete rupture of relations. Friendship with other Powers need not involve bickerings with Germany. King Edward's political programme has been to try to establish friendly relations with all countries on a practical basis of mutual interests making for continuous peace.

A few months ago I was talking to Count von Bülow, at a reception at his official residence, on the deplorable state of the relations between our two countries. It had long been my desire to broach the subject to him. His Excellency rejoined: "I regret this condition of things as much as you do; but can you suggest any way for bringing about a change?"

My reply was to the effect that if his Excellency would do me the honor of allowing me to have a conversation with him on this subject, and would permit me to communicate the gist thereof to the British public in such a way that it would be a faithful reflection of his views, I thought a very salutary effect would be produced, because hitherto no authoritative statement had been made calculated to dispel the suspicions and apprehensions concerning German policy towards Britain which, whether well or ill founded, undoubtedly existed at home amongst all spheres of people.

The Chancellor without hesitation signified his willingness to accede to my request; but owing to a variety of circumstances—pressure of Parliamentary business, the visit of the King at Kiel, commercial treaty negotiations, and his own absence for his summer holiday—the date of the audience had to be constantly postponed. He very kindly sent me a message from Homburg to the effect that on his return to Berlin

in the autumn he would be glad to see me.

Those who know Count von Bülow will have always been enchanted by his amiable and courteous manners and speech; but he has the character of telling nothing whilst he entertains his visitor. Diplomats say he is most urbane, complaisant, and communicative of speech, but tantalizing as regards his reticence on subjects about which his views are sought. This also is the criticism passed on him when he speaks from his seat in the Reichstag.

On this occasion I found him, on the contrary, most desirous to dispel the errors as to German policy that are current on your side of the Channel; and, as will be seen in the following lines, he spoke frankly and at length on the chief points upon which it was my desire to enlighten the public at home.

We did not discourse on the special relations between Germany and Russia, on which subject Lord Lansdowne is amply informed, but confined our conversation to specific matters affecting German policy towards Great Britain, the Chancellor's political views on Anglo-German relations, and his personal sentiments towards our nation. Nor did we touch, except in a cursory manner, on incidents that no longer have a bearing on present practical politics. I know personally that Count von Bülow always opposed and condemned the extravagant malignity of the enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen for the Boers, but deem it desirable not to rake up questions of the past the discussion of which is now futile and could only lead to renewed misunderstandings or divert attention from the main points at issue. If I am correctly informed, the King's visit to Kiel completely obliterated the soreness that had been left by those incidents. The mischievous perpetuation

of an exaggerated sense of suspicion, of withering gall and blighting bitterness, must be stemmed if Britain and Germany are not to drift into a condition of dangerous hostility.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

"I have had much pleasure," said Count von Bülow, as he greeted me in his library on the evening of the 15th of November, and motioned me to take a seat close to his writing-table, "in acceding to your request to have a conversation with me. A good deal of hostility towards Germany seems to influence the writing of a number of your compatriots—which I sincerely regret; and I am bound to say that it seems to me as if a certain school of your publicists looks upon a paper-war against Germany as the main object of its life. Surely our mutual interests would be better served if these writers were to try to extinguish, instead of to foment, ill-feeling between Germany and England.

"I am gratified, however, to see that a reaction appears to have set in—at least, against the calumnious excesses of this campaign—and some of the English papers have of late been dropping that tone of rabid bitterness that was so very irritating."

Suppressing the obvious comparison with the other side, especially as the leading organ of the Pan-German press tried to make the *amende honorable* about a couple of months ago by distinctly admitting the grave error of the malicious Teuton campaign during the Boer War, I merely intimated that the bitterness of our writers had not been unprovoked.

"Even the Anglo-Chinese press," added the Chancellor—"I refer to the *North China Herald*—considers the constant hammering at Germany with insinuations against our policy in China to be undignified and dangerous, and

calculated to throw Germany into Russia's arms."

THE THIBET QUESTION.

"Let me cite the charge made in the *Times* against our Minister at Peking concerning the Thibet Question," continued the Chancellor. "I think I may assume that people in England are by this time convinced that we did not interfere in order to prevent the ratification of your treaty with Thibet—or, indeed, with any matters affecting Thibet.

"I can assure you that we are at least as indifferent about Thibet as we are about Manchuria. We have always strictly confined our efforts for the protection of the neutrality and integrity of China to the Celestial Empire proper, and have left the provinces beyond it and its dependencies outside the scope of our policy. We have documentary evidence showing that the representative of the German Empire at Peking has refrained from all interference whatever in the Thibet Question, and that all assertions to the contrary are pure inventions.

"Let me show you Baron von Mumm's despatch, which is his answer to my telegram asking for an explanation of the statement published in the *Times* of the 18th of October."

The text of this despatch, which I then had an opportunity of perusing, clearly showed that the *Times* report was erroneous. Baron von Mumm stated that he simply asked once at the Wai-wu-pu whether the text of the Treaty, as published in the newspapers, was authentic; and that he expressly made a point, at the time, of saying that Germany took no interest in the matter.

The Chancellor continued: "I do not mean to affirm that Dr. Morrison deliberately told an untruth. I can easily imagine that in his efforts to dis-

cover some anti-English act in Germany's diplomatic policy he came across somebody who bore him a grudge. There are persons in the Wai-wu-pu, and also outside this Chinese Department, who think they can derive some advantage by presenting Germany as interested in the Thibet Question.

"At all events, I authorize you to state publicly that Baron von Mumm did not meddle with this question, and that I characterize any other version about this matter as a fabrication.

THE ALLEGED GERMAN WARNINGS TO RUSSIA.

"Another recent effort to excite bad blood against us is the story that the nervousness of the Baltic Fleet was due to 'warnings' from Germany; so that we are denounced as the cause of the misfortune that befell the Hull trawlers. There is not a word of truth in this, either. As a matter of fact, anxiety concerning the safety of the Baltic Fleet was felt in Russian official spheres long before the date of its departure was fixed. I may tell you that as early as last August the Russian authorities officially drew our attention to what they thought was the possibility that a Japanese attack would be also made from some place on German soil. It is our duty, as it would be the duty of every neutral State in similar circumstances, to take measures for preventing our territory from being used as the basis of hostilities against a belligerent. We acted in obedience to the call of duty by so far taking note of Russia's warnings as to urge our Admiralty and our coast officials to be specially on the watch and to investigate the matter. Denmark acted in a similar manner. We are pleased to think that no untoward event occurred in our waters, whilst we regret that a misfortune took place elsewhere."

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

In reply to my remark that many people in England believe that the German Government "intrigues" against England all over the world, and has been particularly busy of late in trying to make mischief between England and Russia and between England and France, his Excellency continued:

"I anticipated a question from you on this subject, and I want to lay special stress on the fact that we do not aim at setting the English and the Russians by the ears, either in Asia or in Europe. We are, on the contrary, most desirous that there should be no violent collision between England and Russia anywhere, if for no other reason than because our own interests would compel us to try to prevent it. We could not possibly tell, supposing such a calamity should befall the world, how far war between these two countries would spread, or what consequences might accrue therefrom to ourselves. We would not dream of playing with such a firebrand, because we have no desire to see our own house ignited.

"That is why we have done everything in our power to localize the war in East Asia; and we are entitled to say that our endeavors have met with success. We can claim some credit for China's remaining neutral, and we hope that there is no longer any fear that she will break her neutrality.

"The questions as to our relations with Russia and as to England's relations with Russia are always treated in a very extraordinary manner by some of your publicists in England. A party in your country is always advocating a special understanding between England and Russia. Good! we have nothing whatever to say against this, especially if it makes for

peace; but when it is a question of Germany being on specially good terms with Russia, there is at once an outcry in England that we have some ulterior aim in view, and that we are concocting an alliance against England. We have no special arrangements with Russia, but we have every desire and intention to live on friendly and intimate terms with our Eastern neighbor, and neither I nor any other German statesman would be doing his duty if he did not foster this friendship. If you look at the map, I think you will have no difficulty in comprehending this.

"During the present war we have observed strict neutrality, and shall continue to do so; and we hope to remain on intimate terms with Russia.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"As regards the charge made against us of having tried to sow discord and embarrassment between France and England, with a view of hindering the ratification of the Agreement, could you possibly believe that we should select the present moment for doing so, when we see before our eyes all the most patent signs of an *entente cordiale*? Surely blundering intrigues of this nature would have no effect on the sincerity of an *entente* like this? Is it possible—and how is it possible—that we should be considered in your country to be capable of such arrant stupidity as this, for it could only compromise us?

"On the other hand, it is quite allowable—if you like—to question whether this intimacy between France and England is likely to be considered desirable or not by us.

"At all events, by agreeing to what you desire in Egypt we showed our good-will to the British Government in that we did not throw any obstacles in the way of its friendly arrangement with France."

GERMAN HISTORIANS AND ENGLAND.

Whilst talking generally about the language used by German writers, and notably by some celebrated German historians, as to the probability of a war between Germany and England in the future, I pointed out to the Chancellor that much importance was attached in intellectual spheres in England to the menacing language occasionally met with in the writings of learned German professors which are accepted as text-books at the Universities. I cited as a specimen a sentence Heinrich von Treitschke is said to have used in 1884: "The reckoning with England has still to come; it will be the longest and most difficult"; and mentioned that it had been said of him in England that he "had made it the task of his life to foster in Germany a passionate hatred for England." Count von Bülow replied:—

"I have never seen the passage you quote; anyhow, I can assure you—for I know Treitschke well—that hostility to England cannot be fairly attributed to him. He had many friends in England, Carlyle amongst them; he was intimately acquainted with English literature and life. You will find many passages in his writings which will prove the contrary of what you tell me is asserted in England. If passages expressing anti-English sentiments are cited from Treitschke's works, those showing friendly feelings to England should also, in common fairness, be given. You must not forget that Treitschke, besides being an historian, was a poet and a man of strong passions. He was an ardent Imperialist even before 1870, and hated Particularism. Although a Saxon by birth, he had no fondness for his narrower Fatherland, precisely because of what he interpreted as its Particularist tendencies, nor could he abide the States of southern Germany. If he really

made use of the words you cite, it must have been in a fit of emotion or rage; for he was easily moved to anger. But even if he or others did use such words, they do not contain the doctrine encouraged or advocated by the statesmen or educators of the land. There is no means of controlling the whims and language of poets, philosophers, and historians; but of Treitschke I can speak from knowledge. He admired England, Greece, Italy—all three countries where liberty and letters have been fostered. Carlyle and Byron were amongst his favorite heroes.

"How often, too, is it said by your countrymen that Bismarck was a hater of England! This is not true, however, whatever you may say about his policy. Bismarck is known to have often said: 'We (the Germans) like the English; but they will have nothing to say to us.' I can speak myself with some knowledge of Bismarck's policy; and I utterly repudiate the idea that he was a hater of England, or that he entertained designs against England's position in the world.

THE GERMAN NAVY.

"Now let me say a few words about the constantly recurring assertions that our naval policy is aimed at preparing for a war with England. I can conscientiously say, in answer to this charge, that we do not dream of conjuring up such a war. It would be a monstrous crime to do so.

"A war to the knife between Germany and England could only be politically justified on the assumption that Germany and England were the sole competitors on the world's surface, and on the assumption that the defeat of one of the two rivals would mean the absolute supremacy of the other. In former centuries England was always in a state of rivalry with only one rival at a time—with Spain, Holland,

and France in turn. Everything was then at stake. But nowadays there are a number of Powers that make the same claims as we do, and the Russo-Japanese War shows that an addition may be made to their number.

"As things are, a war between Germany and England would be the greatest piece of good fortune that could possibly be conceived for all their rivals. For whereas such a war—and we must not deceive ourselves on this point—would completely destroy German trade, as far as one can judge, and would seriously damage British trade, our rivals would utilize the opportunity for securing the markets of the world without firing a shot. So that, were we to come to blows, there would be a whole bevy of *tertiis gaudentes*.

"As you have yourself gone very carefully into the question of our navy, you will certainly have obtained proofs that our fleet is only meant for defensive purposes. Its object is to secure our waters against any attack, and to afford the necessary protection for our interests abroad. We shall, of course, always take care that it is ready to strike when required, for our motto must be—'Always be ready.'

"Foreign countries must reconcile themselves to the fact that the German merchant beyond the seas is no longer the poverty-stricken creature who must content himself with picking up the crumbs from under the table. He now takes his seat next his fellows; and we are fully entitled to stand up for and defend the rights which are ours in company with the citizens of other nations."

Before taking leave of the Chancellor I craved permission to put one more question, intimating that I felt sure that his answer would add great

weight to the remarks he had already been good enough to communicate to me. I said that a belief prevailed in Great Britain that Germany is Britain's real and mortal enemy, adding: "It is also widely reported on the other side of the Channel that your Excellency entertains a cordial dislike of England. Will you kindly authorize me to reply to this remarkable charge?"

"Certainly," responded the Chancellor in an earnest and serious tone. "I will answer this question as a politician and as a man. As a politician and German statesman I consider that it would be most iniquitous and criminal to represent a policy that was directed towards fomenting hostility between two great nations such as Germany and England, both of which are indispensable to the civilized world. A war between these two peoples would be a dire calamity, and, I repeat, it would be an unpardonable crime for a statesman wilfully to provoke it or to act in such a way as to render it possible or probable. As a man, I can assure you that nothing could be farther from my thoughts than dislike of, not to mention hatred or hostility towards, England.

"I admire the country, its people, and its literature. Pray state that I most emphatically repudiate the charge that I entertain the slightest ill-feeling or dislike of England or the English—a charge that is quite new to me and wholly incomprehensible."

The above conversation was carried on partly in English and partly in German. Count von Bülow has a perfect knowledge of English, which language he speaks quite fluently—more fluently than did his great predecessor, Bismarck.

J. L. Bashford.

Berlin: November 1904.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce "Italian Medals," by Cornelius von Fabriczy, translated by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton, with forty-one plates and with notes by G. F. Hill, of the Coins and Medals Department in the British Museum.

A number of letters written by Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant are believed to be in the hands of private autograph collectors, to whom they were given by Freiherr von Marenholtz, their former owner. Considerably over one hundred have been found, and will be published shortly, but the originals are missing of several which appear in a German translation in the "Dichterprofile" of Adolf Strodtmann. The Baroness Nolde *nee* Marenholtz, Villa Curonia sopra Poggio Imperiale, Florence. is very anxious to communicate with the present owners of these letters, with a view to obtaining copies, in order to render the series complete.

Much of the late Professor York Powell's most valuable writing upon the methods and aims of history, and upon literature, lies scattered in rare periodicals, in addresses, or in letters, and MS. His executors, therefore, with the approval of his family, have planned, and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, with which Professor York Powell was so long associated, have undertaken, to publish a selection of his shorter and dispersed writings. A prefatory memoir will be added, based as far as possible upon the letters that he wrote to friends. The task of editing the *collectanea* and of writing the memoir has been entrusted to Professor Oliver Elton, of the University of Liverpool.

The celebration of the quarter-century of John Knox's birthday this year promises a number of new and more or less popular biographies of the Reformer. The question of whether Knox was really born in 1505 does not, however, appear to have been definitely settled. Dr. Hay Fleming, who is preparing an elaborate biography, brings forward evidence to prove that Knox was born in 1515; and there is certainly some ground for the belief that the older biographers, in fixing upon 1505, have confused the Reformer with another John Knox. It is rumored that an eminent historian meditates the presentation of Knox from the Roman Catholic point of view. In support of that presentation *bonâ fide* Jesuit documents preserved in the Vatican will be quoted.

Exquisitely told, with a rare appreciation of such detail as children love, and a freshness of treatment not inconsistent with reverence and delicacy, the sequence of gospel stories which Dean Hodges names "When the King Came" makes one of the most satisfactory paraphrases available. The simplicity of the style adapts the book to use in almost the first years of childhood, while its individuality, and the appeal which it makes to the moral sense will command the interest of young people on the verge of maturity. Apart from its religious value, the book is a distinct contribution to literature, and will be purchased by parents for that reason if for no other. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. give it a page delightful to the eye, and a cover with Christmas green and holly.

The "spacious times of great Elizabeth,"—the life of the court and the

life of the common people, the caprices of the queen and the activities of poets and playwrights, the chatter of courtiers and the daring of adventurers—are touched upon with delightful freshness and the charm of an engaging style in the ten sketches by Felix E. Schelling which are grouped in the volume entitled "The Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. present in an exquisitely printed text, with six ancient portraits as embellishment. The first sketch describes the state visit which the queen made at Kenilworth in 1575 and the closing paper gives an account of the pedestrian tour of Ben Jonson to Scotland in 1618. Between these are studies of an Elizabethan will, of the adventures of a gentlemanly Elizabethan buccaneer, and of the lives of musicians and player folk, and much else besides illustrative of the times. It is a pleasant book to look at and to browse through.

Apropos of the approaching Cervantes tercentary, The Academy remarks of the various versions of *Don Quixote*:

Jervas' translation has been described as faithful but undistinguished; yet there is no doubt about its being the version for long most commonly used in England, though, perhaps, it owes that honor in some measure to its being the text chosen for illustration by both Tony Johannot and Gustave Doré. To a reader who first made the acquaintance of the Knight and Sancho as drawn by Johannot, though the blocks were badly printed on poor paper and the accompanying text somewhat overcrowded, there is no other version that can have quite the same attraction. Out of close upon fifty issues of "*Don Quixote*" during the past century, twenty-five of them gave the text of Jervas; yet Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has somewhat inexplicably said "it falls rather in vivacity and ease, and has accordingly been forgotten."

Dr. K. Asakawa's volume on "The Russo-Japanese Conflict: Its Causes and Issues" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is most important and timely. There has been no lack of picturesque character studies and descriptions of battle scenes in the great conflict in the Far East; and various writers, the late Lafcadio Hearn chief among them, have made us acquainted with the traits and aspirations of the Japanese; but the present volume gives for the first time a calm and comprehensive statement of the causes of the conflict, the clash of national aspirations and the collision of "manifest destinies" out of which the war has sprung. Dr. Asakawa begins his narrative where it should begin, with the retrocession of the Liao-tung peninsula by Japan at the close of the war with China in 1895, under joint pressure from Russia, Germany and France, but at the instigation of Russia. The seeds of the present war were planted then, and there has been no moment since when the purpose of the Japanese to right that great injustice has faltered. The whole story of negotiation, diplomacy and preparation since the publication of the Mikado's decree of renunciation is told fully in the present volume, with innumerable citations of authorities to sustain the statements of the text. The negotiations between Japan and Russia which preceded the outbreak of the war are given with great but not superfluous detail; and the relations of Korea and Manchuria to the necessities and ambitions of the contending Powers, and the different ends sought by the latter and their relation to world interests and policies are set forth with a lucidity which leaves nothing to be desired. The volume, altogether, is one that cannot be neglected by any one who seeks to go below the surface in his understanding of events in the Far East.